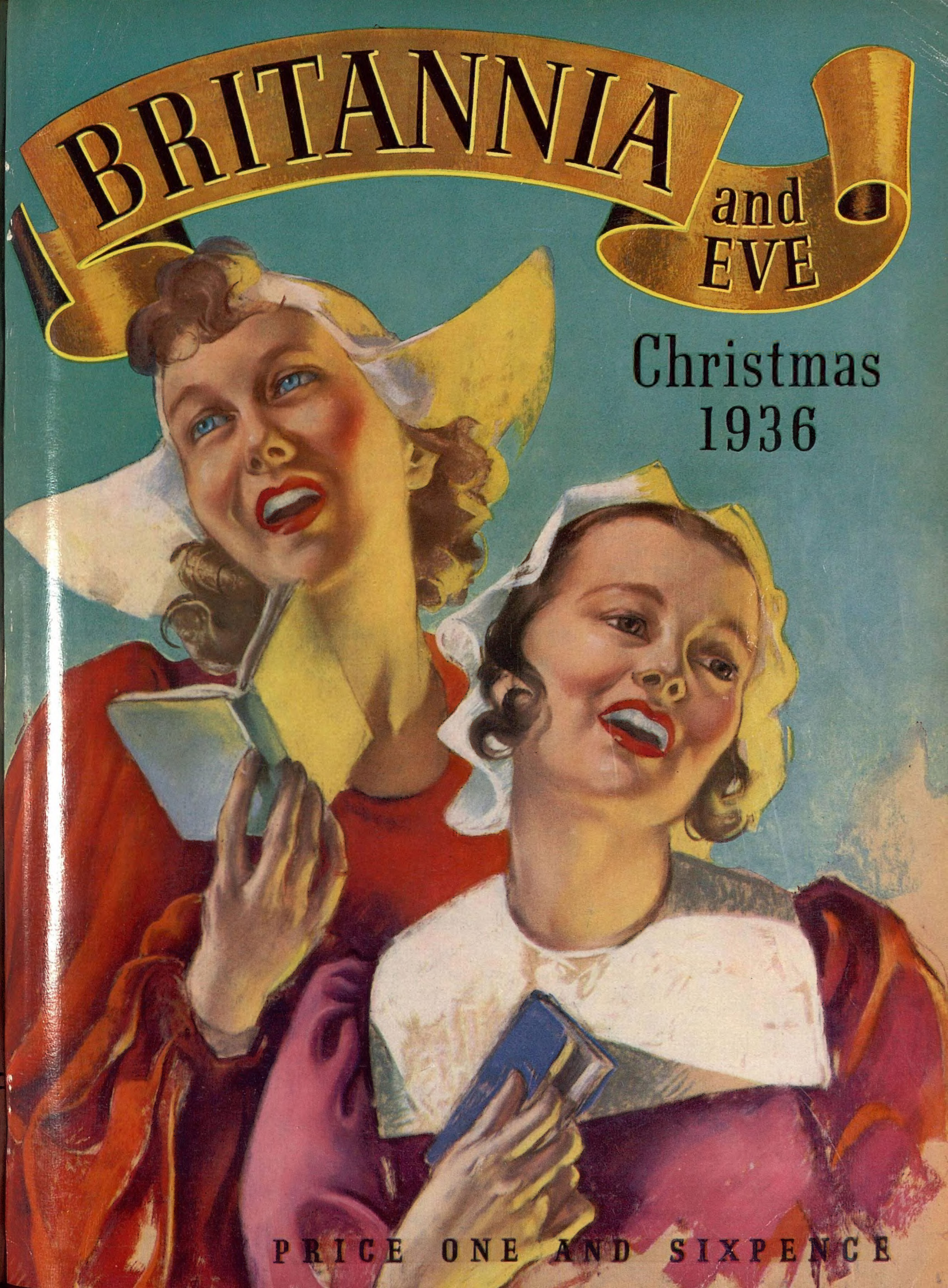
BRITANNIA and EVE

Christmas
1936



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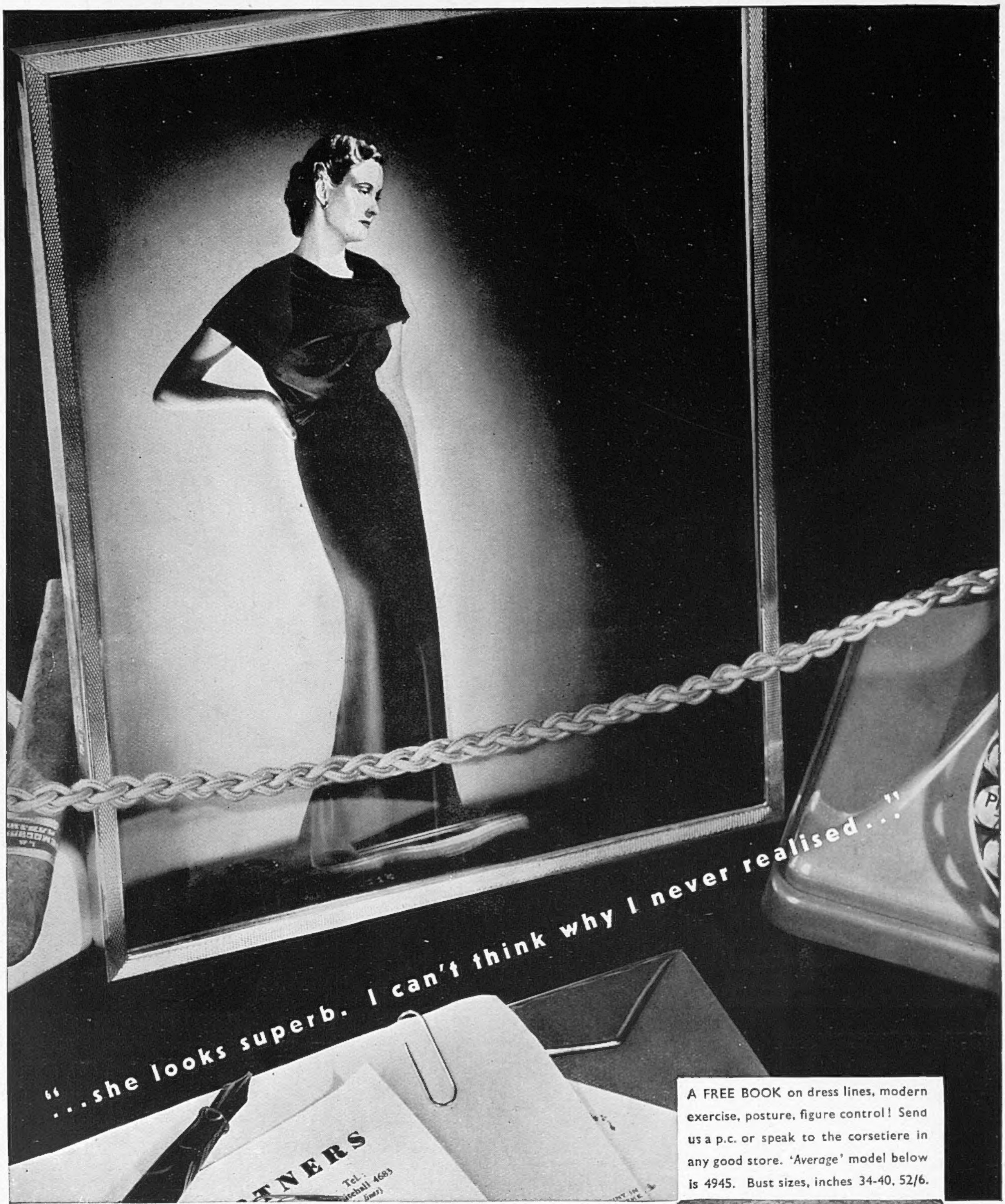
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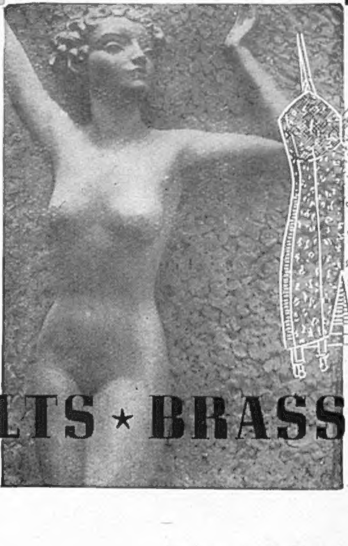

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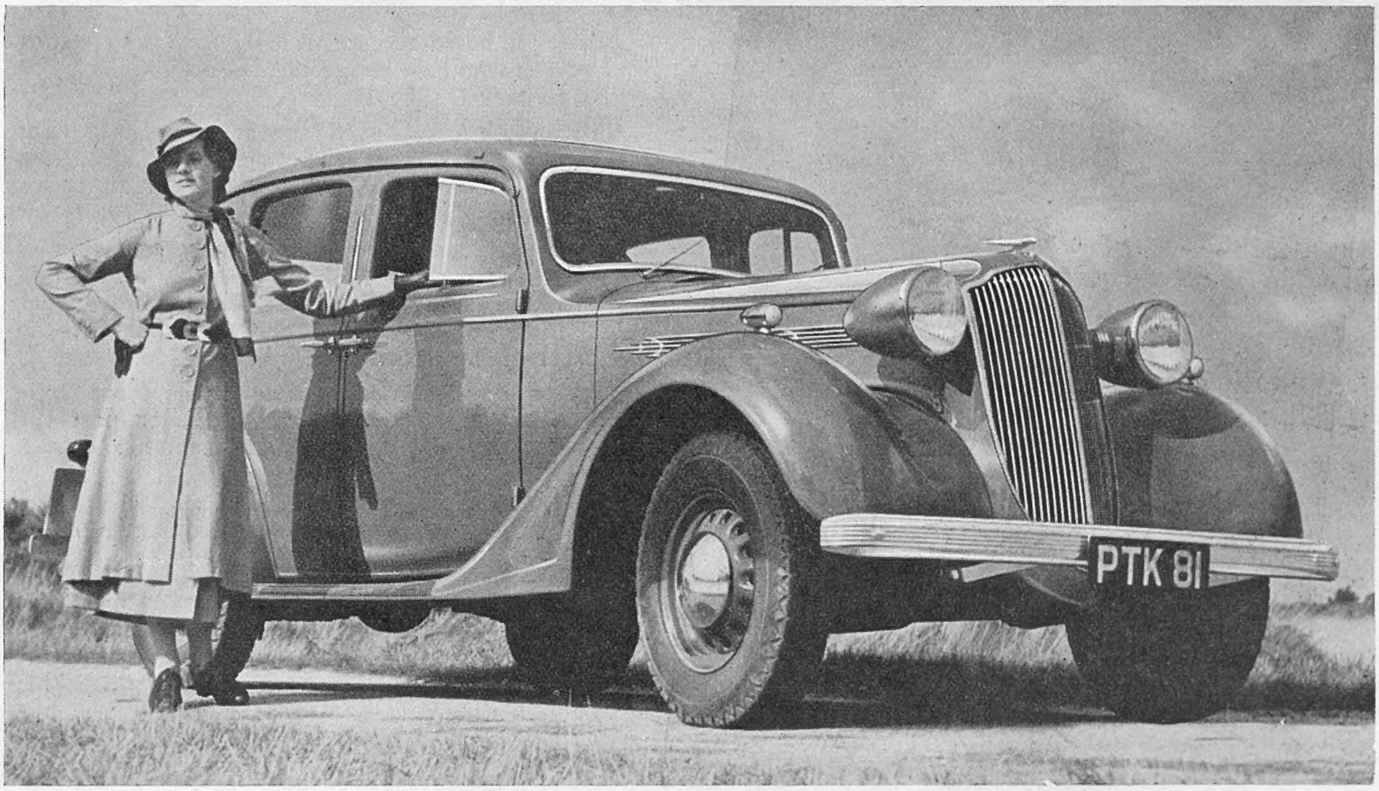

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Britannia and Eve

Vol. 13 No. 6 December, 1936

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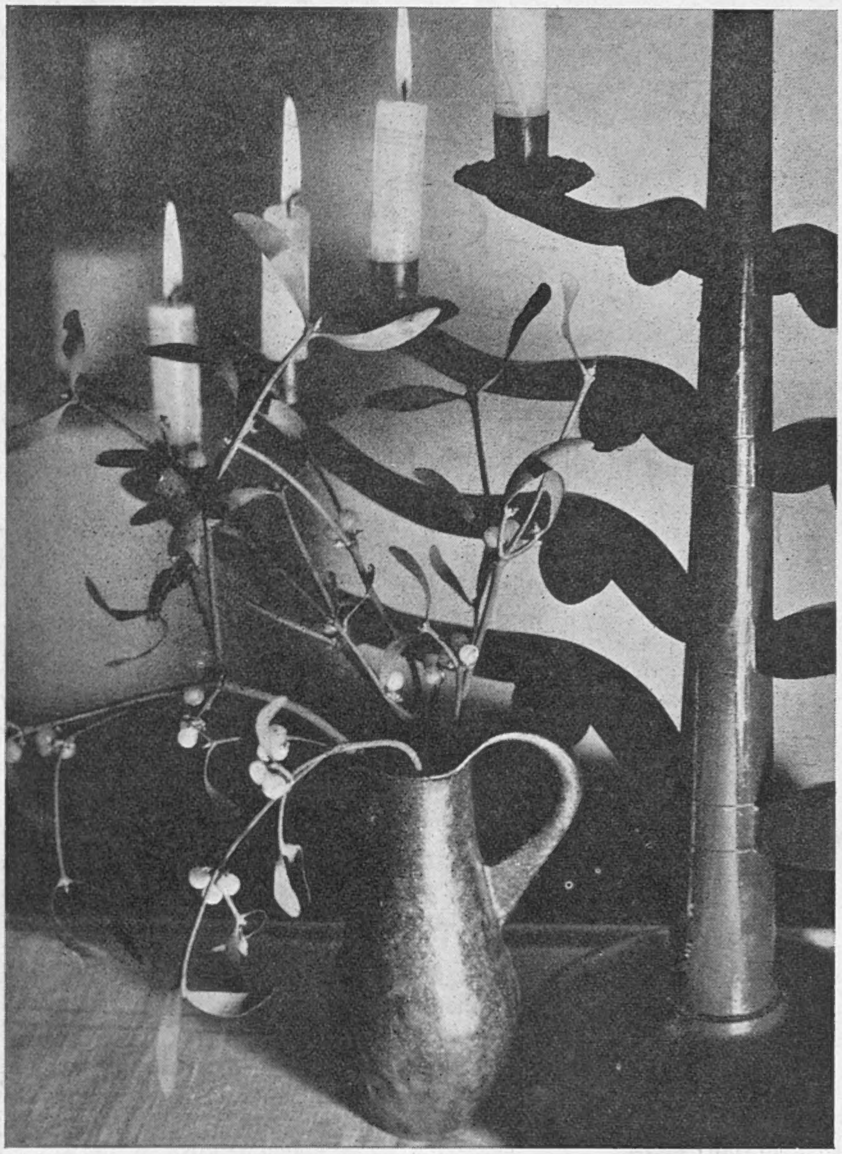

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by *Grant Macdonald*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 182. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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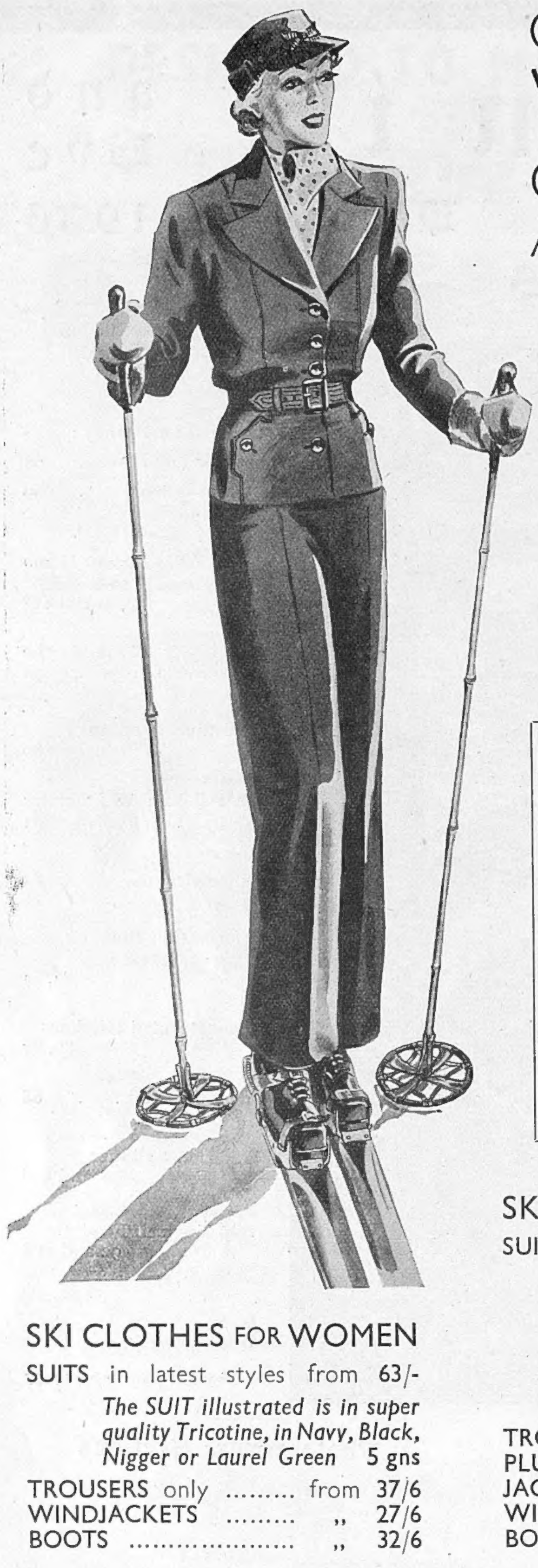

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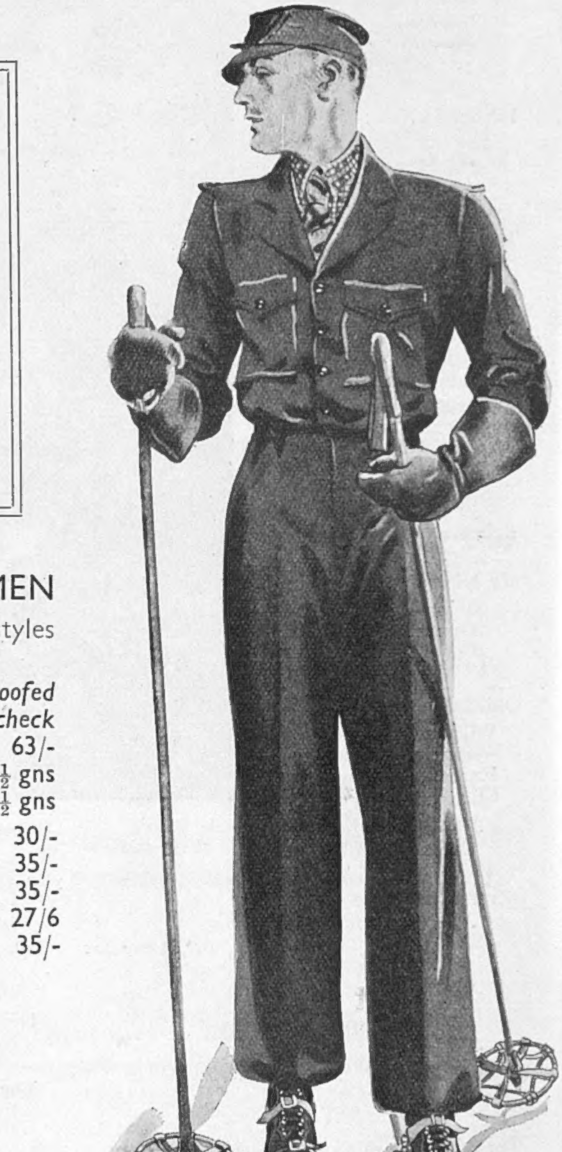

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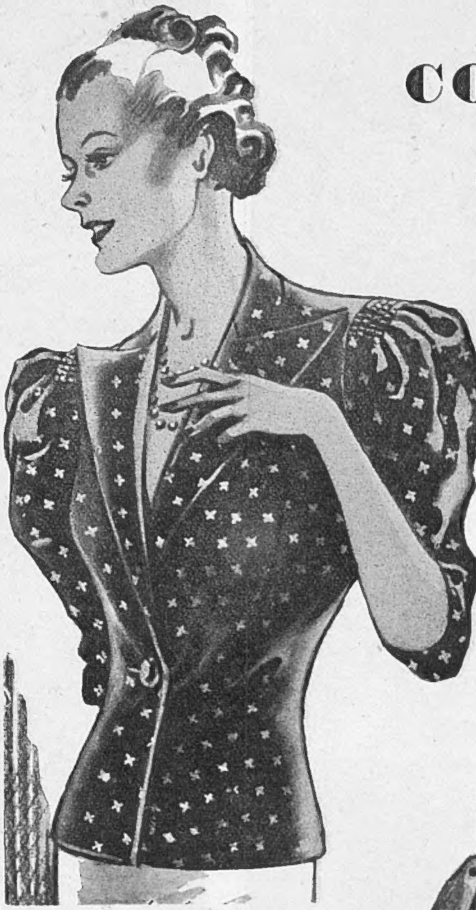

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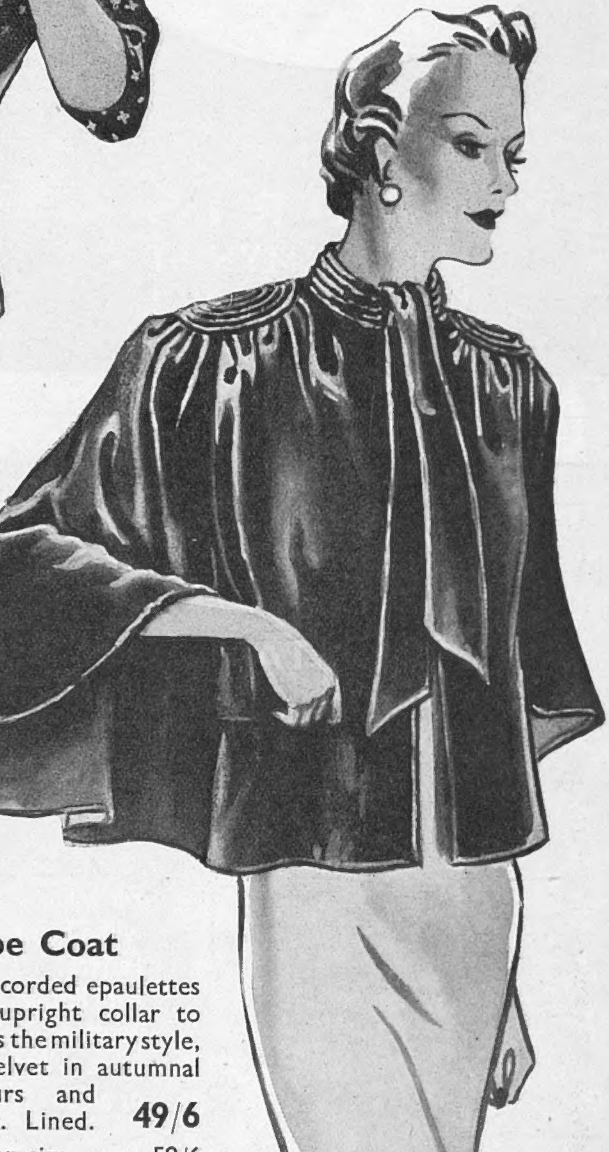

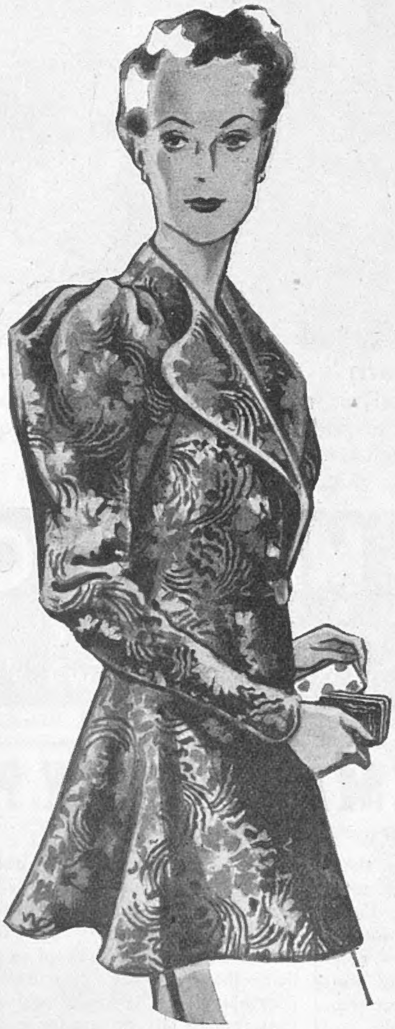

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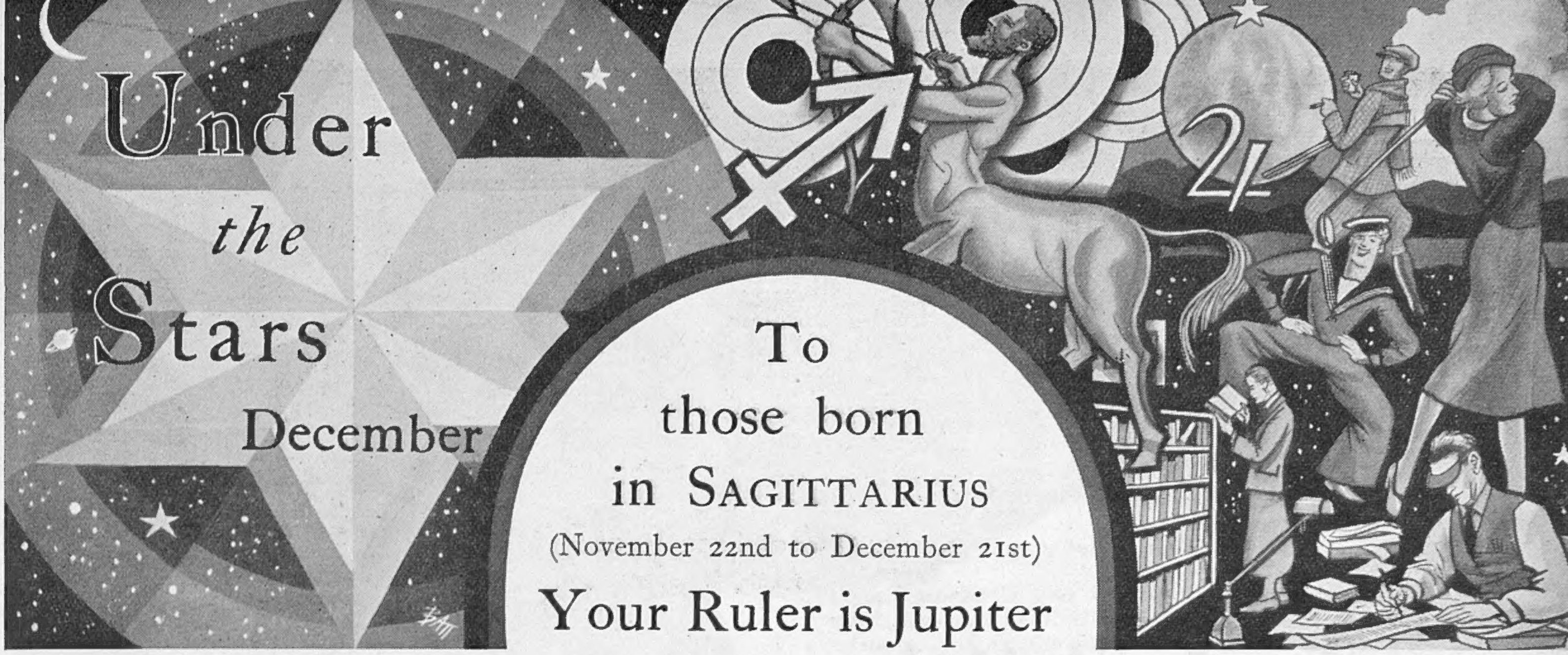


Under the Stars

December

To those born in SAGITTARIUS

(November 22nd to December 21st)

Your Ruler is Jupiter

HULLO, you drawers of the long-bow—you convivial hearts, bards, wags, sometime philosophers and sportin' gents.

Rovin', huntin', shootin', fishin', dice-throwin', bettin' and drivin' a little ball into eighteen holes are your favourite recreations, be you farmer-squires, lawyers, editors, bishops or bookies.

This sign always gives a love of country life and travelling, with a contradictory capacity for earning a living by sedentary occupations. Some form of administration such as civil service, law, clerkship, school-teaching.

But many of you cannot control the roving instinct and take to the road as tramps. Others become sailors. All have a broad and stimulating philosophy of life, however confined their sphere of action. For you are the pagan hearts who gladden the world by your sane and jovial outlook, setting great store on one thing only—personal freedom.

A strange mixture at that; meticulous on certain points of etiquette, and yet complete bohemians. Thoroughbreds. Rather too proud and ready to jump into self-defence; mettlesome, mortified by trifles others would brush aside. Highly idealistic.

Yet you will blush if anyone brands you with a lofty purpose, although, secretly, none could cherish higher aims. For all your superficial hale and hearty mixing, you are sensitive about the things that matter, inherently religious, and very shy.

On the other hand, some of you possess an amazing effrontery, and no one can call a Sagittarian's bluff except a fellow Sagittarian. You can trick, boast, confuse and clown; descend to strange disguises when it suits your purpose; stand your ground with much natural dignity if found out; but this love of clowning is a pitfall which leads the greatest of you into disrepute.

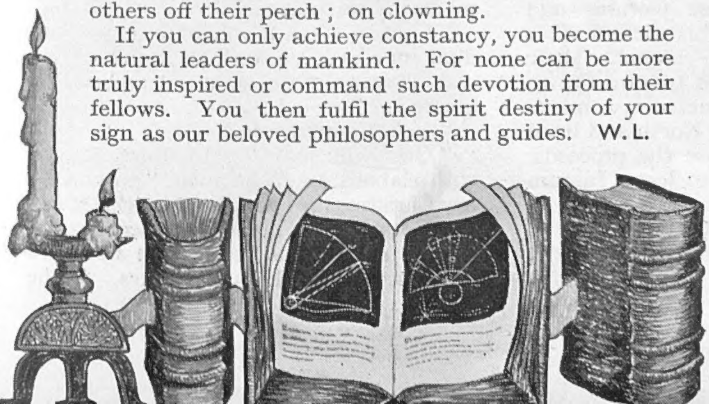
Clowning applies more particularly to men, as women, in spite of an abundant sense of fun and good-fellowship, are decorous in their behaviour and very fastidious.

Both alike seek company, are lavish in their hospitality, for public spirit marks a Sagittarian. Consider your symbol, the Centaur, half-man, half-horse.

Roving bands of Centaurs were the tutors of mankind in the far-off days when gods still roamed the earth. They were lordly hunters, had spacious minds. You, too, are endowed with marksmanship and keen mental vision.

Isaac Newton let loose the arrow of his mind and brought down the law of gravitation. The thoughts of the humblest of you are as well-defined as true-aimed arrows in their tracks. The pity is you have so many targets. Are brilliant but irresponsible, and far too keen on merely knocking others off their perch; on clowning.

If you can only achieve constancy, you become the natural leaders of mankind. For none can be more truly inspired or command such devotion from their fellows. You then fulfil the spirit destiny of your sign as our beloved philosophers and guides. W. L.



LUCKY DAY: Thursday.

STONE: Yellow Amethyst.

LUCKY NUMBER: Three, and any number which can be added to make three—*i.e.,* 21; two and one make three.

CHARACTERISTIC: Wit. When you have capped a remark, nothing more remains to be said.

HEALTH

More octogenarians are born in this sign than in any other. But moderation should be your watchword. In eating, drinking, loving and—hiking.

Sagittarius rules over the thighs and hips. Look out for sciatica, gout, hip-disease and thigh-fractures when thrown from a horse. Also skin trouble. Keep the blood pure.

MARRIAGE

The same sense of humour attracts you in love and friendship. Women will skin themselves for their families, and yet prefer to seek their recreation outside the home. Home-making is rarely a strong point with the men, although they excel as hosts. Both sexes seek marriage and will probably marry several times.

Are best mated with Aries (March 21st to April 19th) and Leo (July 23rd to August 22nd), as these people can share your many enthusiasms.

A E I O
xȳ=o
xy>o

CAREERS

Seldom is the faculty of logic so clearly marked as in the Sagittarian mind. Hence writers, scientists, diplomats, theologians, battle-leaders and lawyers scintillate among their ranks. They shine in the professions rather than in commerce. Winston Churchill, Mark Twain, William Blake, Marion Davies, with her pranks, Edith Cavell, her death due to helping her own kind.

The Sagittarian is usually born briliant and an opportunist. He needs to conquer restlessness. If possible, to reduce his interests.

CHILDREN

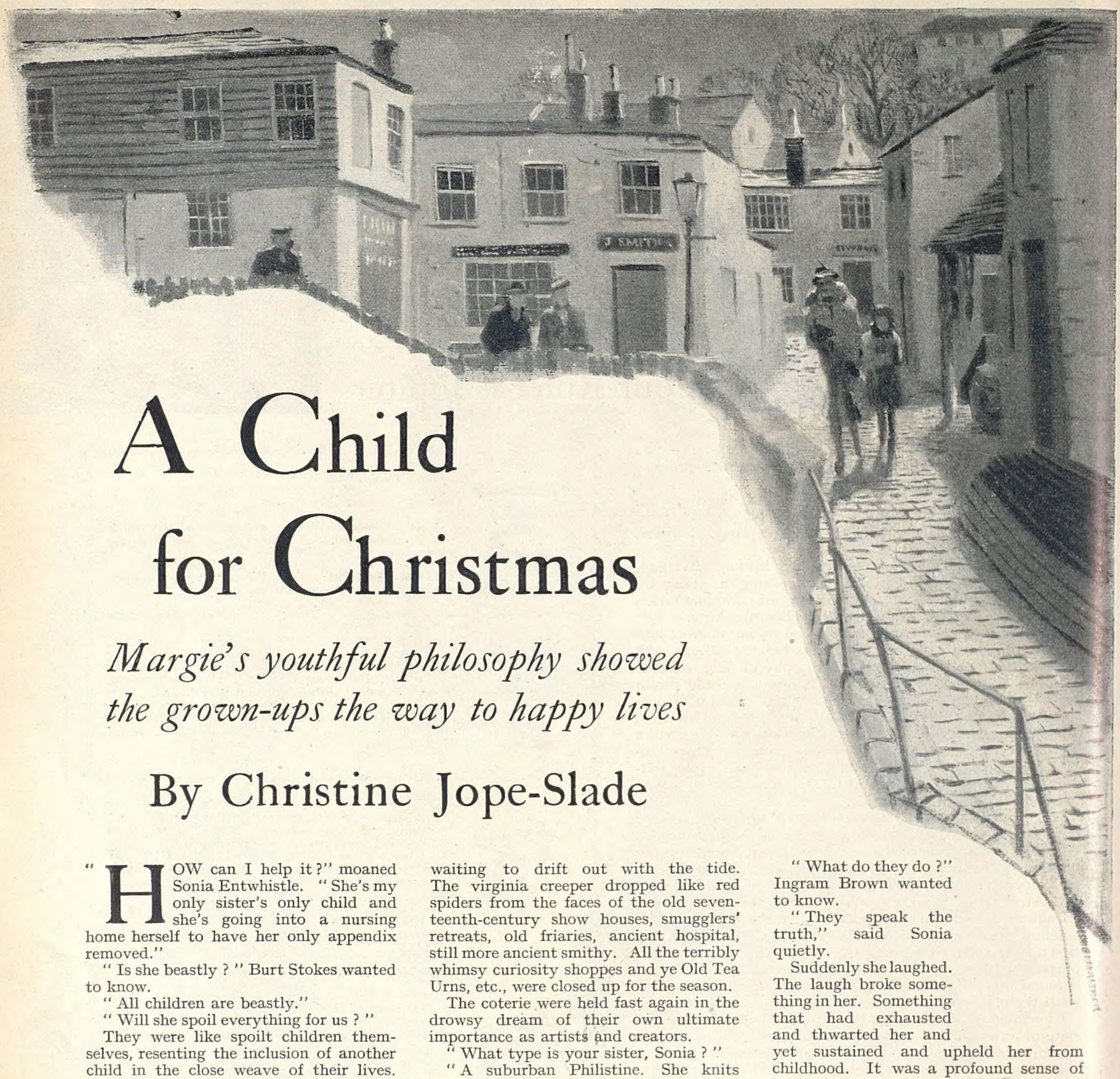
Shoot up between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. During this period, care must be taken of their lungs. In other respects they will be robust.

Avoid too strict a discipline in their upbringing. They are exuberant and highly-strung. Continual restraint will only make them rebels and ruin the foundation of their characters.

SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

Inspiration to artists, success to writers. Money will be derived from landed property, from the fruition of long-laid plans. Losses sustained from shipping or ventures overseas.

Not much luck or ill luck, windfall or heaven-sent opportunity for the average Sagittarian, but a twelvemonth when sheer merit will gain recognition and its own reward.



A Child for Christmas

Margie's youthful philosophy showed the grown-ups the way to happy lives

By Christine Jope-Slade

"HOW can I help it?" moaned Sonia Entwhistle. "She's my only sister's only child and she's going into a nursing home herself to have her only appendix removed."

"Is she beastly?" Burt Stokes wanted to know.

"All children are beastly."

"Will she spoil everything for us?"

They were like spoilt children themselves, resenting the inclusion of another child in the close weave of their lives. Sonia Entwhistle was forty. Burt Stokes would never see thirty-five again. Only Ingram Brown and Mary Wheelcock were young and in their late twenties.

The coterie—the neighbourhood called them "the group"—stared at each other with dismay.

Visitors had deserted the self-consciously literary and artistic village where they lived their withdrawn, ingrown mutual lives. They had the "marvellous atmosphere" to themselves again as tranquil, doped background.

They were again giants with great spiritual messages for the world, undisturbed. No tourist faces to press suddenly against glass and net curtains. No tramp of alien feet hiking over the cobbles. No shrill voices swooping unquietly up the steep, twisty main streets while their owners climbed down the steps on to the marshes to dream and chatter and marvel beside the few boats waiting to drift out with the tide. The virginia creeper dropped like red spiders from the faces of the old seventeenth-century show houses, smugglers' retreats, old friaries, ancient hospital, still more ancient smithy. All the terribly whimsy curiosity shoppes and ye Old Tea Urns, etc., were closed up for the season.

The coterie were held fast again in the drowsy dream of their own ultimate importance as artists and creators.

"What type is your sister, Sonia?"

"A suburban Philistine. She knits beautifully."

They laughed, amused and dismayed.

"How old is the infant horror?"

"Ten. Its name is—Margie."

"Are you going in for stockings and Christmas trees, Sonia?"

"Perish the thought!"

At the door Sonia turned and looked at her group. Burt Stokes, who wrote stories of design and form and brilliant, exotic conversation. Ingram Brown, who painted faintly surrealist pictures and lived luxuriously with his rich mother at the big house at the corner. Mary Wheelcock, who had loved Ingram Brown for years, and who conducted a woman's page in a daily paper up North and lived sparsely and miserably on the proceeds, unable to bring herself to leave Ingram Brown.

"My sister married a Quaker."

"I thought they were all buried at Penn," Burt Stokes said.

"What do they do?" Ingram Brown wanted to know.

"They speak the truth," said Sonia quietly.

Suddenly she laughed. The laugh broke something in her. Something that had exhausted and thwarted her and yet sustained and upheld her from childhood. It was a profound sense of her own importance.

In her disloyalty to herself she found unspeakable relief. In the accompanying disloyalty to her comrades she found only dismay and discomfort. For the first time, standing there and staring at them objectively, she really questioned with her inner consciousness and her critical faculty their importance—the importance of their work, and, above all, their personal integrity as artists and their reality as persons.

"Sonia, it isn't going to make any difference, is it? We'll all spend Christmas Day together as usual and tacitly ignore it?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"One will have," said Burt Stokes, with elaborate nonchalance, "to make a few Christmas preparations for the brat."

"Not a tree!" moaned Ingram Brown.

"I can see myself turning it all into a short story," said Burt Stokes. "The kind that will sell anywhere, anyhow, to anyone. How the advent of a little child brought Christmas to the arid hearts of the realists who only wanted the touch of a toy drum, the blast of a toy trumpet, to be again restored to spiritual life! Have a banana!"

Ingram Brown said, "It will be interesting, I think, personally, to have the plastic mind of a child to work on. The blank canvas of youth. I shall be interested in her reaction to my pictures."

Burt Stokes's face lit up.

"I shall read her my poetry," he decided. "The mind of a child is pristine, unspoiled, receptive to beauty. She will hear in my poetry spiritual cadences that you people will never hear; to her I can transmit messages that are evolved only in my own subconscious. You can put any funny thing she says in your woman's page, Mary."

"My goodness, yes! She'll be copy for all of us, and virgin field for study. Hooray for the Christmas child! Sonia Entwhistle, Margie or no Margie, she shall be my margarine!"

Margie was a solemn child. She had apparently no sense of humour.

Sonia Entwhistle took her round the preserved monument of the past in which she so determinedly lived, and even more determinedly and protectively had her being.

The child surveyed the seventeenth-century houses, the droll sixteenth-century houses, without any apparent awakening of the artistic consciousness.

She said, "I should think they smell inside."

"Why?" said Sonia.

"Old," said Margie. "I'd rather live in a new house. Besides, they have to burn electric light, Auntie, in nearly all those houses. It must be awfully bad for the eyes. I should think the people who lived there had to wear glasses very young—almost as soon as they were born."

After she had put her niece to bed, Sonia Entwhistle went round to the group. She recorded youthful reactions to mediæval beauty.

Mary Wheelcock, who had secret fears of an internal growth due to the coldness of the stone floors in her cottage striking upwards, an erroneous old wives' tale from which she could not rid her mind, shuddered.

"There are times," she said, "when I remember the hot-water cisterns and the shining bath taps of my friends in modern houses with lust. Positive lust!"

It was queer how, even before they saw her, the child Margie became the kernel of their minds. With the utmost curiosity the group desired to measure themselves by her.

It became for Ingram Brown a festering ambition to show her his pictures. When he thought of doing so, his heart beat a little more quickly and his nerves quivered as if she were not a child but an expert, not an unformed mind but a definite standard by which he was about to measure himself and his own artistic probity.

"What do you think she has brought with her?" said Sonia, and she laughed suddenly. "Della Robbias, my dear. She gave me his history to-day. Oh, yes, all correct."

"Not the ware?"

"No, no. Pictures. You know, darling—blue and white, all surrounded by little oranges and avocado pears and acid drops and things; all Nativities and shepherds and babies and what-nots. All very clean! Very nice!"

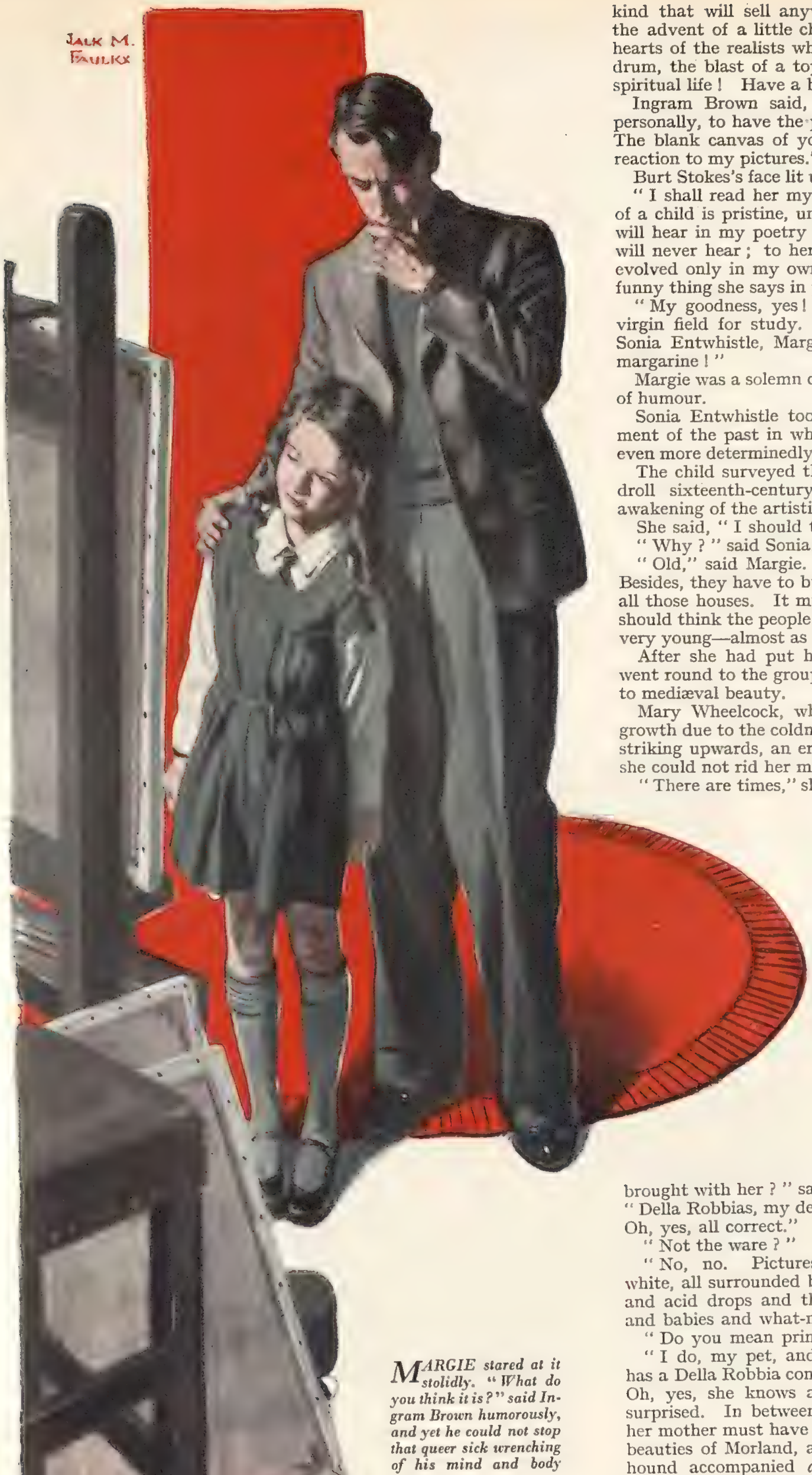
"Do you mean printed reproductions?"

"I do, my pet, and coloured sweetly. Coloured. She has a Della Robbia complex sweetly fostered by her mother. Oh, yes, she knows a lot about Italian art. You'd be surprised. In between her knitting, purl one, knit three, her mother must have raised her head to impart to her the beauties of Morland, a Turner sunset, a Landseer bloodhound accompanied *avec* dying stag. She has a little plaque of Della Robbia ware, enamelled relief, border of roses. It is above her bed. Classical in style, finely and boldly modelled."

"How terrible!"

"Isn't it? I've an idea she won't be weaned from that for years."

"Does she read 'The Wide, Wide World,' and dear



MARGIE stared at it stolidly. "What do you think it is?" said Ingram Brown humorously, and yet he could not stop that queer sick wrenching of his mind and body

Mr. Kipling, and perhaps the Peter Rabbit books ? "

" She doesn't ! Hans Andersen, Walter de la Mare, Rosa Fyleman. Again in the best traditions."

" Sickening," said Burt, and shuddered.

She brought, this child they had not yet seen, a strange uncertainty, strange lack of personal faith, to them all. That night, as if compelled by the want of her invisible presence, they looked at their work individually lying in their beds for the first time objectively.

Burt Stokes finally achieved sleep at five in the morning. He thought of the miasmas of his poetry, the tortured rhythm of his prose, delivered over to an uncouth, untutored child's judgment.

Mary Wheelcock, lying in her uncomfortable cottage crouched almost within the shadow of the beautiful house where her chosen, unconfessed lover Ingram Brown lived in luxury with his rich, possessive old mother, dropped to sleep in the arid thought of a wasted life. So many things she had meant to do. So many places she had meant to go to as a live, vivid newspaper woman. And seven years ago she had fallen in love with a younger Ingram Brown, unable to make up his mind to take the plunge away from the thraldom of a positively possessive mother and the lure of her flesh-pots of Egypt.

She sobbed, and in her sleep she sobbed again.

In his beautifully furnished bedroom, delicately heated, Ingram Brown tossed under his fine cambric sheets, his beautifully coloured blankets and delicately shaded eiderdown. He switched the carefully adjusted light above his head on and off. His mind was convulsed with his own work and Mary Wheelcock.

The next day Sonia Entwhistle brought Margie to tea with the group.

INGRAM BROWN said after tea, " Do you like pictures, Margie ? "

" Yes, I like them very much. Mummie likes pictures. I like Della Robbia, but Mummie likes Laura Knight."

" I paint," said Ingram Brown.

" What ? " said the child.

" Pictures," said Ingram Brown.

" Oh," said Margie. " I thought perhaps you meant houses and things. It would be fun to paint a house."

" Would you like to see some of my pictures?"

Again he had that queer, sick, superstitious feeling that he was coming up for judgment ; a sick feeling in the stomach, a delicate hammering of nerves. Always his work had been furled in the protective praise and admiration of his little group. He had never submitted it to anything more austere, more impersonal or more detached. Visitors to the group were merely a chorus.

" I think," he said, " I will try her on ' Sunset over the Marshes,' " and his laugh was nervous, and Mary Wheelcock, looking at him, saw with amazement that his face had gone white.

" Now, Margie," he said, " come where the light's good, and tell me what you think of this."

Margie stared at it stolidly.

" What do you think it is ? " said Ingram Brown humorously, and yet he could not stop that queer sick wrenching of his mind and body.

" I don't know," said Margie candidly and politely, " but it is very like a thing the little boy next door painted. He used nearly a box of paints on it. He was four. It was his dog being sick."

" And what dog was it ? " said Ingram Brown.

There was a short, uncomfortable pause ; then spoke the truthful child, but so politely and so apologetically.

" I'm afraid it wasn't the dog he drew," she said.

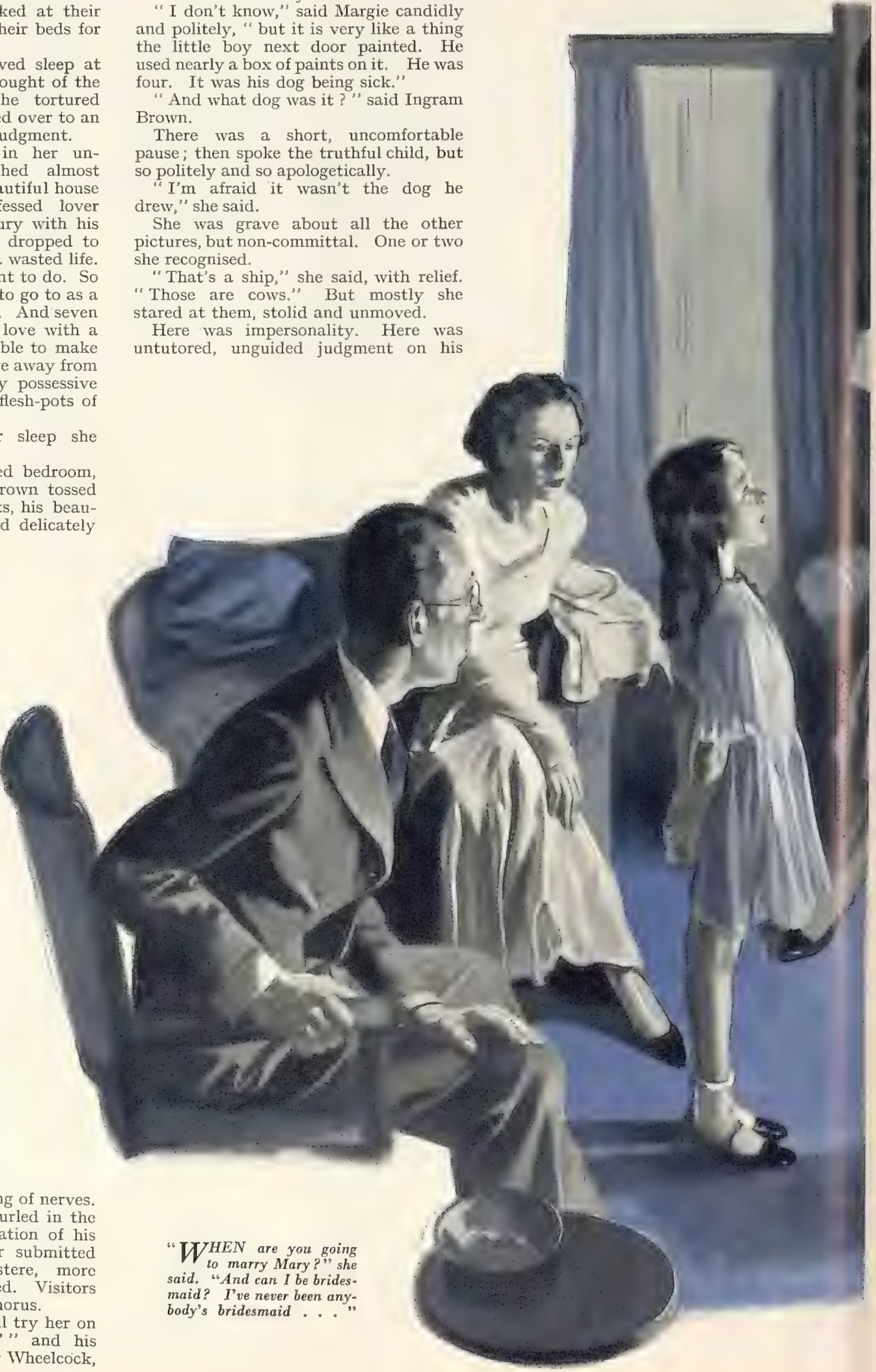
She was grave about all the other pictures, but non-committal. One or two she recognised.

" That's a ship," she said, with relief. " Those are cows." But mostly she stared at them, stolid and unmoved.

Here was impersonality. Here was untutored, unguided judgment on his work. It was amazing how it deflated Ingram Brown.

He said, putting something sharply to the test, " Well, do you like my work, Margie ? "

She said, " Yes. I think it must have been fun to do because, of course, you knew what you were doing. But I like



" *WHEN are you going to marry Mary ?" she said. "And can I be bridesmaid? I've never been anybody's bridesmaid . . . "*

my pictures best. They were by a man who lived in Italy called Della Robbia. Mummie read us his life."

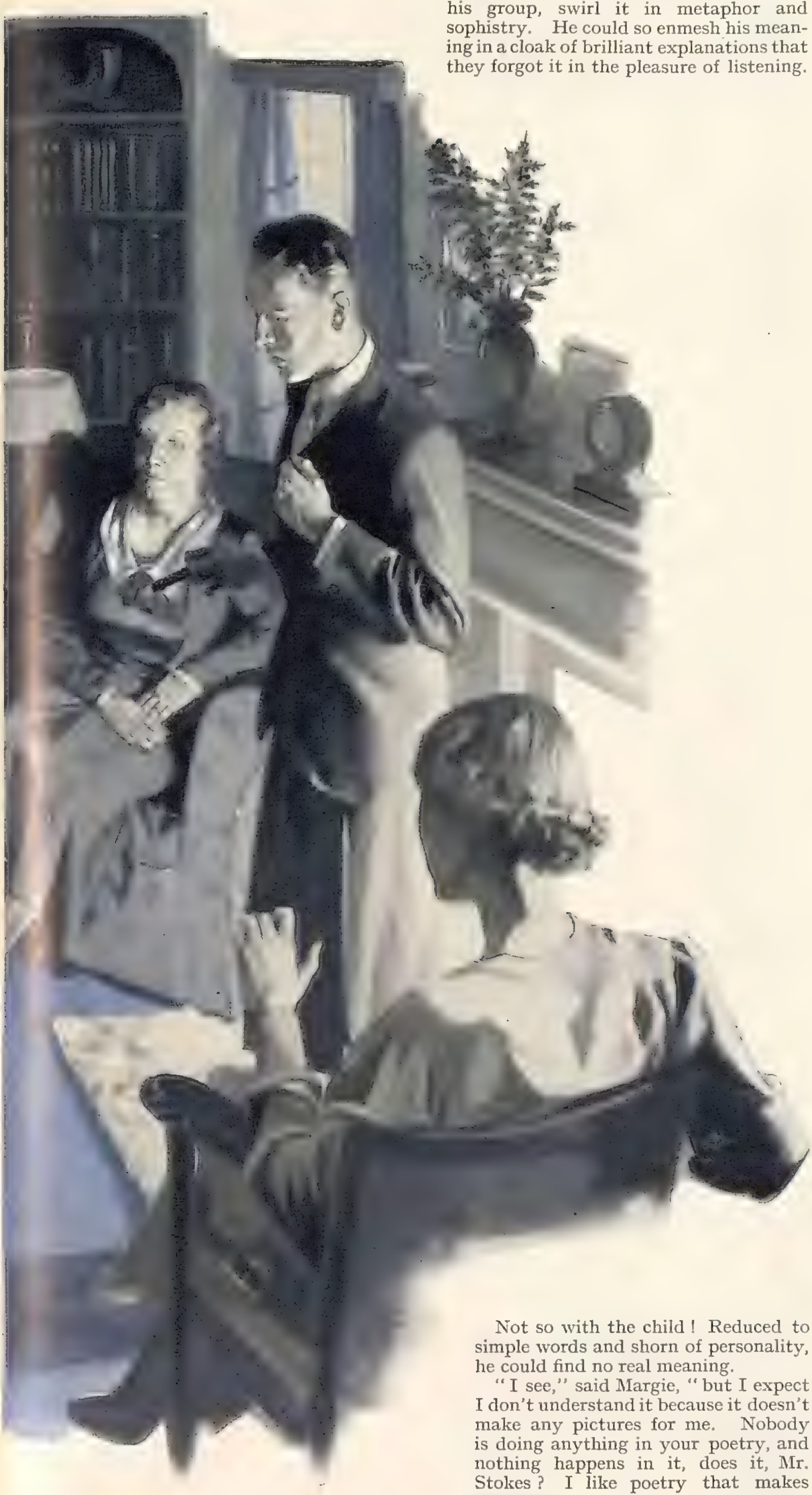
"I must come up and see them," said Ingram Brown.

Later he said to the group, "Filthy little Philistine!" and felt as if he had crushed a daisy because the bee that had settled on it had stung him.

Then it was Burt Stokes who put his great art to the test next. He read her some of his poems. She listened very attentively with stolid intelligence.

When he had finished she said, "That's very nice. What does it mean?"

Burt Stokes had known so well what it meant. He could wrap it up in words for his group, swirl it in metaphor and sophistry. He could so enmesh his meaning in a cloak of brilliant explanations that they forgot it in the pleasure of listening.



Not so with the child! Reduced to simple words and shorn of personality, he could find no real meaning.

"I see," said Margie, "but I expect I don't understand it because it doesn't make any pictures for me. Nobody is doing anything in your poetry, and nothing happens in it, does it, Mr. Stokes? I like poetry that makes pictures."

"Whose poetry?" said Burt.

"Oh, Walter de la Mare, and then little bits of Walter Pater. Shall I say you some poetry?"

"Yes, do," said Burt Stokes, and he laughed.

Her voice was very clear. The verses were very simple. It was true that they made pictures. In those pictures for that group was some perfume of their own inescapable youth.

"I expect," said Margie, "I understand my own poetry better, that's all."

Late that night, unable to sleep, Burt Stokes did a strange thing. He crept down and collected the sonnets of Shakespeare. He carried them back to bed. Suddenly he was crying. Strange tears, as if he had found a secret he had once known that had become meaningless with time.

Margie was such a good little thing. She was beautifully trained, without being priggish. Her room was always immaculately tidy. She made her bed without being told to. She amused herself too.

She wandered for hours up and down the crooked whimsy streets, past shuttered shops that were deliberately milny-wilny. She wandered down to the quay and watched the slow barges and sailing boats slowly loading and slowly unloading. She accompanied them a little way on the bank while the sailors shoved them off from the bank with long poles, and their shouts and orders went soaring up into cold, crisp air like the sharp cries of birds.

She spoke of these activities sometimes with matter-of-fact, stolid pleasure.

"But I shouldn't like to live here always."

"Why not, Margie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I like to live in places where people are doing real things now. All the things here have been done a long time ago by people who have been a long time dead, haven't they, Auntie?"

"History is always dead, my dear."

"Yes, but awfully dead," said Margie.

"If there had been no yesterday there would be no to-day for you," said her aunt.

"Yes," said Margie slowly, "I see that. Of course, I see that, Auntie." Her plain little face puckered. "But I do like to think that somewhere somebody's sort of preparing something for to-morrow."

One day Ingram Brown came to tea at Sonia Entwhistle's cottage. This was rare. They usually foregathered at Burt Stokes's or Mary Wheelcock's. Sonia Entwhistle wondered why he was there.

Then he said, with elaborate, painful carelessness, "Well, Margie, I came over to see those famous Della Robbias of yours."

"But I thought you said you had seen the real ones?"

"Yes, but you seem to think a precious lot of these, and I'm interested in why people think a precious lot of things."

"Of course," said Margie. "My room is tidy."

Sonia Entwhistle sat downstairs and marvelled, and saw no daylight anywhere.

Brusquely, all hearty schoolboy, Burt Stokes said to her five or six days after the strange visitation of the surrealist, "I've tried my hand at a detective story, just for a lark."

"Oh, read it to us, Burt."

"Tripe, my dear, tripe! As a matter of fact, I can't. At least, of course I've got a (*Continued on page* 101)

"X"—"The Unknown Quantity"—is for

FRIGG, wife of Odin, looked upon Balder, and was afraid. Nothing could harm her life, the life of the goddess of the skies, presiding over marriage and domestic life. But Balder, although god of light, peace, and beauty, was only the son of a goddess, and vulnerable. Therefore Frigg lifted her voice, sweet as music and strong as the west wind, and besought all things on earth and in the air to protect her son. One by one she named them, sure that none would refuse the plea of the mother goddess, wife of the supreme deity, the god of wisdom, poetry, war, the dead, and the fruitful fields.

Nestling against the gnarled trunk of an old oak, suspended between earth and sky, the mistletoe shrub cocked its cleft green ear, rustled its white berries and yellow flowers; but Frigg's voice died away in the distance, passing from the forests to the mountains. The mistletoe, hidden amid the gloom of giant trunks and spreading foliage, had been overlooked; and the mistletoe was furious.

So when the evil Loki sought to encompass Balder's doom, he found a willing ally. The one thing in creation that remained unpledged to do the bright young god no harm provided the god of discord and mischief with the wood for the sharp dart which Loki then placed in the hand of the blind god Hoder; and Balder fell, pierced to the heart by the javelin the blind god threw.

Of course, there is a happy ending. . . . Balder was restored to life by the united efforts of all the other gods, Loki was overcome by Odin and punished, and the naughty mistletoe promised to be good for evermore—on condition that the goddess took it under her wing, and that it was carefully kept from contact with earth.

And that, my children, is why the mistletoe now symbolises happiness, safety, and good fortune, and why you hang it up in your house at Christmas, and kiss under its now benign green leaves and berries.

An old story, older than the sagas of the vikings and the songs of the scalds—a tale that, in another form, was ancient long before there occurred in the dusty little town of Bethlehem the event which men have celebrated now for nearly 2,000 years (in this island, since the arrival of St. Augustine, 1,340 years ago).

But that is the strange and fascinating thing about Christmas, and, perhaps, its ultimate secret. This feast, this web of observances, customs and traditions, is associated with the birth of Jesus only because from time immemorable *homo sapiens* has felt the need for a feast and a celebration, the best and biggest of all, around the time when December 25 shows up in our Gregorian calendar.

Probe a Christmas custom, and you uncover a pagan origin; and probe the pagan origin, and you find yourself down among the roots of life itself, peering around wide-eyed in an enchanted realm where nothing belongs to the day-to-day life of a human being born to live and die on the planet Earth. . . .

Indeed, the more one delves into Christmas, with its gifts and ghosts, its carols and chimes, its mistletoe greetings and greenery, its Yule log, toy-and-tinsel-laden fir tree, Santa Klaus in red robe and white whiskers, and its roast turkey and mince pies and plum pudding, the more one perceives that what appears to be the most familiar and simplest of all feasts is in reality the most mysterious and complex.

THE threads of our own British Christmas run back and are entangled with the musical watchmen of mediæval England, the golden sickle of the Druids, the folklore of Asia Minor, and the tree-haunted life of the early Germanic tribes.

Bethlehem knew no Christmas carol. A carol was originally a round dance, during which the dancers sang. The Greeks had a word for it. The custom of the waits seems to go back no farther than the singing watchmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Christmas tree does not belong to the warm southern country where Christ was born. It seems an inseparable part of our Christmas; but it is only 100 years old. Queen Victoria's Consort brought the custom over from his Thuringian home; and the old German custom chanced to appeal to the Nordic in us. More than a million small fir trees are uprooted to fill the demand in this small island now every year.

But in the Latin countries, children will not know whom you mean when you speak of a gift-bringer, wrapped in a furred red robe, white whiskers flying in the wind, who drives a reindeer sleigh laden with sacks of toys. Their bearer of gifts does not come until the Feast of the Gentiles on January 6; and is a homely old lady who distributes toys. They know as little of Santa Klaus as did the people in the days of our

How Much or How Little do you know about Christmas? This Article is a Mine of Information—and Surprises

XMAS:

By C. Patrick Thompson

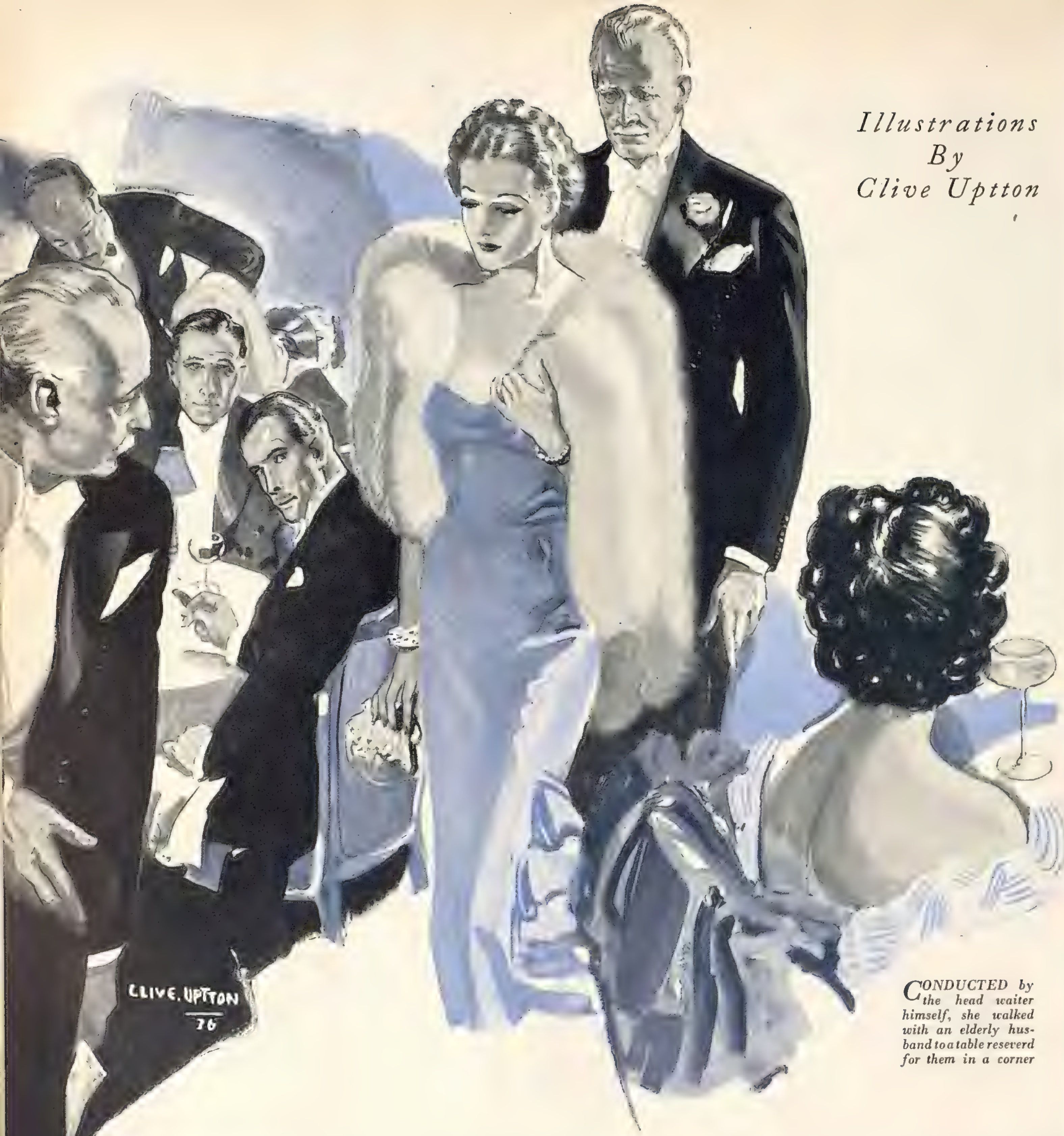
Decorations by Nina Miller Davidson

Lord. Santa Klaus arrived on the Christmas scene 300 years after Christ. He was Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor. He became the patron saint of Russia, and that simple people incorporated him into their Christmas observances. He is also the patron saint of children, which may explain the corruption of "Saint Nicholas" into "Santa Klaus.".

Curious that, although we know that the social, economic and financial importance of Christmas is profound, no scientist, mathematician, or sociologist has ever investigated exactly what Christmas does mean to contemporary civilisation. If they ever erect a research station, and find out all about it—as they laboriously investigate sun, moon, stellar, health, crime, industrial and other phenomena, with tabulated lists of facts and figures—they will in time weave together a story to astonish us all.

The first thing they will record, of course, is that we are all at sea in our dates. December 25 is quite an arbitrary date for the birth of Christ. If our December 25 is by chance right, men were celebrating Christmas at the wrong time for about 1,200 years; for the Julian calendar introduced 46 B.C. had a year 11 minutes longer than the astronomical year, so that the date of the vernal equinox had by A.D. 325 become displaced by 10 days, and it was not until 1582 that Pope Gregory XIII restored time order by jumping 10 days, making October 5, 1582, October 15, which made January 4 of the old calendar December 25 of the new one.

Some scholars think (*Continued on page* 121)



Illustrations By Clive Uptton

CONDUCTED by the head waiter himself, she walked with an elderly husband to a table reseverd for them in a corner

"I NEVER knew a woman who wouldn't sell her soul for gold." Guy Travers stretched out his hand to send the port, a Cockburn 1912 by the way, round again. "Except one!" He wagged a professional finger. "And she stood out for diamonds."

He got his laugh, at least from two of the men dining with him at the Café Majestic, which as all the world knows is one of the few thousand places boasting that it serves the best food in London.

John Greig, the fourth and the eldest man of the party, remained grave. To begin with, he was not easily amused; in the second place he was only half listening. The greater part of his attention was claimed by the Café, that haunt of the naughty nineties where the not-so-good met those who should have known better, and proceeded to paint the town red. Art! Politics! Lads of the village and men about town! They had all found life here, with a capital Hell. He had not been here himself since he was a student, eating his dinners in the Temple, long before he had dreamed of making his name at the Bar as one of the biggest men of the day on the Divorce side.

The food here to-night was as good as ever, the place itself practically unaltered. But its character had completely changed. It was no longer Bohemian, casual and semi-continental. Rigid respectability was now the order of the day. Indeed Suburbia supplied most of the diners.

"No hearts on sleeves nowadays, eh?" Guy Travers was talking again, or perhaps he was talking still. "No sleeves to begin with, and no hearts anywhere."

For the second time John Greig failed to appreciate his host's efforts at wit.

He might have been a little more urbane if he'd been less tired. But the list for the Trinity Term had been unusually heavy. There had been a spate of continuous work, and in the end a long list left over for next term. In the ordinary way he would not have consented to dine out to-night, but Guy Travers, home on leave from China, was his dead wife's nephew, and as such had a special claim on him.

"She cut me dead, if you please!" The port had lured Travers into anec-

Above Rubies

The Story of a Woman who Loved

By M. Morgan Gibbon

dotage. "Naturally I couldn't stand for that, though I didn't bat an eyelid. I just bided my time till there was quite a little crowd around her, and then I went forward.

"For old time's sake, my poppet, I can't have you cut me," I said in a voice like a starling's, "even though you are a Duchess in your own wrong."

John Greig had heard the same joke a dozen times, always attached to a different person. That didn't matter. A good joke need not be discarded for ever after being once used, like a penny stamp. But, God in Heaven! how he hated the Travers type, with its reckoning of human values in pounds, shillings and pence, their knowledge of the price of everything, and the worth of nothing. What was that quotation he'd found the other day?

"Still as of old
Man by himself is priced.
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ."

"What happened?" inquired one of the other men, earning his dinner.

"She turned to me with a tooth-paste advertisement smile." Travers spoke in a high falsetto voice. "'Hullo boy! I'd just love to have you meet my husband!' And lo and behold standing just behind me was His Nibs."

"The Duke?" supplied the same sportsman when Travers paused.

"No, Sir! Johnnie Jones the ex-champion heavyweight! You couldn't see me for dust, I can tell you."

The laugh was against himself this time, as he had expected. But what did that matter to Travers so long as he was in the centre of the picture?

This was precisely where the woman standing at the door of the restaurant would always be so long as there was a man about with two eyes in his head. She was certainly beautiful enough to deserve all the attention she attracted as, conducted by the head waiter himself, she walked with an elderly husband to a table reserved for them in a corner. Hair of gold-red copper curled round a pale grave face like that of the Sistine Madonna. The big eyes were dark as sloes; the skin clear with the pallor of health. Apart from her looks she would have been noticeable anywhere because of her expression. For in a day of restlessness she looked at peace. In a disintegrated age she was happy.

As she passed she bowed to John Greig, then raised her hand to brush a wisp of hair from her forehead. As she did so Travers caught sight of her ring, a thin platinum band set with a single ruby.

"Who on earth is she?" There was reverence even in Travers's tone at last.

"Like a patron saint of mothers," John Greig described her to himself. "Lady Wivenhoe," he said aloud.

Phew! Knowing everyone's business, Travers knew that Lord Wivenhoe was wealthy and entertained accordingly. "But all the same," he finished aloud an argument started in his own mind, "it must puzzle the angels why a high-stepper like that should marry a man old enough to be her father. I suppose he made it worth her while if he said it with rubies."

"The price of a good woman is above rubies," Greig quoted. "Perhaps he thought so."

"It's more likely she thought there are worse positions than that of a young widow, well left."

"You don't think it's possible she may have cared for him?"

"Cared?" Travers laughed again, peering between the diners to watch Lord Wivenhoe talking to his wife. "Tell me the truth, sir. Did you, in the whole course of your experience at the Bar, ever come across a women who really cared for anyone except herself?"

"Yes! Once!" Some of John Greig's lassitude fell from him. "There's one who occurs to me now." He glanced at the clock. "Actually it's not a bad story, particularly regarded as an antidote to your cynicism."

TRAVERS passed his case, but John Greig, refusing a Corona and lighting a gasper instead, passed his cup for more coffee.

"Her name was Jeannie," he began, his eyes on Lord Wivenhoe slipping a mink coat off his wife's white shoulders.

"Miss Manners got her cheap, since an orphan girl of unknown parentage is apt to be at a discount in this world, even if her hair does shine like guinea-gold, and her eyes are big and soft like those of a frightened colt.

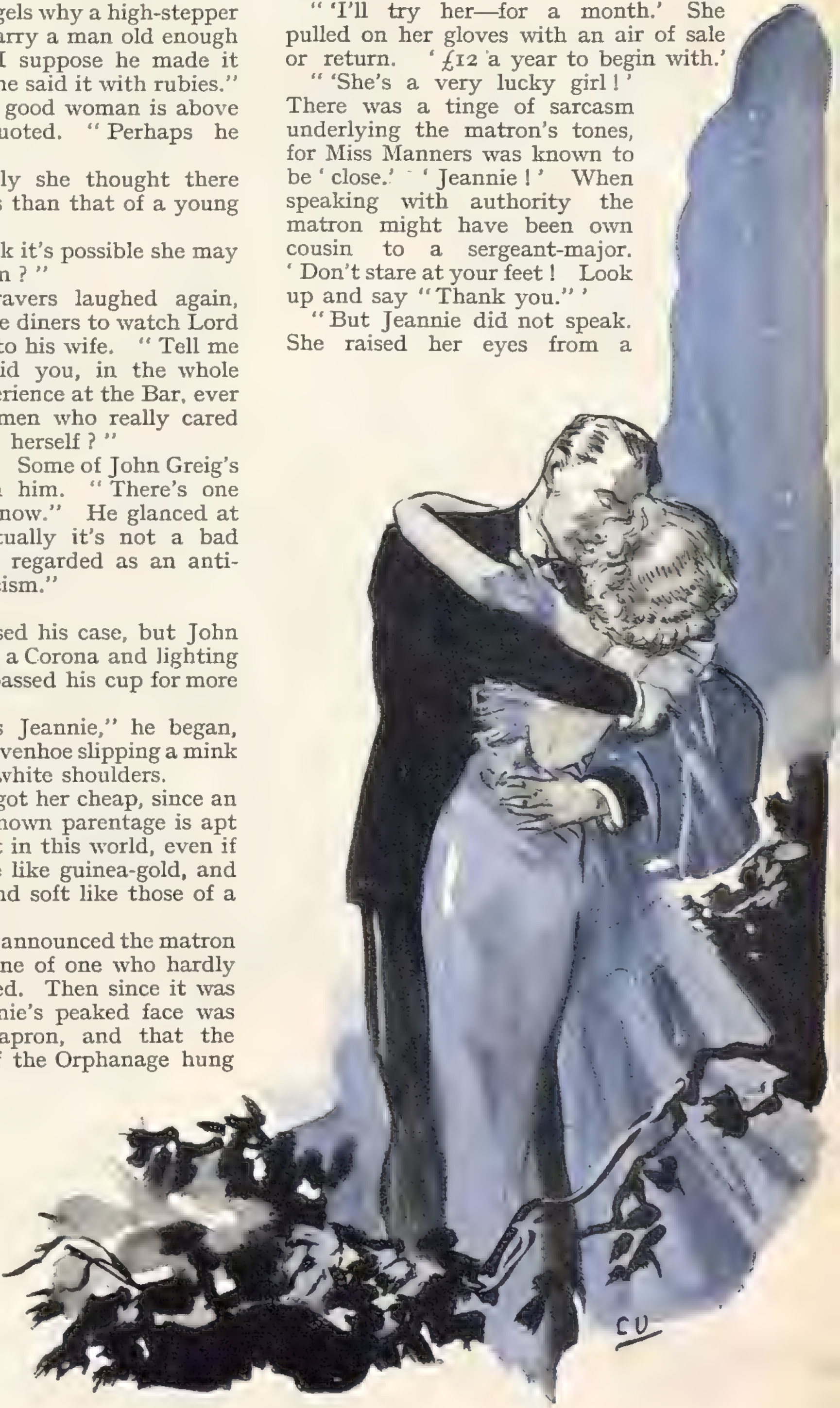
"'She's strong!' announced the matron in the truculent tone of one who hardly hopes to be believed. Then since it was obvious that Jeannie's peaked face was as white as her apron, and that the hideous uniform of the Orphanage hung limply on her fourteen-year-old body like the tatters on a scarecrow, she added as a challenge, 'far stronger than she looks. Stand up straight, Jeannie, and look at the lady.'

"Miss Manners studied the girl critically as a breeder might note the points of a filly.

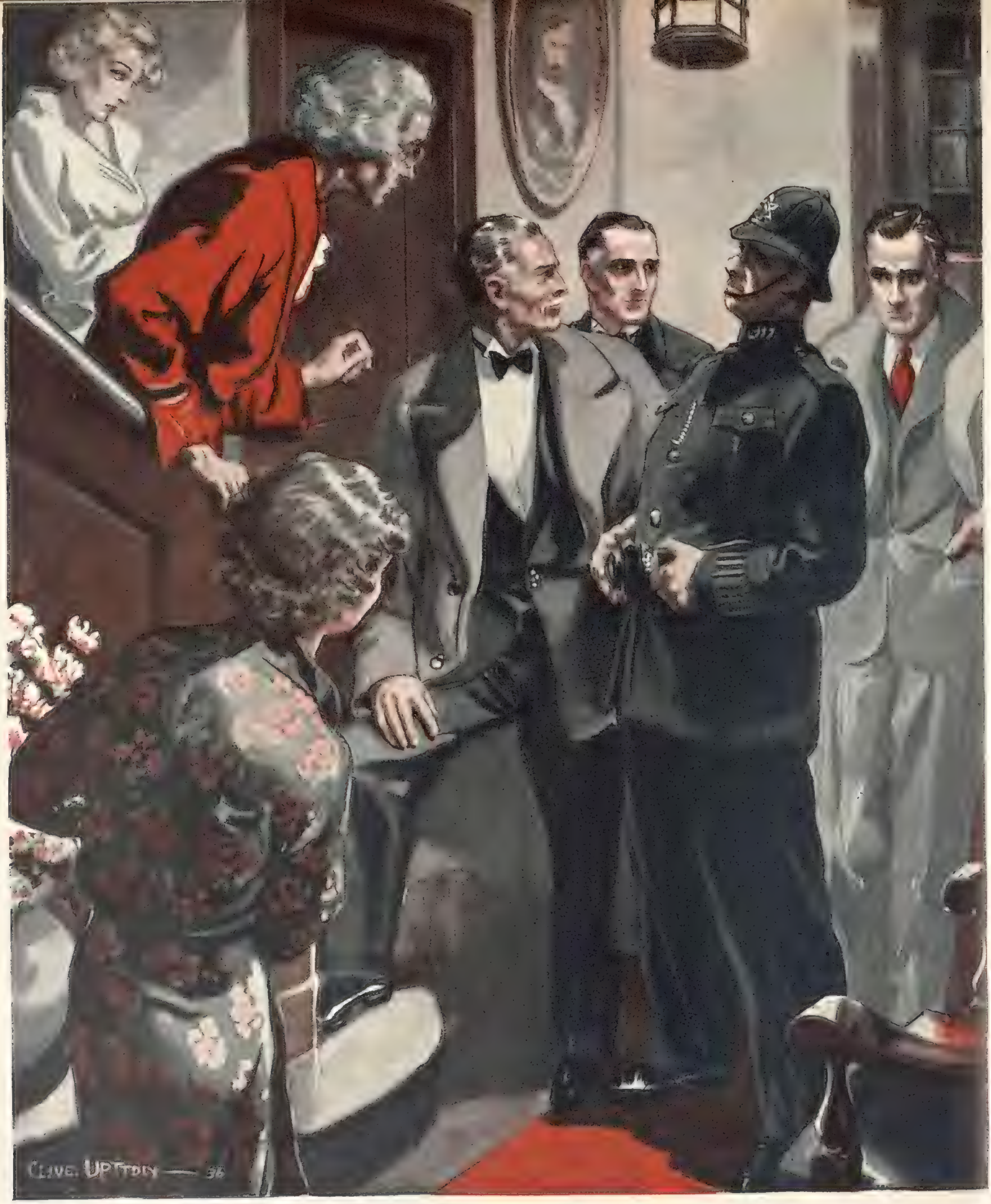
"'I'll try her—for a month.' She pulled on her gloves with an air of sale or return. '£12 a year to begin with.'

"'She's a very lucky girl!' There was a tinge of sarcasm underlying the matron's tones, for Miss Manners was known to be 'close.' 'Jeannie!' When speaking with authority the matron might have been own cousin to a sergeant-major. 'Don't stare at your feet! Look up and say "Thank you."'

"But Jeannie did not speak. She raised her eyes from a



THEY clung together in the copse in a last passionate embrace



THE Colonel whipped round as though shot in the back, but breeding tells, and it was at young Wason he looked

studied contemplation of the oilcloth and fixed them on Miss Manners' gaunt face with a look of worshipful adoration. For she did not see in Miss Manners what the rest of the world saw—a spinster of uncertain age with a twenty-shilling-in-the-pound look in her eyes.

"She saw an angel of light sent down from Heaven to take her away at last from this Home with a capital H into the real cosy thing. The joy of belonging to somebody and having somebody belong to her! That had always been her dream! She couldn't believe it had come true.

"At the end of the month Miss Manners trapes'd up again to the Orphanage.

"'I've decided to keep Jeannie.'

"'I'm glad she's satisfactory!' The matron ticked off the name in a ledger.

"'The girl's untrained, with a handful of thumbs and an appetite like a horse, but——'

"'Tch! Tch!' The matron herself was in the best position to know the inordinate appetites of those dependent on charity for their daily bread.

"'But,' Miss Manners ran on, 'she has her points.' One of them she remembered, as she took her handkerchief from her bag, was Jeannie's fondness for washing on a Monday. So many girls in the past had been saucy about what Miss Manners called 'rubbing through' a few things, and, what with the laundries tearing everything to ribbons and charging such exorbitant prices, everybody had to have a little washing done at home these days. Of course, Jeannie wasn't yet in the position to say what she would or wouldn't do. But, on the other hand, she need not have been so absurdly happy about it.

"'The sheets, too, mum?' she had asked, standing in a patch of sunlight which seemed to set that mass of golden hair on fire.

"'Certainly not!'

"The idea of Jeannie's thin arms wrestling with heavy wet sheets shocked Miss Manners' sense of fitness. 'Just the handkerchiefs and doilies.'

"But if Jeannie had been doing the laundry for the whole village she could not have taken longer about it. The explanation was, however, simple. When at midday Miss Manners swept out to the kitchen to see what was happening, she found a dreamy-eyed seraph bending over the wash-bowl, too intent on blowing bubbles even to hear her mistress's footsteps.

"Miss Manners had heard the topic of the servant-problem whipped from every angle whenever two or three ladies of the parish were gathered together. Lazy! Extravagant! Big ideas. Hitherto no one had ever had to complain of bubble-blowing!

"Yet, instead of interrupting, Miss Manners stood fascinated, watching the bulbs of iridescent foam float out of the cavity made by Jeannie's finger and thumb up into the air.

"The scene took her back—oh, almost half a century, to the day when she and her young sister Agatha had been sent to wash their hands and had blown bubbles, wishing as they did so. Agatha's bubble had been a perfect opalescent circle.

"'I wish—I wish'—young Agatha had danced on the tips of her toes as she watched it float out of the window—'for a handsome husband and £10,000 a year!'

"Miss Manners, an austere damsel even in those days, had blown an elongated sausage-shaped bubble which drooped and finally fell.

"'The £10,000 without the husband would satisfy me.' She tossed her head and began to dry her hands.

"Neither of them achieved her desire. For Agatha's husband, easy enough to look at, was only a penniless subaltern in the Indian Army. And though no one appeared on the scene brave enough to storm Miss Manners' prejudice for virginity, she had, when left alone, barely enough to live upon.

"Perhaps it was something in the memory of those bubble-blowing days that reminded Miss Manners that no one can expect to buy all the virtues in a maid for £12 a year. Anyhow, that afternoon while she rested she sent Jeannie out into the garden to weed the lawn, and, incidentally, to get some air into her lungs. But she had to get up and go out to her, because as Jeannie pulled up dandelions and chickweed she whistled, clearly, though a little flat — 'Home, Sweet Home!' It was, by the way, the only tune which all the Orphans knew, except 'God Save the King.'

"'A whistling woman or a crowing hen
Is good for neither God nor men.'

Miss Manners quoted, looking at her Abigail over the top of her gold-rimmed glasses.

"But her heart gave her words the lie. Jeannie's youth was like a fresh breeze from the sea blowing through some airless room. Jeannie's unwearied, unquestioning devotion to a mistress who had never known love was something which no money could pay for. She ran about like a child, tumbling over herself in her eagerness to fetch and carry for Miss Manners, who, since Jeannie's advent, had fallen into the habit of leaving the latch-key at home. For it was useless pretending to the contrary, for there was something very pleasant about the sound of steps rushing to open the door with the warmest welcome. It was a good feeling to be greeted by someone with the face of a Fra Angelico angel. It was a worth-while thing to be first in someone's life, even though that someone was only a maid-of-all-work.

"In Jeannie's train came animals.

"When Miss Manners came back from the Orphanage Committee one day, Jeannie met her with a stray kitten in her arms, a fluffy creature the colour of marmalade, with watery blue eyes. Miss Manners had always set her face against animals on the score that they brought in dirt and made work. Almost against her will she stroked the little creature's head with one finger.

"'Where did that come from?'

"'I found it. It's a stray, mum!' Jeannie's big eyes were shining like stars. 'Wasn't it lucky, mum, I found it?' she appealed to her mistress. 'Everyone mightn't have been as good to it as you'll be!'

"Naturally the kitten stayed. The milk bills went up, and the prim villa with its air of austere virginity echoed to the sound of scurrying feet chasing cotton reels. One evening, hearing smothered giggles from the kitchen, where Jeannie was supposed to be alone darning her stockings, Miss Manners hurried out with her heart in her mouth only to find her maid playing with the kitten, on the side of whose head was perched a dunce's cap of silver paper.

"It was different about the dog, a lean black mongrel with one hind leg shorter than the other and a pedigree marred with enough bars sinister to break a snake's back.

"'Isn't 'e jest lovely, mum?' Jeannie with the pride of proprietorship boosted her protégé.

"'And you must love him e'er to you
He shall seem worthy of your love!'

"It was years since Miss Manners and Agatha had gloated together over Byron. She remembered as vividly as though it had happened yesterday the diatribes there had been when the well-thumbed tear-stained copy of *Don Juan* was discovered under the mattress.

"No one with two eyes in their head would care for this misgotten brute on face value anyhow. 37 varieties indeed, and the worst points of all of them too!

"'You should not have fed him in the first place.' Miss Manners was severe, though conscious that it was as useless telling Jeannie not to feed a hungry animal as to ask Niagara to run upstream. 'Now you'll have to send him away!'

"'Yes, mum!' Jeannie's voice was flat, but she would never have dreamed of questioning Miss Manners' command. The King can do no wrong. Neither could her mistress.

"'We couldn't keep it, even though there is a kennel.' Miss Manners frowned heavily, disposing of an argument no one had put forward.

"'No, mum!' Jeannie agreed, just as she would have done if her mistress had told her to put her hand into the fire. 'But he's something shockin' thin!'

"Miss Manners had seen for herself, and therefore for the next few days she shut her eyes to the fact that a lean black mongrel with one hind leg shorter than the other sat on the back-door step with the patience of an Oriental creditor dunning his debtor, and shared Jeannie's dinner.

"On the third day when she had finished her chop—and really Jeannie's cooking was improving—she picked up the *Radio Times* to see what was the programme for the week-end.

"It must have been the prospect of the first act of *Lohengrin* which was to be relayed on Saturday which made her forgetful, for when Jeannie came in to clear Miss Manners remarked without looking up, 'The bone will do nicely for the dog.'

"Before she had finished speaking she realised that she had crossed the Rubicon, and that the tacit admission of ownership could not be recalled.

"But the fight with the milkman's Airedale clinched matters, and what Miss Manners said about 'your beast attacking my dog' hardly bears repetition.

"In a word, Miss Manners' horizons were growing wider, and therefore, good woman that she was, she realised that her maid's religious education must not be neglected.

"With the courage of her convictions she went straight to the point.

"'I want you to come to church with me, Jeannie,' she said one Sunday evening, 'to worship God!'

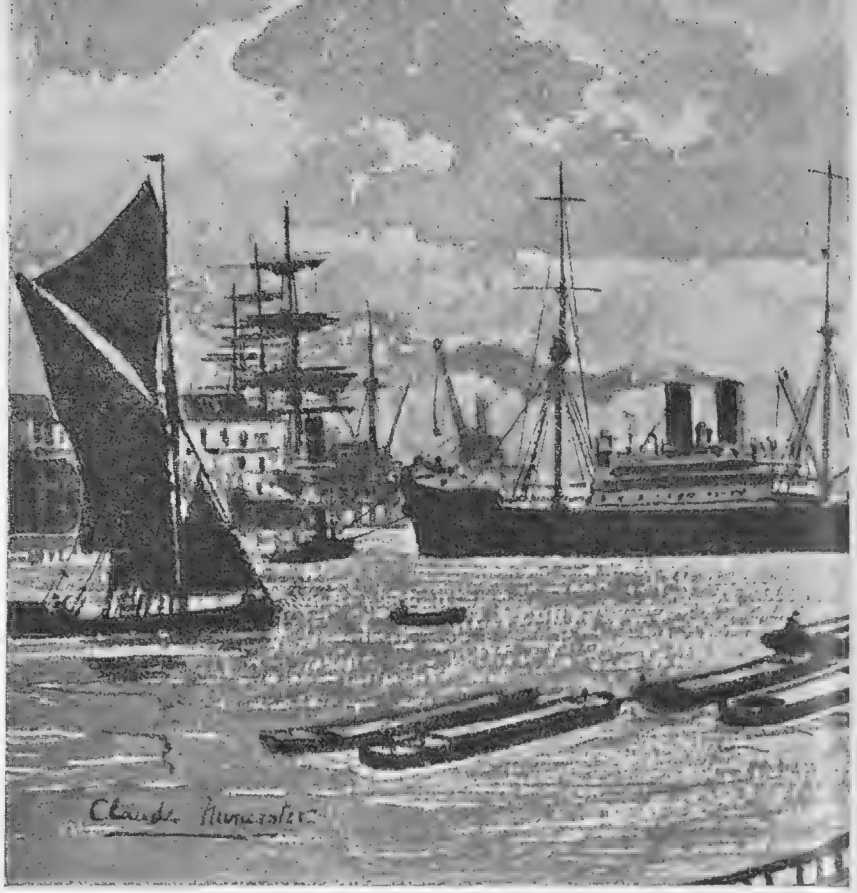
(*Continued on page* 106)

Sailors'

Tales told at

By C. Fox Smith

Illustrated by Claude Muncaster



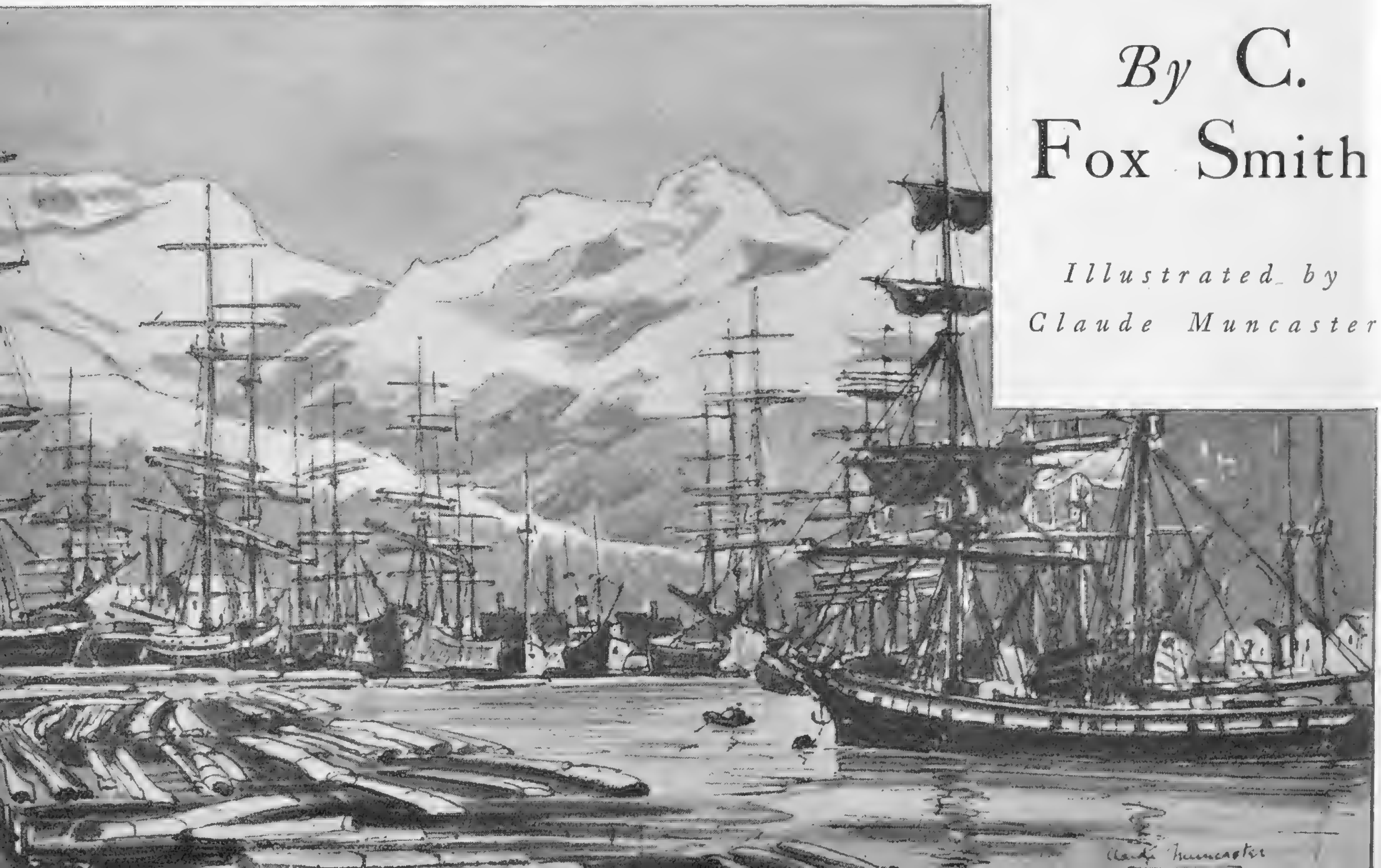
THE "Pilot Boat"—by which name I choose to call a certain inn whose true style and title is something quite different—stands like a kind of maritime toll-house on the edge of an ancient and famous estuary, watching, from small-paned windows that peer out like old seamen's eyes set deep beneath puckered lids, the shipping of all the world go out and in with the ebbing and flowing of the tides.

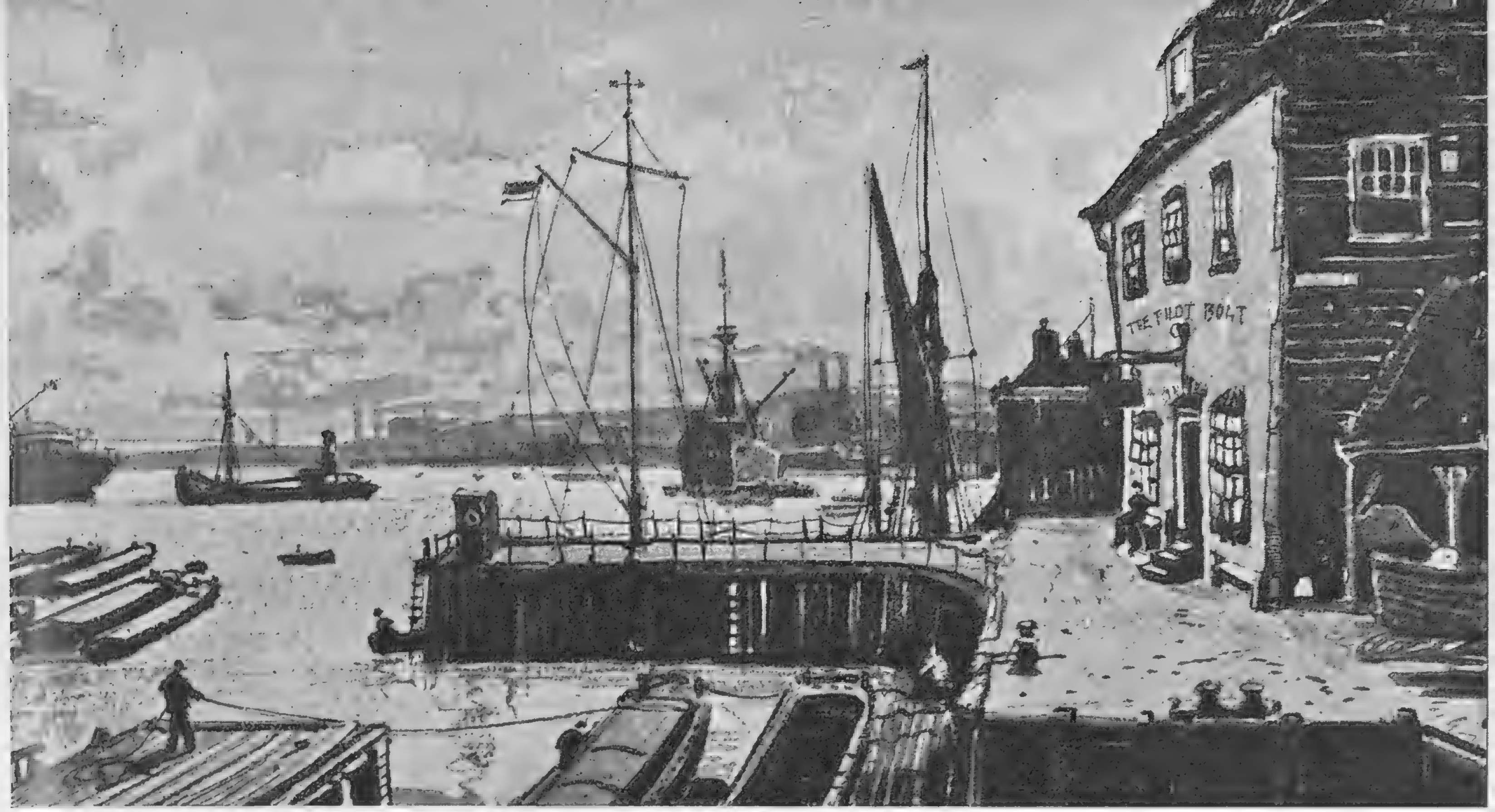
There is a sort of Noah's Ark-ish feeling about the "Pilot Boat." It seems as if it belonged a little to the land and a little to the water, and was not quite sure which; and, indeed—or so those say who should be able to judge—shipwrights had probably as much to do with the building of it as shore workmen. Its lapboarded walls, brown, bulging and uneven, have known, if all tales be true, strange doings in their time. Not all the liquor in its roomy cellars has always paid duty to the Excise authorities; and even the press-gang has been known to be cheated of what it regarded as its lawful prey in those narrow and labyrinthine passages.

But those days have long been over. The "Pilot Boat" is a sober and law-abiding enough establishment nowadays; more, it is even distinguished by a sort of aura of what might be termed semi-officialdom. It is, in short, a pilots' inn; and you may know it for what it is by certain unmistakable signs and tokens: as, for example, by the weathered, oilskin-clad men who blow in and out at all sorts of hours and sit down with eyes heavy with sleep to vast breakfasts of ham and eggs—who thereafter retire to the "Pilot Boat's" bedrooms and snore half through the hours of daylight as only those can who have been bred to the keeping of sea watches—and who (last but not least) swap yarns o' nights in the little parlour, under the tell-tale compass fixed in the ceiling in perpetual readiness for the day when some extra high spring tide shall lift the "Pilot Boat" bodily from her moorings and float her out to sea. . . .

"SOUNDS like a spot o' fog coming up," observes the Mud Pilot, as the melancholy note of a steamer's siren makes itself heard from the river without.

There is already a considerable fog in the parlour under the tell-tale compass, for half a dozen pipes and a cigarette or two are in full blast. As well as the Mud Pilot who has just spoken, a Choice Pilot is present, connected with one of the big liner companies, a Cinque





Christmas

“The Pilot Boat”

Ports man who has just brought up a anker from Dungeness, a pilot from arwich, and a couple of Channel pilots ot on duty.

“Glad I'm not on the roster to-night, hat's all,” continues the Mud Pilot. ‘There's a big German just due in, and ny other bloke's welcome to wish her a erry Christmas, so far's I'm concerned.”

“Lucky if they do manage to get n before Christmas,” comments the hoice Pilot. “I remember my last oyage before I got my call”—pilots, by the way, get a “call” just as parsons do!—“we were off the Foreland on the 23rd, with the smell of our Christmas dinners already in our noses, when—flop!—down came the fog like a curtain. We spent our Christmas at anchor, with the whole Channel full of shipping bawling round us like a herd of buffaloes, and the fog getting into our bones just as much as if we were off the Horn. If I'd had any sentimental qualms about giving up the sea, that finished 'em!”

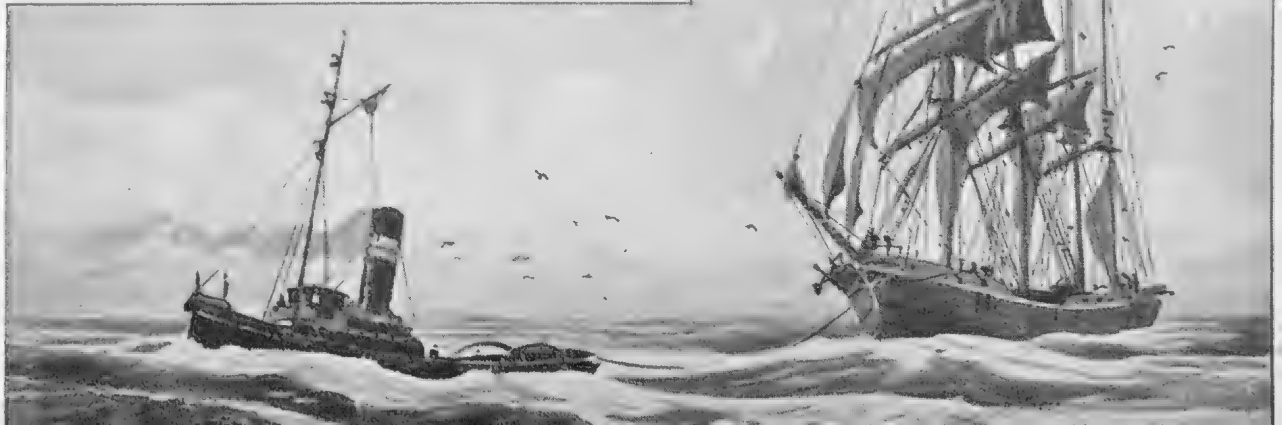
“It's a funny thing,” strikes in the Cinque Ports man, “but during my sea time I hardly ever spent Christmas anywhere without getting up against something extra special nasty in the weather line. Either it was fog, or it was rain, or it was dead calm with the ship rolling her guts out, or it was a gale, or it was a dead muzzler; if it wasn't one thing it was another. And if ever we were in *port*, it was sure to be the rottenest little one-hoss burg in creation. Taltal, for instance——”

“TALTAL!” says the man from Harwich. “We lay in Taltal one Christmas—ninety-eight, was it, or nine?—in the *Inverholme*——”

“Ninety-nine,” rejoins the Cinque Ports man eagerly. “I was in the *Lyderhorn*, one of De Wolf's. We cheered you out to sea on Christmas Eve. Remember?”

“Remember?” The other man's eyes are looking into a past far away from the smoke-thickened atmosphere of the “Pilot Boat's” parlour. He sees the familiar anchorage under the remote and brooding gaze of the snow-crowned Andean peaks. He sees the ships moored in the tiers, the soaring spars of ships long sped to their last anchorage in Dead Men's Bay; he sees an excited boy, “himself when young,” hoisted up in the cargo sling with the last bag of the cargo, waving the Red Duster and calling for “Three cheers for the homeward bound!” he hears the long roll of cheering all down the anchored tiers. West Coast custom. . . .

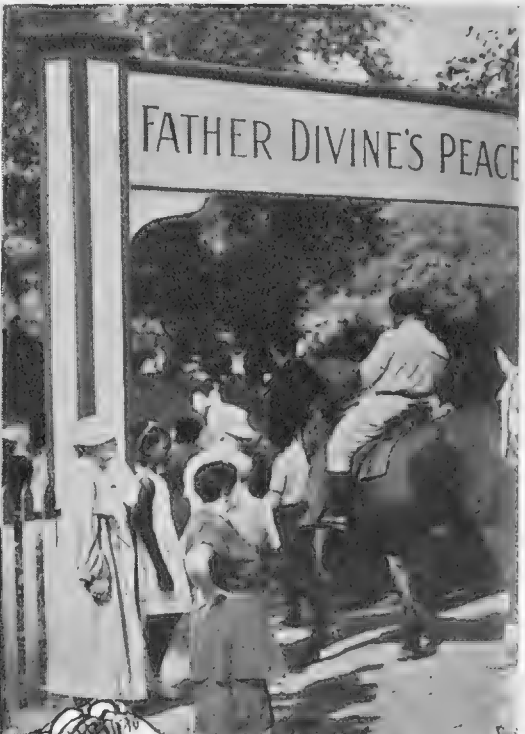
“Ay, West Coast custom,” says the Choice Pilot. “I was in Iquique in a tramp steamer, a year or two after the war, and there was no more fuss about sailing for home than—well, about (*Continued on page* 102)



Father

PEACE! IT'S WONDERFUL

FATHER DIVINE, the Little Black God of Harlem, with his famous "Promised Land" smile, seated in his luxurious car



(Right)
MOUNTED "Angels" of Father Divine's "Heaven" entering the 1,000 acres grounds of the Peace Mission at Kingston, New York State, after a pilgrimage from New York City. It is expected that many of Father Divine's followers will eventually settle on this estate

IN a plainly furnished Harlem sitting-room a negro ex-parson sits reading books about Great Britain.

Short, stocky, bullet-headed, expensively dressed, he might be just another of the prosperous negro "professional gentlemen" whose cars flash countrywards each week-end through the dingy streets of New York's Black Quarter. Yet by millions of Americans, black and white, the little man is fanatically worshipped as God returned to earth. His colossal political and social power sends the U.S. Government into uneasy fidgets. And the average citizen wonders apprehensively whether the idea of a Black Emperor of America is quite so fantastic as it once seemed.

During the last few years the cult of "Father Divine's" simple religious teaching—a mixture of Christian Science, Theosophy, and the Bible—has swept the States. Already he claims between ten and fifteen million supporters to whom his boast, "God is again walking the planet Earth in a Holy Body known to the world as Father Divine," is the solid foundation to a new philosophy of life and religion.

And now this little Black God of Harlem is planning to extend his kingdom across the Atlantic. Already he has five "missions" in Switzerland (why Switzerland, the Father alone knows). The next step is to be the establishment of similar missions in France, Italy, Scandinavia—and Britain. From these centres, the little negro believes, his doctrine will spread through Europe, soothing the bitter animosities of the unhappy Continent with its slogan: "Peace! Peace! Father, it's wonderful!"

The story of Father Divine's rocket rise to power is as strange as that of any dictator. Six years ago his name was unknown, though in 1931 the little Long Island town of Sayville became indifferently aware of an eccentric negro ex-pastor, calling himself the Rev. Major T. Divine, in its midst. He had arrived, nearly penniless, from Brooklyn and opened a small, struggling employment agency which—in that year of unparalleled depression and unemployment—soon shut down through lack of stock.

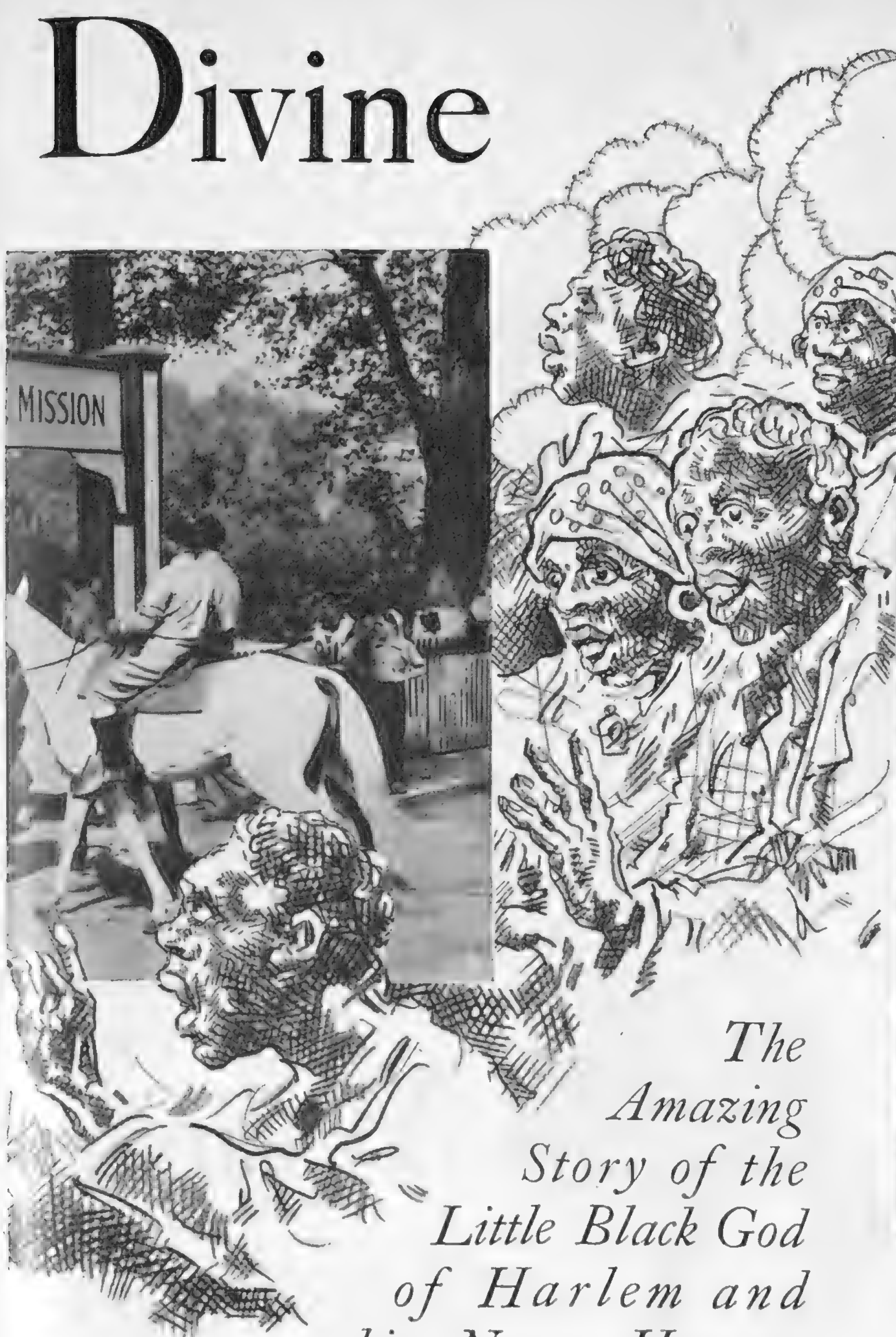
Divine's next move was dramatic. Though apparently penniless, he suddenly bought a fine, large house in Sayville's best residential area, paying for it in 500 dollar bills. Sayville society was bothered. Worse followed. For Divine appeared to be taking boarders, twenty or more of them, all black, mostly noisy, and every night twice as many visitors would flow in a black tide from Manhattan and Brooklyn. By day the odour of clam chowder and fried chicken titillated Sayville's nose; by night raucous singing of negro psalms, and shattering laughter of reformed negro sinners battered at its ears.

Father Divine's first "Heaven"—named the House of Joy—was in full blast.

Within a few weeks Father Divine had shuffled into the fierce limelight of New York publicity. Angry suburbanites had wailed to the police, indicting Divine as a public nuisance and the keeper of a house whose apostles visited it for purposes other than prayer. Police headquarters investigated, sending along a young coloured girl detective to seek aid from the House of Joy. Divine took her in, fed and housed her. She found him living in all respectability with a wife, Mother Divine, and a collection of disciples or "angels" with names like "Sweet Sleep" and "Wonderful Joy." Nothing else.

Immorality failing, Divine was haled

Divine



The Amazing Story of the Little Black God of Harlem and his Negro Heavens

FATHER DIVINE addresses his followers at a dinner held at the Peace Mission at Kingston after the pilgrimage from New York

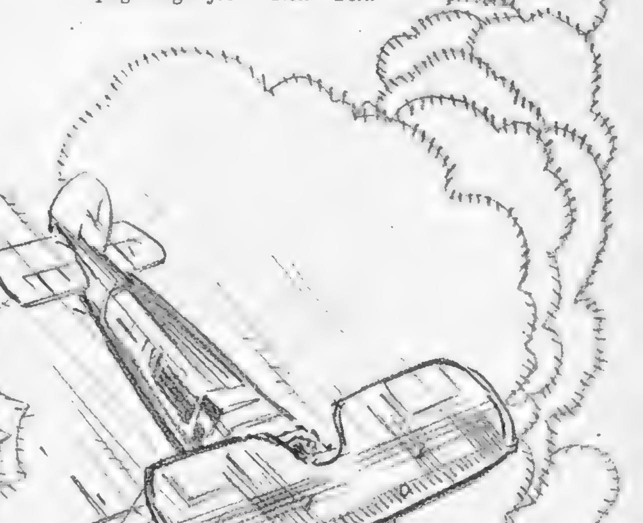
By A. P. Luscombe Whyte

to court for Public Nuisance. Sentence was postponed and bail fixed at what seemed to the Court the impossibly high figure of 1,000 dollars. The Father paid smilingly in large-denomination bills and departed to the haven of the House of Joy and the front pages of every metropolitan newspaper.

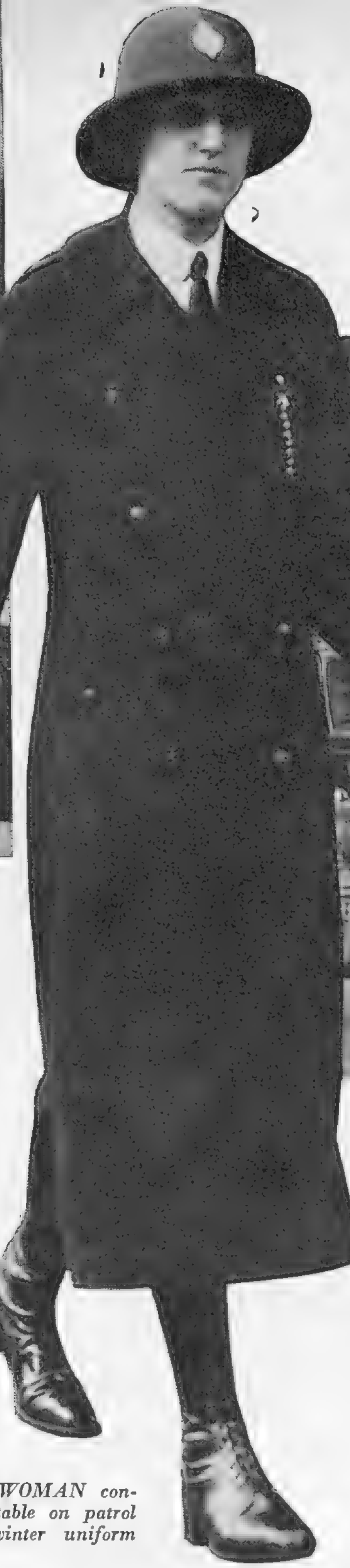
Negro supporters grilled in the witness-box prefaced every answer with "Father Divine is God!" Black crowds milling outside the court echoed, "Peace! He's God." Father Divine's white ex-Boston University graduate secretary, Helen Faust, asked by the magistrate: "Do you really believe Divine is God?" cried confidently: "Yes, I do! He's God! Peace! It's wonderful!"

The American nation awoke to Father Divine.

Publicity brought thousands of hungry, curious, emotion-starved negroes to swell the Father's following. Within a few weeks he was forced to move to the first of his city "Heavens," a big, five-storey Harlem building which is now his headquarters. On the ground floor he built a banqueting-hall large enough to feed hundreds at one time. Three floors above he filled with dormitories for homeless negroes. On the (*Continued on page 116*)



SUPERINTENDENT PETO and Sub-Divisional Inspector Clayden at New Scotland Yard



A WOMAN constable on patrol in winter uniform

By Joan Woollcombe

The Modern Woman

WOMAN Probationary Constable "Jones" (we'll call her that) is alone "on the beat" for the first time. "You will find," the Woman Inspector had said to her, "that there is nothing more difficult or more important, when you first go on duty, *than to wear your helmet well forward on your nose.*"

"Miss Jones," ex-school teacher, is one of the specially selected, meticulously carefully trained modern Women Police of London. She had just emerged from her intensive and very thorough training at Peel House—to pass her final tests and finally to "join the Force" as Probationary Constable. She has her training, but—it is on probation *she will begin to get her experience;* and few outsiders know how varied and how strange *is* the experience of this extremely carefully chosen corps of modern women.

Come behind the scenes and see what actually happens with these women of whom we hear so much—and so much that is nonsense.

We can start with "Miss Jones's" memory of her joining up.

Westminster Embankment—a glimpse of County Hall across the grey Thames—Big Ben striking nine o'clock of a gusty November morning. A handful of young women, hesitating, apply for guidance to a woman whose blue serge, silver buttons, and general air of efficiency suggest the police officer.

"Please, where do we go for the examination for the lady police?"

"The examination for *women* police is being held in this building. You'll find another officer at the top of the stairs."

They walk up, one of them blushing over her unlucky slip of the tongue. What had possessed her to say "lady" police? It has probably dished her chances from the start. She gives her name at the door and finds herself sitting third on a row of chairs. Other women are sitting in other rows. They are called up one by one for the eye-test. No. 2 is making heavy weather of it: "Try the line above now." "A E F"—"No, that's not Z." "A E F Q—" "Try the line above." No. 3 struggles fiercely with the temptation to look over her shoulder at A E F Q, resists, and finds that her turn has come. Gripping fiercely the card which must be held over one eye, she glares with the other at P S Y D M big—at R P J K F middle-sized—at N U V D W small. "Now the other eye—all right—normal. Next, please!"

Across the room now to the weighing machine. "Shoes off, please, before heights are taken." No. 5 has two holes in her stocking; No. 3 wonders how many marks one loses for that. "Five foot seven" says the officer as she steps off the stand. No. 7 is protesting that she can't *really* be only 5 ft. 2, because she got a friend to measure her all the way up with a tape. The officer invites her back to the measuring stand and shows her the damning evidence.

There is a pause. A little group gathered round an officer—no good their staying; they are all below standard for sight or height. They go, regretfully. The rest proceed one by one to the Doctor—"Teeth sound? Chest sound? Any indigestion? Feet sound? Just stand on tip-toe, please. What games do you play? Ah, tennis—thought so!" No. 3, "Miss Jones," growing nervous; the doctor is keeping her longer than No. 2; yes, he's spotted that little varicose vein, and she's done for! What's that? "Not

A SERGEANT and constable in summer uniform in the Park
(Photographs Sport and General)

ONE of the primary duties of the women police is the care of children in the streets

Joins the Force

in a bad place—won't get worse." Now she's out of the door and back in the big room again, waiting for the intelligence test.

A man in plain clothes has appeared and taken charge. "Miss Jones" finds herself seated at a table, pencil in hand, listening anxiously to his explanations. Quite simple—just underline the right word—blue—black—green—pigs—as pig is to thistle, so blue is to—no, that won't do. She always did suspect she was a mental defective, anyhow.

Then the senior woman officer looks round the group appraisingly; later "Jones" knows what she was thinking. She sees 15 to 20 women, aged 24 to 35, and presenting every variety of useful or ornamental womanhood. Some of them will enter the Force as constables; will they be rightly chosen? It matters so much. Character, experience, temperament; just that blend of quickness with judgment, of firmness with humour, of kindly patience with self-control. Just that ability to pick out the essentials from the daily round. Which of them have it? That girl over there has good, steady eyes; she's a little like McKinnon, who had that amazing flair for spotting missing girls in the street.

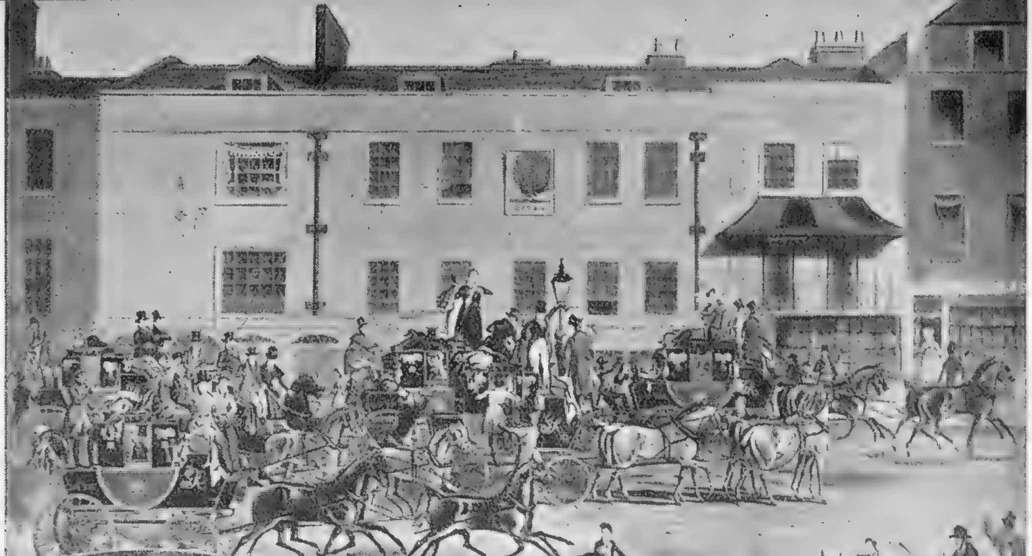
The senior woman officer begins to talk, rapidly and tersely. Nobody should come into the Force for the sake of the pension or just to try a new sensation; what is wanted is women with a sense of vocation and, if possible, with experience in handling women and young folk in difficulties. Candidates would learn at Peel House how to tackle many things which turn up on the beat; and for the first two years it would be mostly beat duty. It might be in the street or in a park. They must never shirk their duty as constables, but their main purpose would always be to protect and supervise young people.

They would frequently be called off from the beat to emergency duties such as fetching a woman prisoner from the other end of England, sitting by an attempted suicide in hospital, making enquiries about a missing girl, interviewing a woman suffering from loss of memory, taking care of a lost child. There would be classes to attend, examinations to pass. Yes, there was a lot of silly talk about the uniform, but a tour of duty in the pouring rain would show them the value of a helmet and a pair of long boots, and when they got a section of the public to do what they wanted, it would be clear to them why one wore a uniform that suggested the police officer and not an usherette or a milliner's model, or even a nurse.

A SUB-DIVISIONAL INSPECTOR and a constable of the Women Police

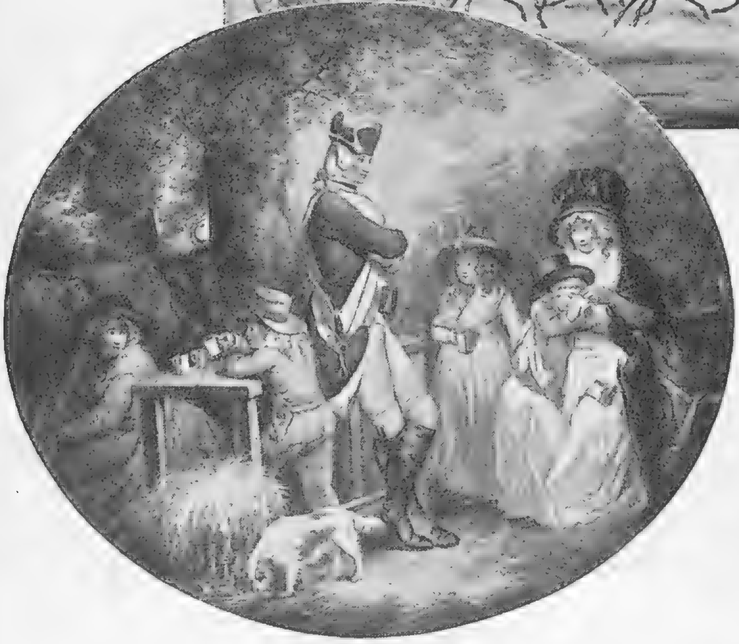
After two years' probation, they would probably find themselves sent to outlying stations—perhaps breaking new ground. Only women showing all-round capacity were trusted to do that—to take on responsible enquiries; to make observations in plain clothes; to carry through "care and protection" cases. Later would come examinations for promotion and scope for administrative work.

(Continued on page 170)



MAIL coaches arriving at the Peacock Inn, Islington. This inn was a "house of call" for coaches proceeding to London from the northern cities

(Reproduced from an old colour print in the London Museum)



(Left)

DRINKING milk fresh and hot from the cow in St. James's Park

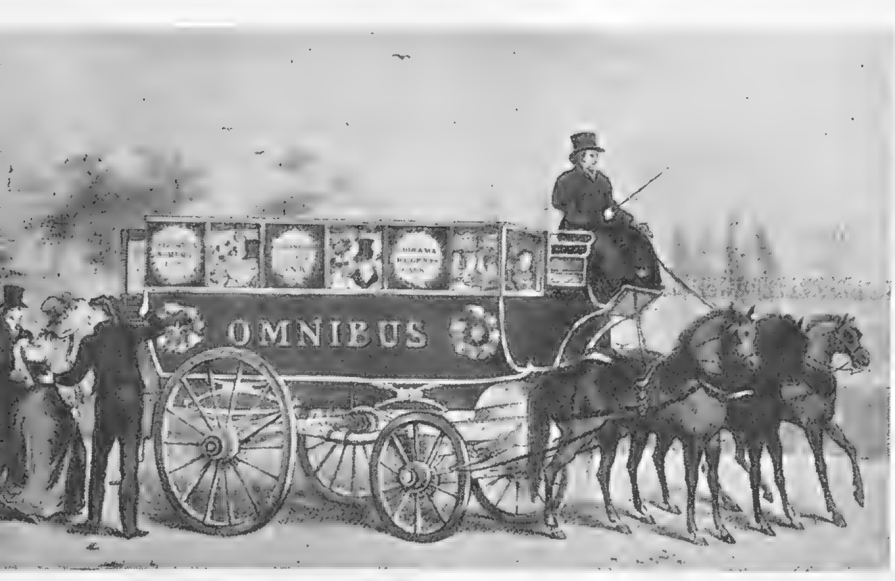
(Reproduced from an old engraving after Morland, in the London Museum)

Mail Coaches from the North, Dairymaids at Euston, a Shilling Toll for Regent Street, Princess Victoria, Dickens, Browning, Thackeray, Disraeli—what a crowded canvas of 1836!

Christmas

A Hundred Years Ago

By Winifred Loraine



SHILLIBEER'S Omnibus was the triumph of the day. It ran from Paddington to the Bank, and on Christmas Day from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m.

(Reproduced from an old colour print in the London Museum)

UP flew the barriers. But the newly-formed top-hatted police clutched their batons ready to charge at a word from the sergeants whose eyes were straining through the grey ground-mist.

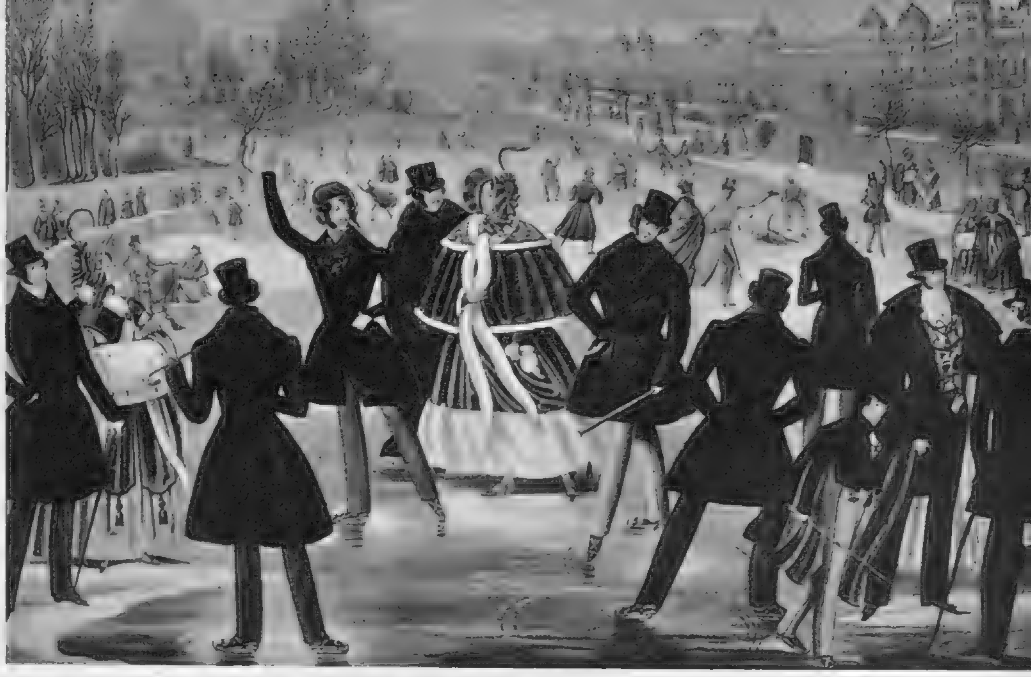
The hollow pattering in the distance grew nearer, urgently clearer, till suddenly, after gaining the straight, it broke into such a hail of rhythmic hoofs as almost to drown the "All's well; Let pass," of the returning mounted police. And to the flourish of sixteen bugles in thundered the Royal Mails from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds and York.

Sixteen coaches, each with six horses, passed to the rousing cheers of coachmen, coach-guards and police. For it was Christmas morning 1836, and each of the normally single Great Northern coaches had been supplemented by three extra coaches to cope with the season's passengers, parcels and mail. The drivers drove in great style after an all-night run that few of them could stop their horses under a hundred yards below the white face of The Peacock, Islington. Fortunately the road there was as wide as an open square, permitting coach sweeps and curvetings.

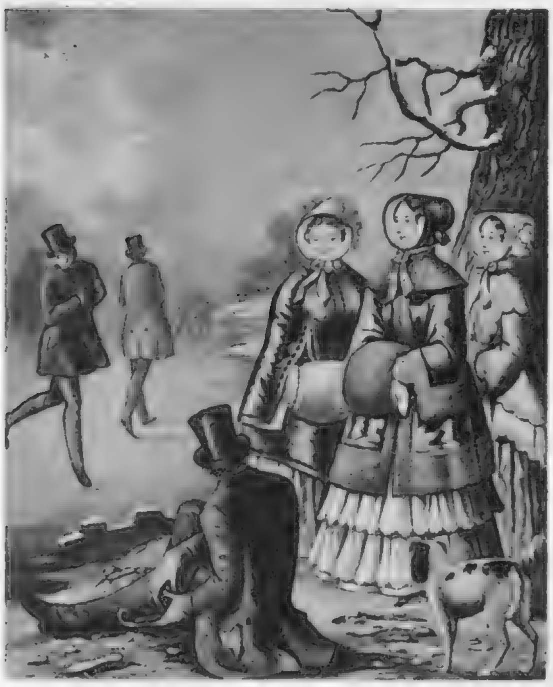
As soon as the coaches entered, the barriers were closed again, while Bobbies searched the post-chaises that had followed in the wake of the Mails, before letting them through. For imagine if one of these carriages should hide a highwayman! Nothing could be easier than for a robber to get in and pilfer the mails while coachmen and guards were re-setting their time-pieces, receiving their passes for London City, and dipping into a bowl of Peacock Punch, their Christmas privilege.

Moreover, Black Tim was harassing London then. Some said he kept his horses in cellars at Mornington Crescent. But nobody knew. He was a master of disguises, and had recently seized the Oxford Coach from beyond Beaconsfield, driven it from there to Paddington, where he had duly reported to all the authorities, and been given the necessary permits to proceed, as he was dressed as one of his Majesty's coachmen. So the police were taking no chances.

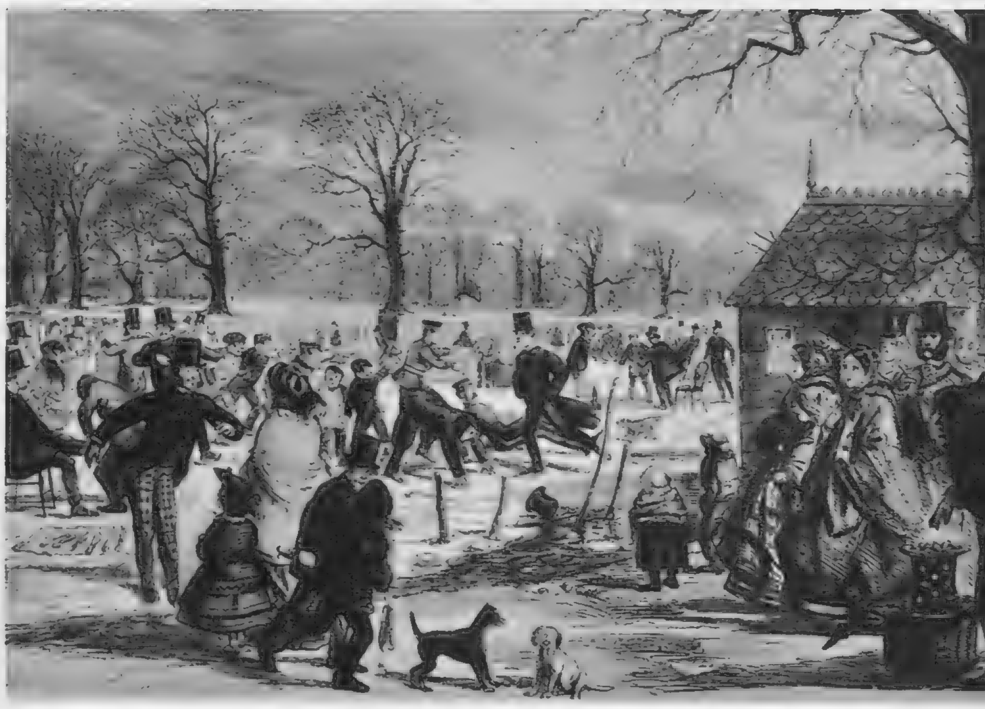
Two gentlemen from Luton had to empty their pockets. The hip-bath on the roof of their chaise was examined. A newly-married couple held up the queue for some time, while the bride shook her hair down. The "peelers" had previously thought she was a boy. After that, enquiries went ahead in the best of spirits, as every traveller was anxious to prove he or she was not a thief. As each carriage was let into the square, horse-boys ran up from



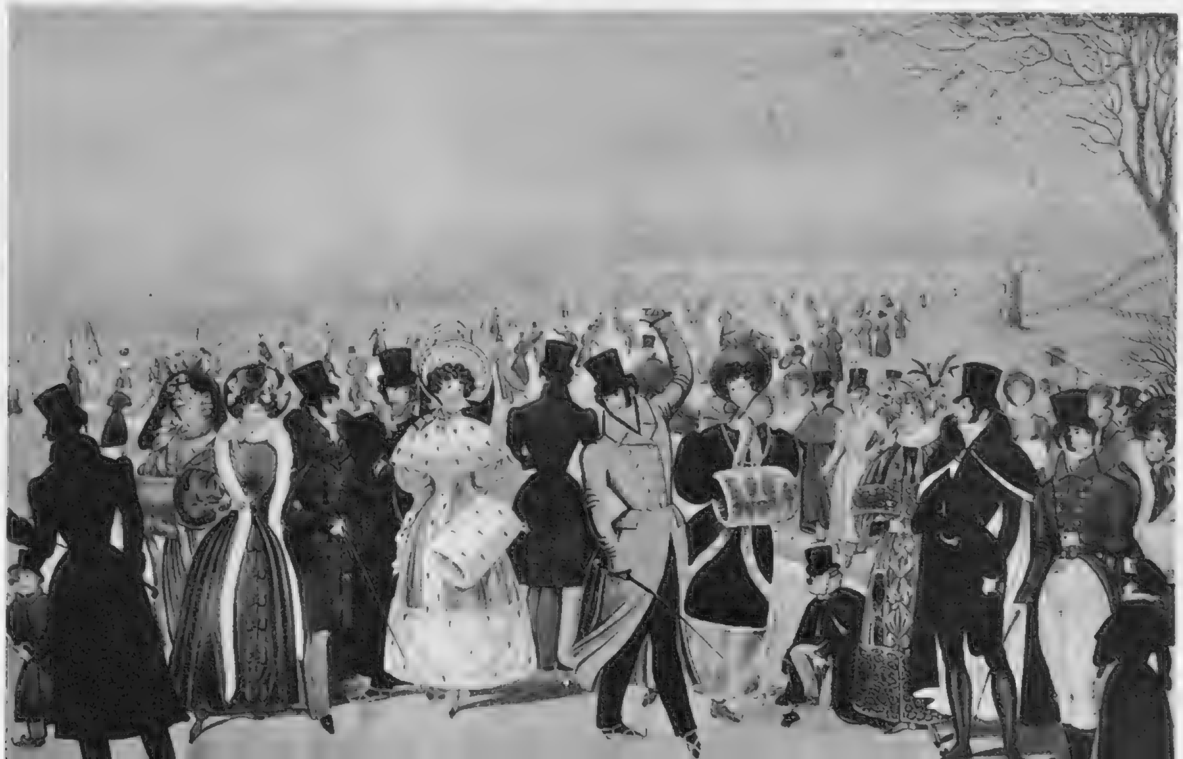
Regent's Park was a fashionable rendezvous for skaters when the ice was in a fit condition.



A trio of lovelies watch the young "bloods" skating.

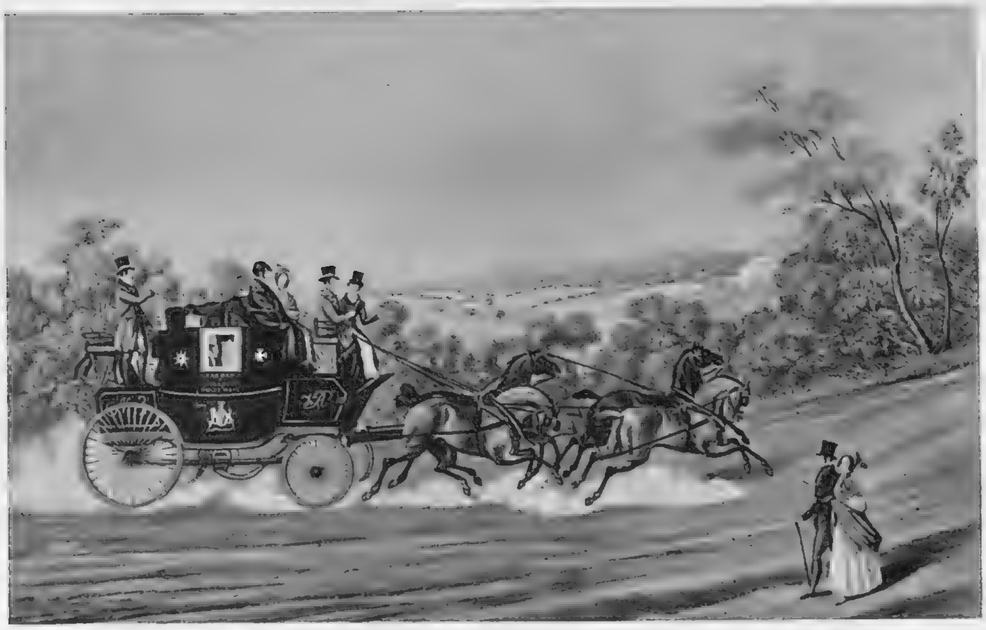


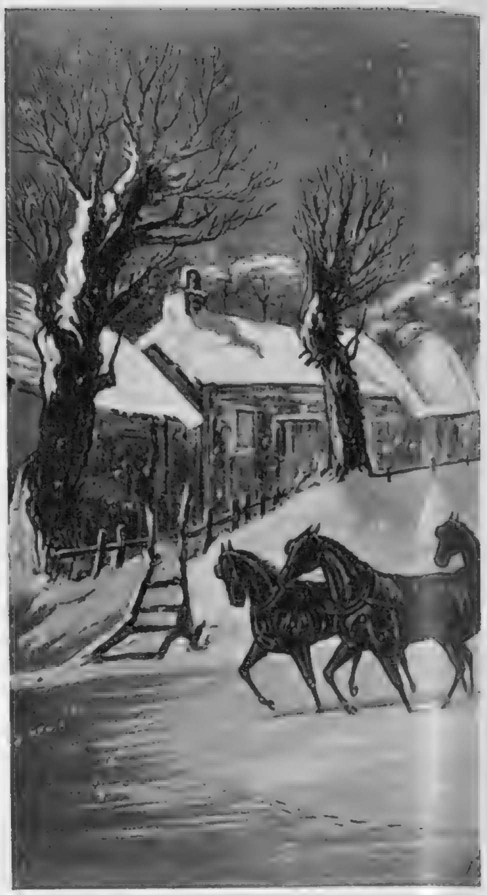
All sorts of people enjoyed the skating on the lower end of the Serpentine, and the roast-chestnut man is seen in the right-hand corner. (Reproduced from a print after John Leech in the British Museum.)



Ladies seldom ventured on to the ice, but would cluster round the edge and watch the capers cut by the fashionable gentlemen.

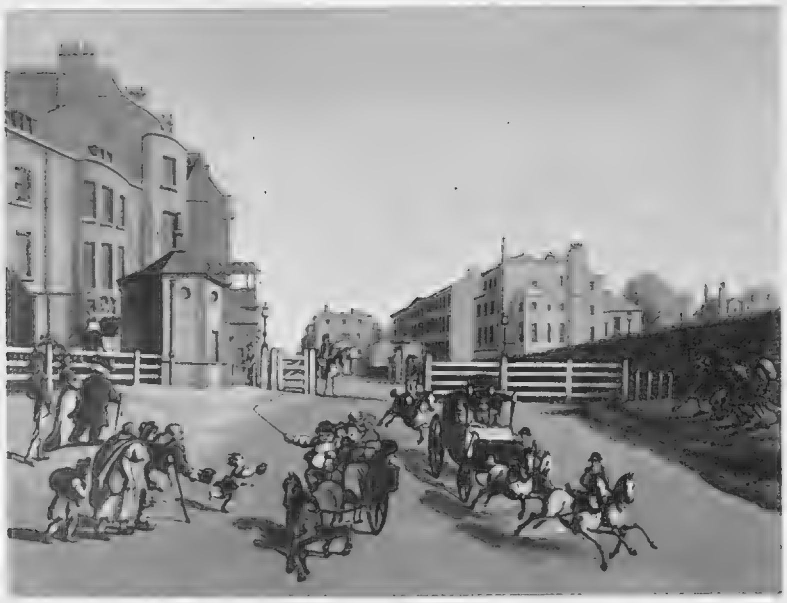
Christmas A Hundred Years Ago





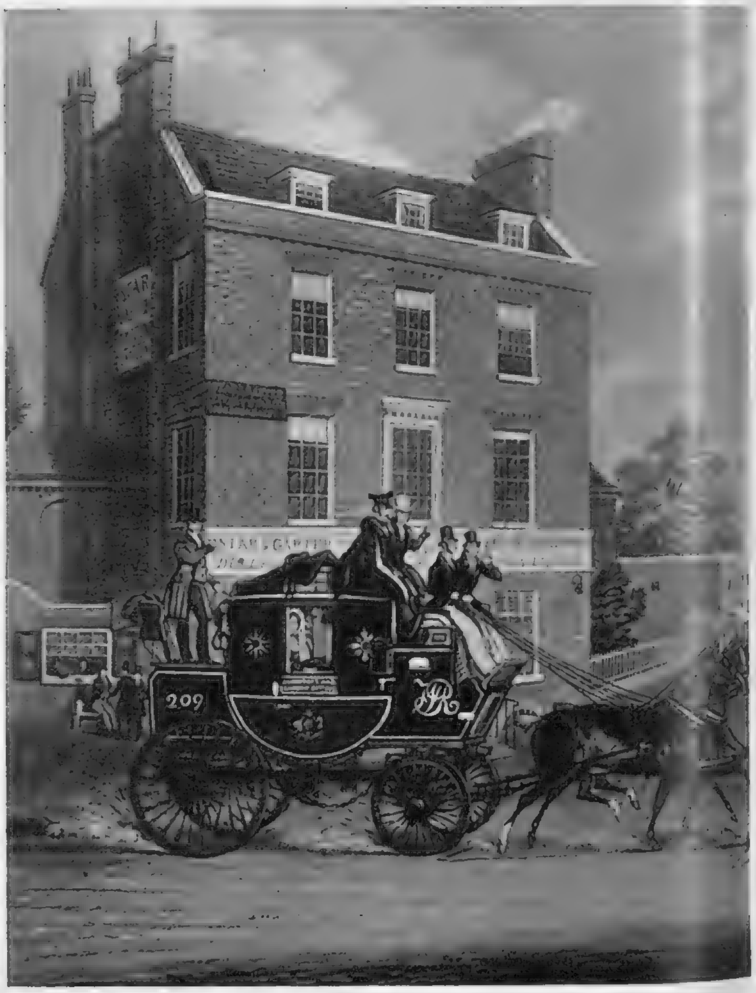
The new London Royal Mail between London and Liverpool which commenced running in January 1836. (Reproduced from an old colour print in The London Museum.)

Not what one might call
proceeding to the North
(Reproduced by kind permission

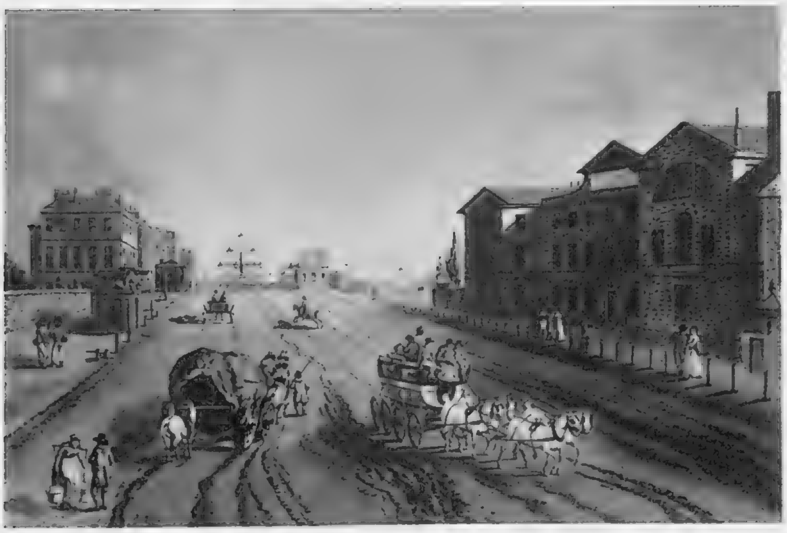


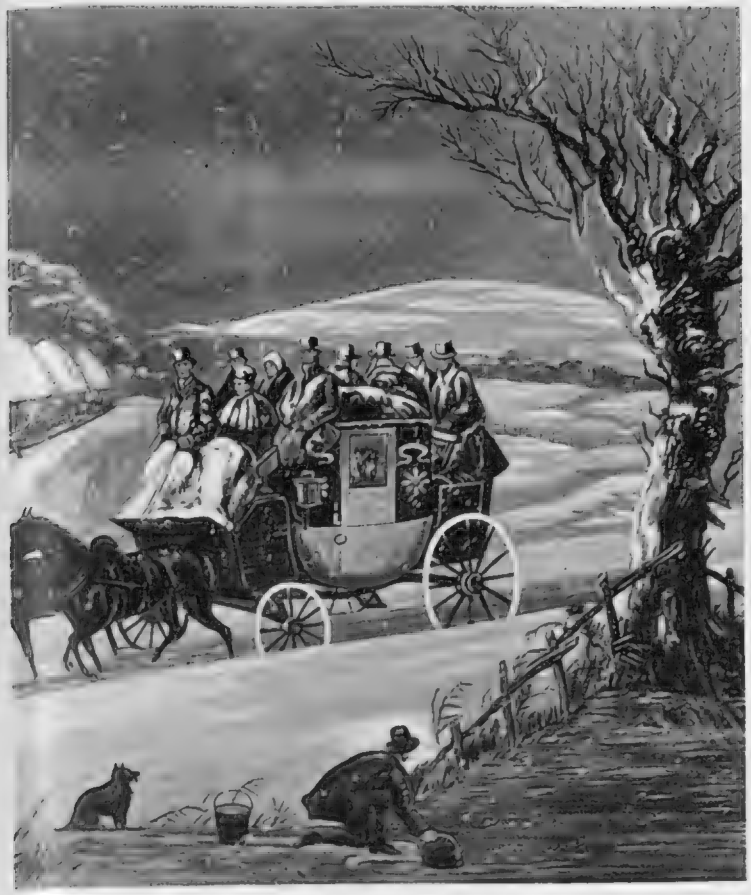
The Tyburn Turnpike (Marble Arch). (Reproduced from an old print after Rowlandson, in The London Museum.)

(Below)
The Turnpike at the entrance of Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner, showing St. George's Hospital. (Reproduced from a print after Dagaty in The London Museum.)

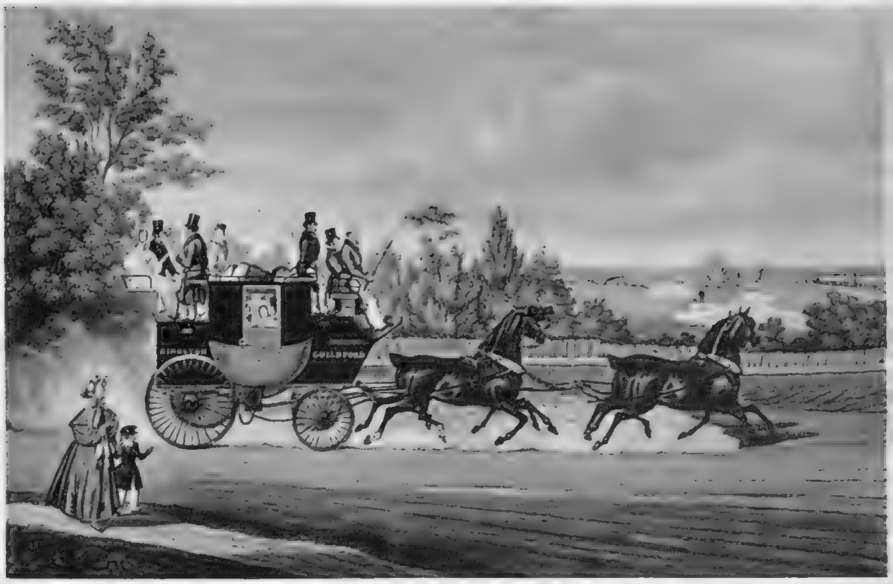


The Quicksilver Coach, which travelled between
passing The Star and Garter. In the back-
toll-gate and the custodian about to collect the fee



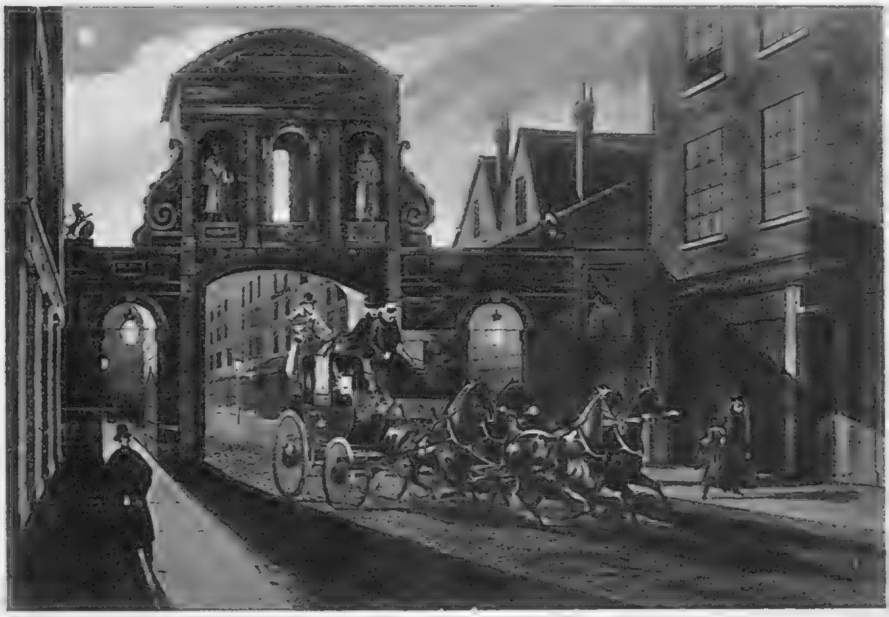


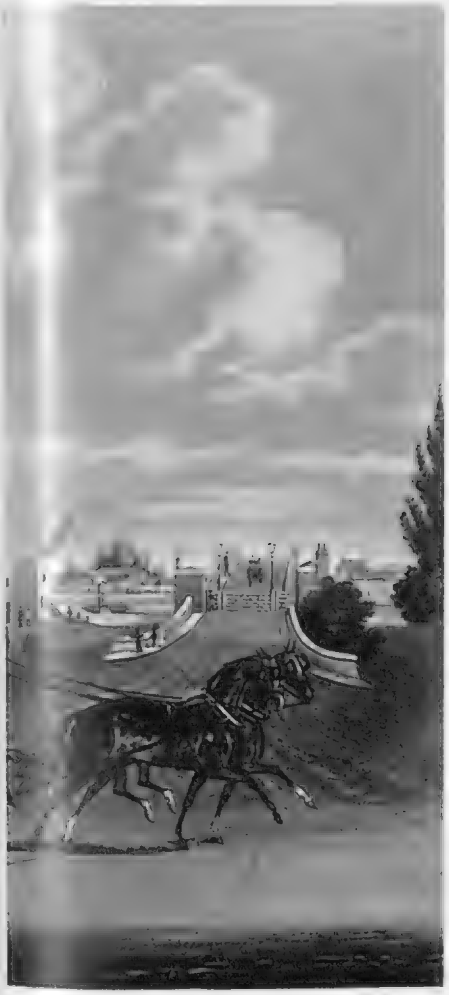
pleasant travelling. A loaded coach of England in very wintry weather. of The Parker Gallery.)



The Red Rover was the famous coach which took passengers from London to Southampton and vice versâ.

The Mails arriving at the City. The coach is passing through Temple Bar at night time, and on the left is a top-hatted "bobby." *(Reproduced from an old print after Newhouse in The London Museum.)*





London and Devonport, ground can be seen a for crossing the bridge.

braziers in front of the Peacock, to throw warm cloths over the still steaming animals while their masters went into the inn.

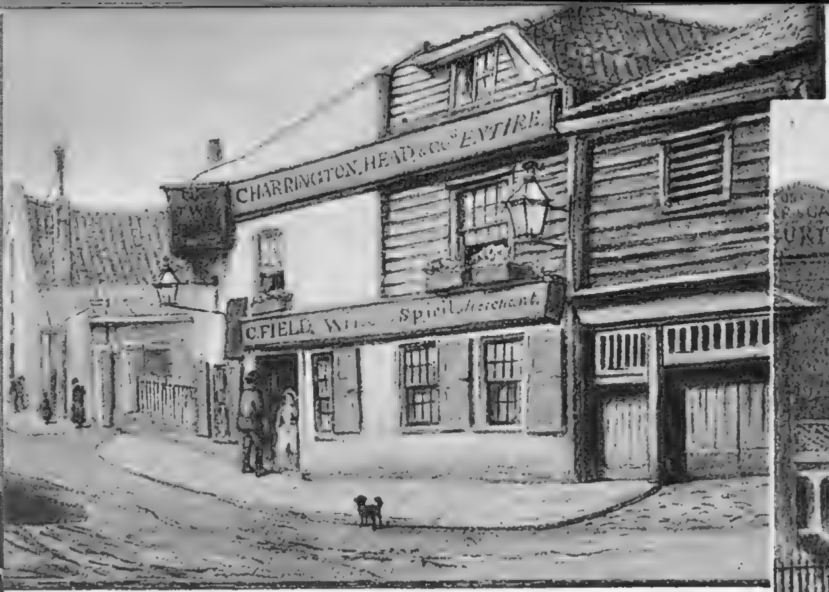
No sooner had these gentlemen opened the door than they almost all but tripped over a bunch of barbers busy shaving some of the mail-coach passengers. These exquisites had been placed near the entrance to take full advantage of the main candle-ring, so they were now sitting rigidly, with their faces highly soaped, under the mistletoe.

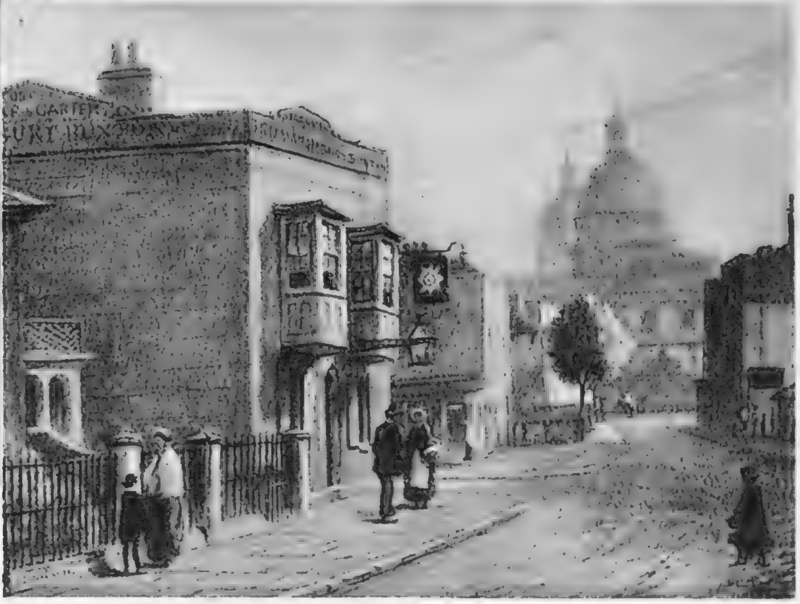
This sight added infinitely to the gaiety of the place. For not one of the eighty to a hundred travellers who passed through the hall but turned to wish them "Happy Christmas," and ask after their progress, while mine host buzzed round wondering when he might serve them with toddy.

Mine host set the pace of that breakfast. His face shone like an apple among the starched frills of his shirt, his red shoes beat a joyous tattoo across the stone floor, and his ever-expanding body made the best of a pair of mustard knee-breeches that had brought him luck for twenty years. Oh, he was a genial clown.

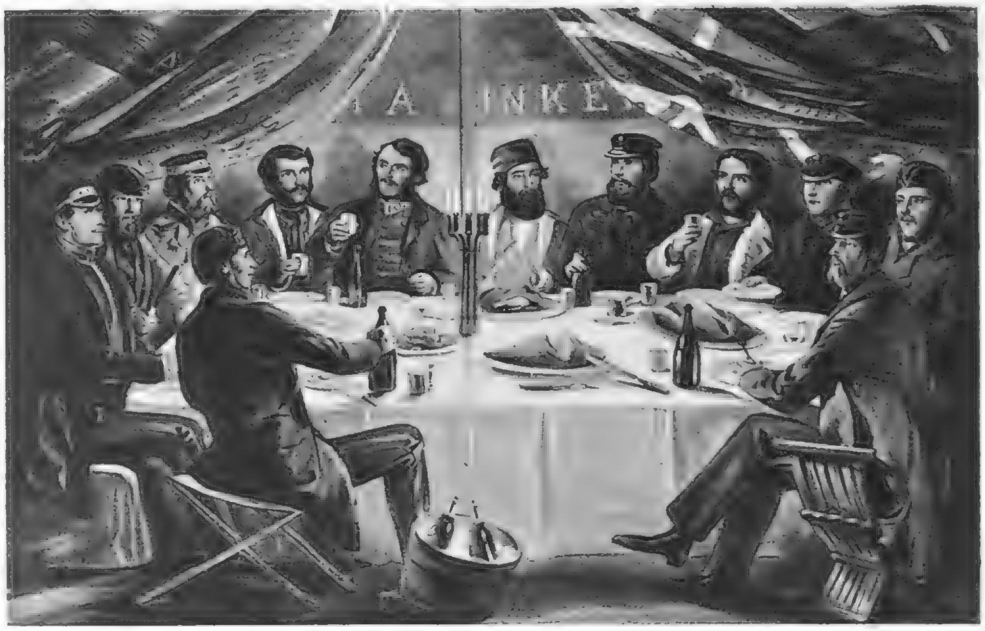
First he stirred punch for the group round the northern fireplace, where the birch-logs continually burst into fireworks. Then he ladled out grog to those round the eastern chimney, whose faces had become the colour of beetroot because they dared not remove hats or neck-shawls, as the customary hams above them had been replaced by low-lying branches of holly. Then he dashed south for pewter mugs and venison patty, and west into the gentlemen who were being shaved.

He almost knocked down his own maids who were trying to carry copper jugs of hot water upstairs to the ladies. These fair ones were draped over balcony and bannisters. Some had thrown off their capes and bonnets the better to show off their figures and curls. They were far more concerned with the scene below than with eating. Yet if one of the men's eyes chanced to look up and catch theirs, their own would immediately drop, and they would nervously twitch the vivid fringed fichus that were drawn over their elbows. Others, less constricted by steel corsets, had sat down on the stairs and were sipping orange rum, or biting into fig-cake and cold fowl.


CHARRINGTON, HEAD & Co's ENTIRE
C. FIELD, Wine & Spirit Merchant



In the taverns the old men would recall what Christmas was like in their young days (Above). The Two Brewers, Southwark; (right), The Star and Garter, East Greenwich. *(Reproduced from the water-colour drawings by J. T. Wilson in The London Museum.)*



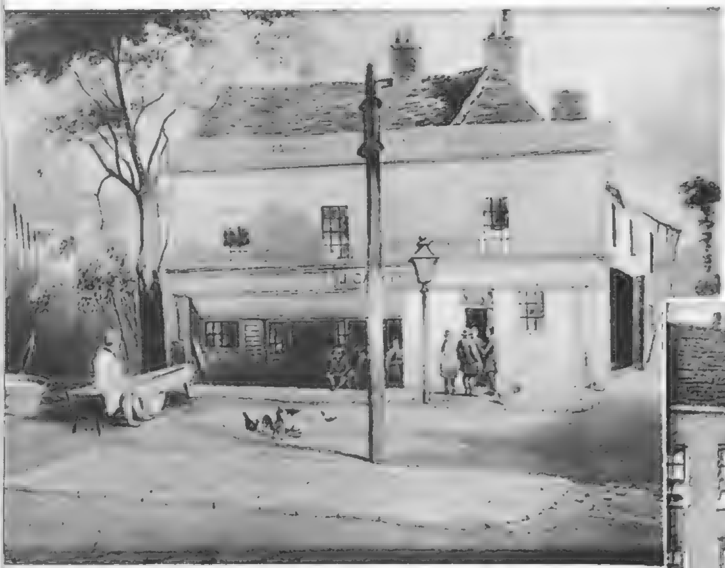
These officers of Her Majesty's Army had spent more enjoyable Christmas Days than that depicted here. A Christmas dinner on the heights before Sebastopol, in the Crimea. *(Reproduced by kind permission of The Parker Gallery.)*

Outside, day had broken. The chimneys in Islington were smoking and people were clearly astir, as they should be at eight in the morning. Very cheering it was to see the reflection of their orange fires in the black windows, windows that seemed doubly black in the white walls of these modern houses.

Milkmaids were warily picking their way over the cobbles. *They trotted between two four-gallon cans of milk hung from either end of a birch-tree yoke over their shoulders.* As the day was windless, although frosty, and they had always to run in order to bear the weight of their cans, they had left off their shawls and set the yokes straight on to their wide muslin collars. This mid-winter " airiness " was in strange contrast to other Christmases, when they had plodded shin-deep through snow.

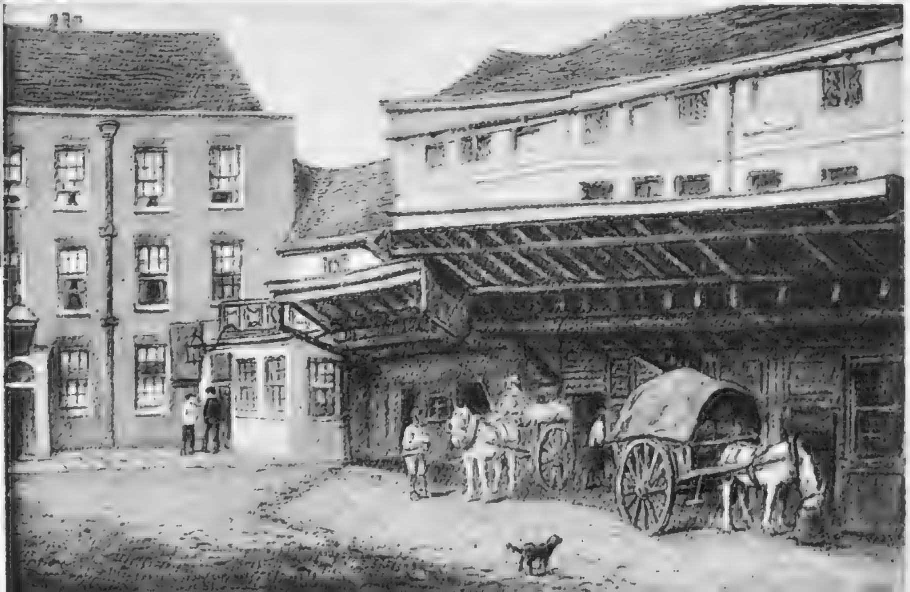
At Euston, the dairy-girls were milking the cows on the pavement. For the owners of the palatial dwellings which rose here from behind wide frontages of garden, liked their milk delivered *hot from the cow.* And the cows were peaceful enough until a herd of bullocks, sheep and pigs came charging down the high road for Smithfield market, which would stay open until three to-day.

Everywhere were bills—posters—of the " catch-me-as-catch-can " steam engine, which ran on a two-mile circular track round Euston. Across many of these were scrawled: " Damn railroads.

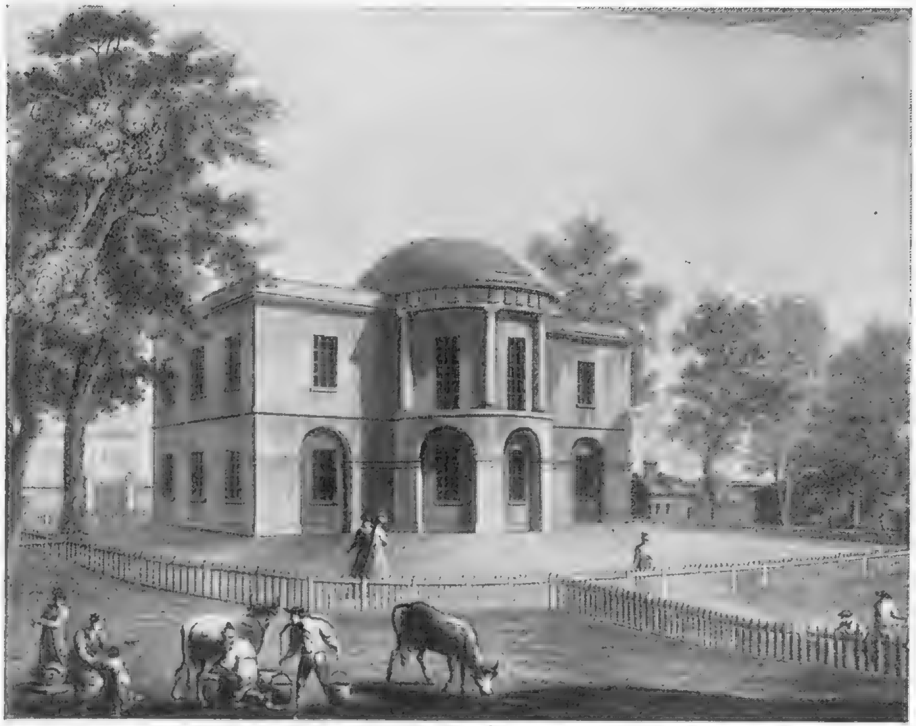


The Castle Tavern, Kentish Town. The tree on the left of the picture was planted by Lord Nelson. *(Reproduced from a water-colour drawing by G. R. Gill in The London Museum.)*

(Right)
A famous London tavern, The Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. *(Reproduced from a water-colour drawing by J. T. Wilson in The London Museum.)*

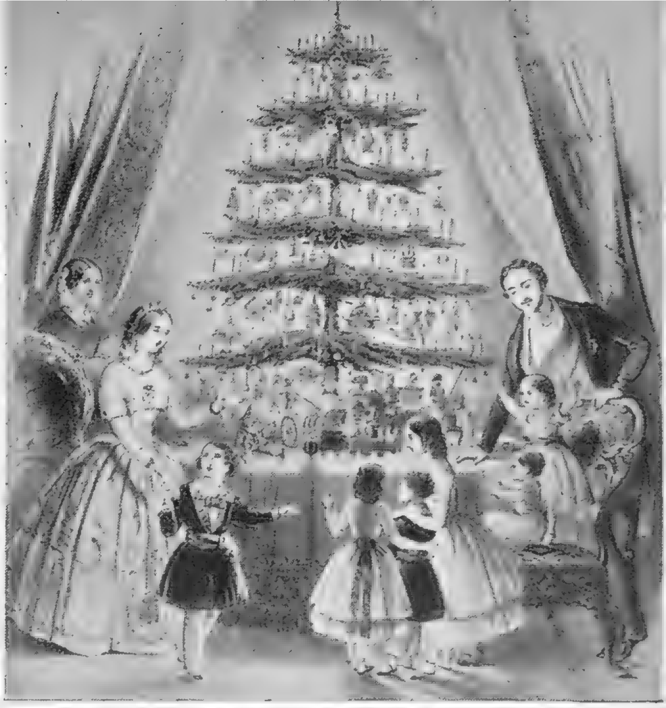


Christmas a Hundred Years Ago



(Reproduced from an engraving in the London Museum)

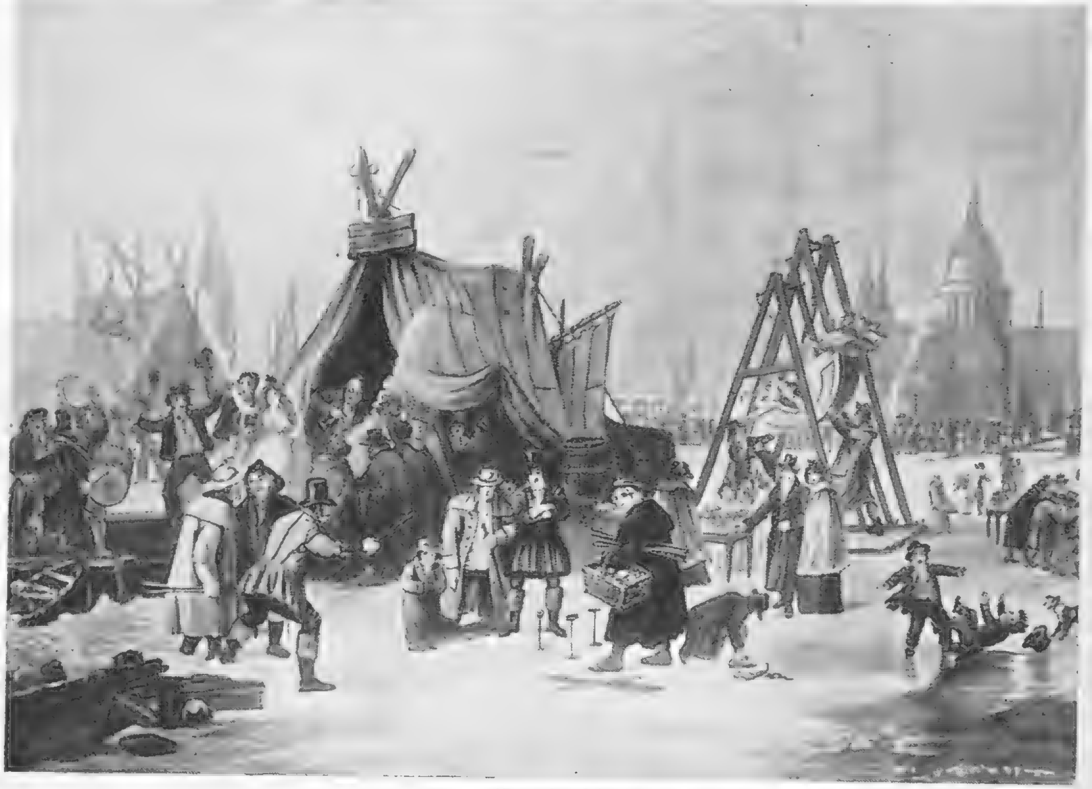
IN 1836 customers liked their milk hot and fresh from the cow. Milkmaids milking cows in front of the Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park



QUEEN VICTORIA and the Prince Consort show their young children a splendid Christmas tree on Christmas Day, 1848

Engines will kill manly sport and adventure." Two railroads had already opened, including the one from London to Brighton. But even on this route, the stage-coach remained the more popular. Omnibuses had appeared in London, and Shillibeer's omnibus was the triumph of the day. Painted pale blue, it was so wide that three horses had to be harnessed abreast. It ran from Paddington to the Bank from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. that Christmas, in quarter-hour relays, crowded on every journey. For although the Bank was shut, there were many interim fares to be served.

REGENT STREET was under a toll of 1s., to be paid on entering by Piccadilly or Regent's Park Crescent, but as all the emporiums were closed, this "proudest street of the world" was a desert. Not so Marylebone High Street and Marylebone by-lanes, which presented an excited picture of last moment shopping. Housewives were colliding with each other in their haste to reach grocers, oil-vendors and fruiterers, and buy the extras they had overlooked. The grocers had only one shutter up as a sign that they were not open for the purpose of doing business, but in courtesy to serve forgetful customers. They would soon be shut.



(Reproduced from a coloured etching in the London Museum)

THE great Frost Fair held on the Thames when it was frozen over in 1814

There was a toll to pay at the Park end of Oxford Street. These gates were hard by Tyburn, where the famous gallows had just been removed. A most inviting road stretched down the north side of the Park, with a fine-cut hard-rolled flint surface called "macadamized." This is the testing-track for all chariot and other driving races. Tandems and four-in-hands fly rather than gallop along it: so we, too, will fly. Tremendous houses for the rich are to be built on our right, but as they have only started digging out the foundations, the view still lies clear—especially in the dispersing morning mist—to four giant windmills above the red roofs of Paddington.

The toll-keeper at Notting Hill Gate watches us through his spyglass. This spyglass is the proud and peculiar property of his office. No other toll-keeper has it. No other toll-keeper watches speed-tests. To his astonishment we turn into the gates of Kensington Palace, luckily unchallenged by the sentry.

But then the sentry is not very much concerned over Princess Victoria. She has not yet come before the public; King William IV is a very popular monarch—few people know anything about her. Knowing what we know, we will seek her out, as she has just drawn the curtains back from her bedroom windows. She has not yet "been called" and is up before time. She scarcely glances at the day but quickly seizes a framed drawing, curls up on a stool, and is soon intent on putting the final touches to a profile she has done of herself, as seen in the three-sided dressing-mirror.

"Victoria!" comes a voice from next door.

"Mamma!" cries the Princess and jumps up,

(*Continued on page* 156)

Grim

DAYBREAK on the Kalahari fringe. As I woke and drew in the first deep breaths of the great, pure, desert air, a familiar cavalcade swung past. I unbuttoned my sleeping bag to watch and salute them—the men of the camel patrol, South West African Police.

The helmeted, khaki-clad leader was a sergeant, rolling and jerking in the saddle as he set the " sand shuffle " pace of eight miles an hour, the least nerve-racking of all camel speeds. Then the dark-skinned orderlies, coloured men and natives with their felt hats and blue jackets, rifles, small iron water-tanks, blankets and rations.

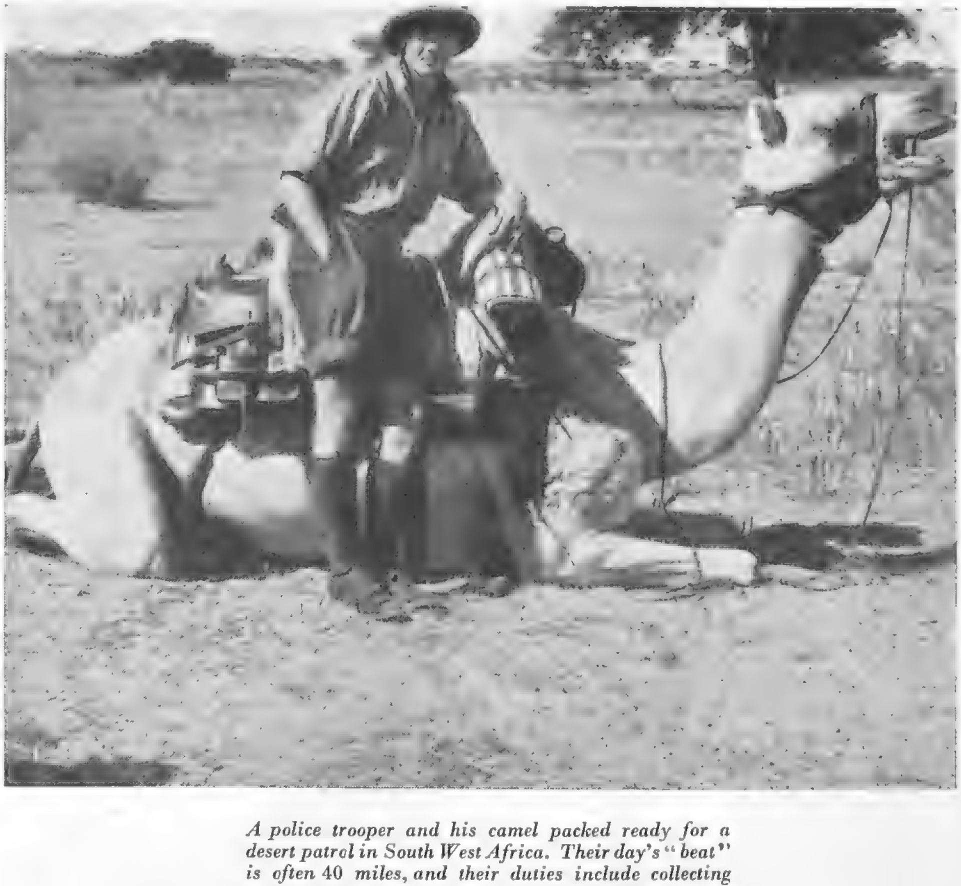
A wave, a smile, and they passed my hunting camp to cover their day's " beat " of forty miles on camel-back ; forty hot and tiresome miles to inspect cattle and collect taxes from unwilling dwellers in " the blue " ; to report invading swarms of locusts, hear the latest story of Bushman wickedness, or gather unpalatable facts for the agricultural census. Such is the routine of camel patrols over this vast territory, from the unmapped Kaokoveld south to the parched mountains of the Orange River, and from pleasant Swakopmund eastwards to the frontier beyond Gobabis. From post to remote post the camels make their complaining way. " Oooh ! " they grumble, even at feeding time. But for the riders there is always a prospect of adventure over the next sand-dune—encounters with wild animals and wilder men. The life in remote corners of South West Africa to-day is very much the life men knew in South Africa a century or more ago. Those far corners, stretches of dangerous country like the diamond coast and the deserts, those are the places where even the air-wheeled motor car is not so useful as the camel. There I have found the men of the camel patrol at home; I have shared their coffee with them and heard tales that were new, but which would have been old tales in any other land.

WITDRAAI, down in the southern Kalahari in Union territory, is a good starting point for this leisurely trek on camel back through the vast brown spaces, broken by thorn-trees, sometimes by mountains, cut across by sand-choked rivers, and bordered on the west by the enormous dunes of the Namib—the fascinating spaces of South West Africa. Witdraai is a training station for police camels. Early this century, when civilisation spread to these hot frontiers, the thirst and heat killed horses, and pedigree camel bulls and cows were imported from the Sudan. With them came Sudanese attendants, so that the word of command " khoosh ! " was heard in southern deserts, and fresh victims learnt the tricks of the camel trade. The Germans, too, imported camels from Fuerteventura, in the Canaries, for their dry colony, just as they brought Kroomen from West Africa to work their surf boats at Swakopmund. Both suited the peculiar needs of the country.

A sergeant who trained camels at Witdraai once pointed out to me certain characteristics of the camel which I have never seen set out in quite the same way in the more scientific works. " A camel

The land of the camel patrol. In the empty wastes of the Kalahari, where you may not see a human being for years at a stretch

(Right) Camels at a training station. There is a tragic side to the routine of camel training, and many lives have been lost, while there is no station along the Kalahari border that has escaped without severe casualties



A police trooper and his camel packed ready for a desert patrol in South West Africa. Their day's " beat " is often 40 miles, and their duties include collecting taxes and reporting facts for the agricultural census

Desert Cavalcade

Men of the Camel Corps Patrol still lead Adventurous Lives in unmapped South West Africa

By Lawrence G. Green

is a mixture of animals," declared the sergeant. "Look at those hindquarters—it might be a goat. The lip is split like a hare. It has the legs of a buck, the neck of a sheep, the hair of a squirrel. And the camel is the only tame beast—if you can ever call one tame—that still possesses the cunning and instincts of a wild creature. The eyes and nose show what living in deserts for centuries will do. You don't see any sand in the silly-looking eyes of a camel."

Training camels is one of the most arduous tasks the police service offers the unwary. It starts when a calf is about three years old—hardier at that age, though a little smaller, than the camels of Arabia and Egypt. Long before that their noses have been bored. Now the first manœuvre is to corner the young camel and tie its feet so that the wooden peg about three inches long, forming part of the "steering gear," can be placed in the nose. The new recruit is then ready to accompany patrols on a lead and without a saddle. Thus habits of discipline are acquired, so that when the day for mounting the camel for the first time arrives the riders hope that the results will not be violent. Meanwhile the camel carries bags of sand, and afterwards pack-saddles and provisions. This gradual breaking in is spread over a couple of years. The provisions come last because camels at this stage have a habit of vanishing into trackless desert, leaving the constable in charge to explain the loss of Government property to headquarters, where the whims of camels are not always fully understood.

Nevertheless, there are always a number of semi-trained camels "present and correct" when the time for saddling up arrives. It is a sight which showmen have neglected—an unknown desert rodeo that would draw crowds in the cities. Held down by clever Hottentot servants, the camel screams and groans.

The new type of saddle has the tree so constructed that there are four points of suspension, giving even weight distribution and a proper seat for the rider. Nothing touches the spine—the rider is actually supported five inches above it—and the hump is caged in to prevent injury. But in spite of all improvements, the ungrateful camel prepares to reveal its tremendous strength. The moment of release is usually a sensational moment, both for rider and onlookers, when the camel twists and plunges in fretful abandon. Seldom does it buck cleanly and honestly like a horse. Never will the camel "swop ends." The swinging head and calculating teeth must be watched—now and throughout the camel's working life. No policeman comes through this ordeal without cursing the camel in both English and Afrikaans—and in South West Africa the third official language, German, is also brought into play. When an unbroken camel cannot unseat the rider, a favourite device is to rush beneath the limbs of a thorn-bush and sweep the man away. No human (*Continued on page* 124)

Training camels is one of the most arduous tasks the police service offers. A young camel lassoed and tied up for the "breaking in" ordeal

There are Plenty of BOOKS *to choose from*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, *whose fifth volume of "War Memoirs" covers one of the most critical periods of the Great War*

IN the latest instalment of his *War Memoirs* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.) Mr. Lloyd George traces the course of events from December, 1917, to May, 1918. Thus the pace of his narrative, never breath-taking, has grown slower than ever, for whereas the first four volumes covered on an average ten months apiece, the fifth volume deals with a bare half-year. How many more volumes are we to expect? No intimation, as far as I know, has been given; but everything points to a minimum of two, and if the Versailles Treaty is to be described as fully as the war itself, the complete work may easily reach a total of ten volumes containing six thousand pages. As an apologia, it is already far too long. As a history of the war, written by the man who saw perhaps more of its organisation than any other man, alive or dead, it can hardly be too full.

Unfortunately, Mr. Lloyd George has not got it in him to shed the apologist and emerge as the historian, and so there must be very few readers who are not by now heartily sick of the author's likes and dislikes, of his nagging charges against those who did not share his views, and of his deficiency in the power of self-criticism. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that his rare appreciations, when they come, are worth waiting for. Just as one of the earlier volumes was warmed by an affectionate sketch of Arthur Balfour, so the fifth volume is illuminated by a brilliant full-length portrait of Clemenceau. Elsewhere it seems as if Mr. Lloyd George, having made his Parliamentary reputation through his powers of attack, hopes to make his literary reputation by similar means. If so, his self-judgment is amiss, not for the first time; for nothing becomes his pen so well as praise. There have been many good stories of him and the Tiger, and it is clear, from the tone of Mr. Lloyd George's tribute, that they are all untrue. It is a wrench to part with them, of course; but they are not worth this Chapter LXXIII which takes their place. How strange that a man who can see so deeply into the mind of a friend should be so unimaginatively blind where his opponents are concerned!

The new volume, extending from the end of the long Passchendaele offensive to the final failure of the great German attack in the Spring of 1918, covers one of the most critical periods of the war. The struggle was entering its last phase, but nobody then knew what the end would be or even that an end was in sight. Some of the Allied leaders were for postponing all serious attack until 1919, when the full weight of the American reinforcement could be employed. The reader who wishes to recapture something of the strain of those days must now make an imaginative effort. For the author no such effort, apparently, has been necessary; if it has been made, it is perfectly concealed. He writes, surely, as he would have written eighteen years ago. The remarkable gift which enables him to do so is at once his strength and weakness. It is responsible for the vivid, personal interest of his pages, for a dramatic power which makes us compare him, when he is at his best, with that great chronicler, Mr. Winston Churchill. It is responsible also for a lack of generosity towards the holders of beliefs not his own; for a prolongation, through two decades, of the heat of the moment, which is never allowed to cool; and, lastly and

Some Novels and—

"Forty Centuries Look Down": *by F. Britten Austin*

(Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.)

ABOUT a year ago Mr. Britten Austin surprised all of us who thought we had him neatly classified by producing a first-rate novel on Napoleon's Italian campaign, *The Road to Glory*. He here follows up that success with another Napoleonic novel, this time dealing with the Egyptian adventure. The General is twenty-nine, and still infatuated by Josephine; and he is unfaithful to her for the first time. This story, like the earlier one, is told in the third person, but events are shown through the eyes of Napoleon—a daring device justified by results.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

"Cities of Refuge": *by Philip Gibbs*

(Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)

THIS, the longest novel Sir Philip Gibbs has yet written, deals with the wanderings of Russian *exilés*, from country to country, from capital to capital. The spectacle of misfortune borne with uncomplaining fortitude has always appealed to this author and revealed his powers in their most favourable light. This is the best book he has written for a long time.

"Summer Will Show": *by Sylvia Townsend Warner*

(Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.)

HERE is another novel longer than anything the author has previously produced. The story is set in the year 1848, and the scene moves between revolutionary Paris and the county of Dorset. This is certainly the most robust, and some people will consider it the most ambitious, piece of work Miss Warner has yet undertaken.

"And Then You Wish": *by John van Druten* (Joseph, 8s. 6d.)

THE story of a successful playwright, by a very successful playwright.

"The Sweet Cry of Hounds": *by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

BOOKS bearing the names of these well-known authors on their covers need no recommendation. Here are ten new Irish hunting stories, illustrated by Dr. Somerville's sketches.

By Arnold Palmer

H. H. THE RANEE OF SARAWAK, *whose book "Sylvia of Sarawak" gives many varied pictures of a life unusually rich in contrasts*

HENRY BAERLEIN, *author of "No Longer Poles Apart." For readers whose first requirement is that a book should be companionable and witty, here is what they want*

most strange of all, for a freedom from those later questionings which have assailed all the world save the author. So completely does he identify himself with the Prime Minister of twenty years ago that he has not yet looked at the contemporary world to discover what, if anything, was gained by the destruction of seven million men and the wounding of fourteen million others.

Some of those subsequent doubts to which I have just alluded find their expression in a little book called *I Saw Them Die*, by Shirley Millard (Harrap, 5s.). Although this is one of those books which, purporting to be a diary, turn out to be almost a novel, it is probably based upon the actual experiences of an American woman who served as a nurse in a French field-hospital. The author is weakest (i.e., most sentimental) where she is novelist. But the trickle of her story may entice some readers who would not willingly enter a casualty ward. The more realistic passages, which probably owe little to art, may profitably be read by anyone who has failed to imagine, or is in danger of forgetting, what war is like.

WITH his unsurpassed nose for trouble, Mr. Ladislas Farago has hurried from the picked bones of Abyssinia to where, from the north, a strong smell of cooking reached him. Mr. Farago went to Palestine in June. Three months later his *Palestine on the Eve* (Putnam, 10s. 6d.) made its appearance. The implicit warning is worth noting, and the author's views need not be regarded as unassailable. But he has a quick eye, the true journalist's knack of going for the essentials, and a plentiful supply of gumption. His *Abyssinia on the Eve* (published how short a time ago, and how soon an anachronism!) proved a very acceptable guide to an unknown theatre of war, and his new volume will be equally welcome for the readable summary it provides of the world's latest problem.

An anonymous writer, an American calling himself "The Unofficial Observer," has produced a large and unusual book about the 25 super-supermen who lead the 200 (*Continued on page* 168)

Some More Novels . . .

"Lady Cynthia Clandon's Husband": *by Stephen McKenna*

(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

MR. McKENNA'S new novel deals with the particular world which he knows and describes so well—the world wherein breeding and money and brains pull the ropes, and pull them, very often, in different ways. It is a world which, in spite of its importance, few novelists are able or willing to portray. Mr. McKenna has established himself as its social historian.

"Manhattan Side Street": *by Jay Dratler* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

IN the strongest possible contrast to Mr. McKenna, Mr. Dratler writes of the lives of the cosmopolitan poor crowded together in a New York block in process of demolition. In spite of the comparison inevitably suggested with Mr. Elmer Rice's *Street Scene*, this first novel emerges well.

"The Asp, and Other Stories": *by John Knittell* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

COMING from the author of *Via Mala* and *Dr. Ibrahim*, these short stories are a little disappointing, and lack the quality of the novels.

"They Call It Peace": *by Irene Rathbone*

(Dent, 9s.)

THIS long novel traces, through the lives of a number of families of differing social status, the history of the various upheavals through which the nation has passed during the last twenty years.

"Death of a Man": *by Kay Boyle*

(Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a long story by one of the best writers of short stories in England to-day; and it has the same peculiar, sharp, clean flavour that distinguishes them. The scene is laid in Austria, and the theme is the spread of National Socialism among the Tyrolean population. But such a description is too formidable for the swift flight of the story. Miss Boyle's work is a delight to read.

KAY BOYLE

Death comes to Warrior Square

Well, that was the idea, at any rate!

Illustrated by Tony Weare

HASTINGS, since the battle of 1066 and all that, has gone down rather. Kings are no longer to be seen in its streets. Even ladies of Norman descent are seldom to be met with on its promenade, sunbathing on the pebbles, or contracting matrimonial alliances on its pier. There are Hastings rock, and a winkle-stall on the beach, and slot machines on the pier, and an underground car park, and the whole place appeals to *quite* a different class of person—quite different, that is, from St. Leonards-on-Sea. Though nobody who is not a close personal friend of the borough surveyor (such a nice man!) can be absolutely certain where one ends and the other begins, anyone with an atom of sensibility must *see* that St. Leonards is different. It is—it is so *select*.

The whole atmosphere of the place, the White Rock Pavilion, where the orchestra gives such a delightful rendering of "Pomp and Circumstance" by Sir Edward Elgar (such a *clever* composer, I always think!), the roller-skating rink (such healthy exercise!), the pretty flowers, the convenient trams, the thoughtful shelters, the *excellent* shops, the Royal Albion, where Queen Victoria stayed (poor dear!)—the whole atmosphere is select. Everybody agrees that *the* most select quarter of this very select place is Warrior Square, with its gay flowers and its gay lace curtains, its gay bust of the borough surveyor, and its gay, gay balconies. And in the very selectest corner of Warrior Square is "The Osborne Private Hotel: separate tables, electric light."

The Osborne has four steps up beneath a concrete porch with pillars, and three baskets of dead geraniums swing between the pillars. Its front door is open, and through it the curious passer-by may catch a glimpse of several mackintoshes with copies of the *Morning Post* sticking out of the pockets and hung on a bamboo stand, and another door, closed. By shifting one's position one may see, through the screen of beads or reeds, or whatever they are, in the window, the top of a cruet stand and a two-thirds empty bottle of Graves with a label attached. That's where Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred sits.

By Anthony Gibbs

The Majah, of course—those were some of his mackintoshes hung up in the hall—never drinks anything but whisky, and, of course, water.

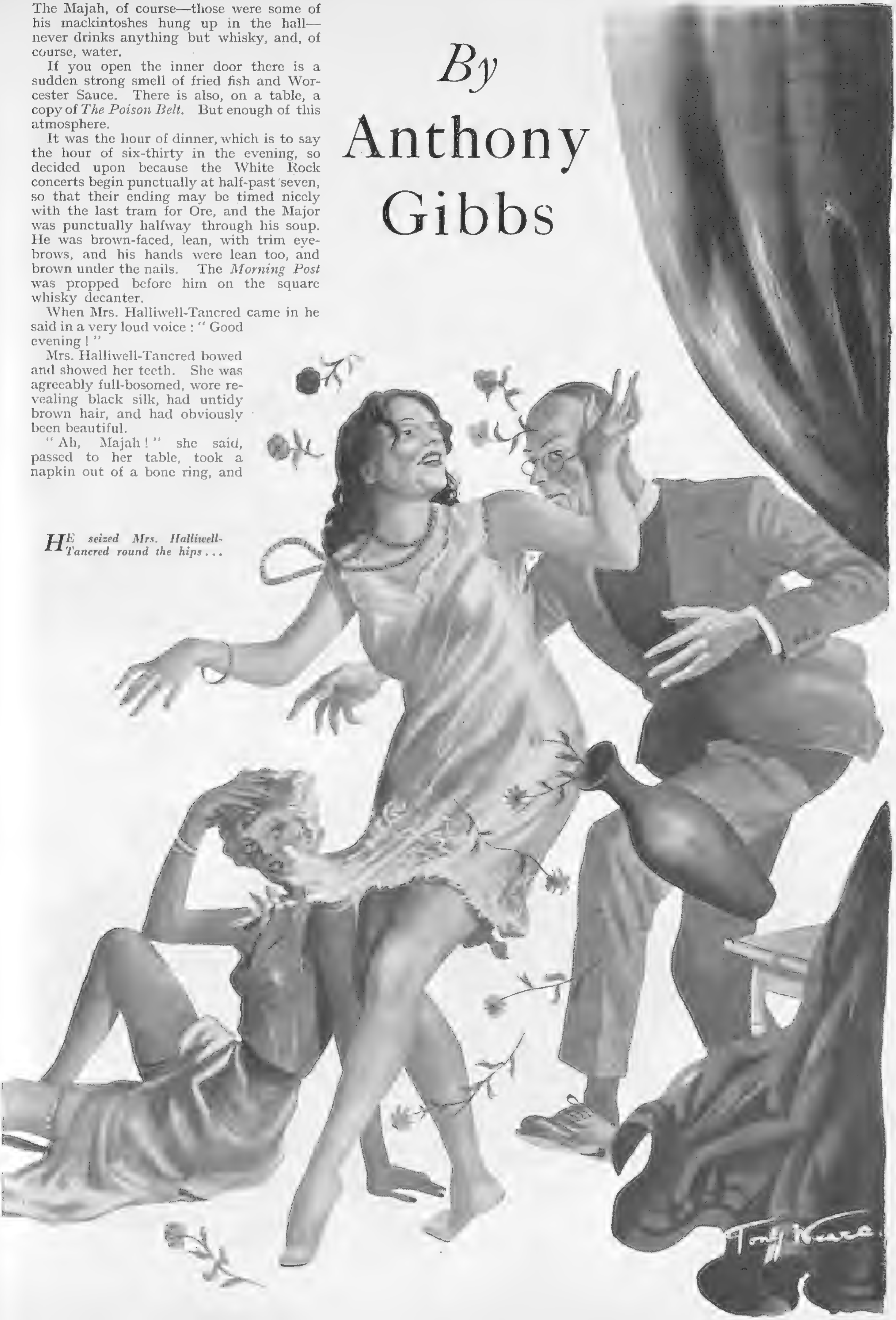
If you open the inner door there is a sudden strong smell of fried fish and Worcester Sauce. There is also, on a table, a copy of *The Poison Belt.* But enough of this atmosphere.

It was the hour of dinner, which is to say the hour of six-thirty in the evening, so decided upon because the White Rock concerts begin punctually at half-past seven, so that their ending may be timed nicely with the last tram for Ore, and the Major was punctually halfway through his soup. He was brown-faced, lean, with trim eyebrows, and his hands were lean too, and brown under the nails. The *Morning Post* was propped before him on the square whisky decanter.

When Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred came in he said in a very loud voice : " Good evening ! "

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred bowed and showed her teeth. She was agreeably full-bosomed, wore revealing black silk, had untidy brown hair, and had obviously been beautiful.

" Ah, Majah ! " she said, passed to her table, took a napkin out of a bone ring, and



HE seized Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred round the hips . . .

sat down. "I see we have 'Pomp and Circumstance' to-night. I remember one evening in Chinah——"

"Soup's cold again," the Major interrupted. "I don't know why the soup must always be cold in this place. It isn't as though I wasn't on time. I'm always deuced particular about that kind of thing. Stone cold. Harris!"

"Yes, sir?" An aged butler hobbled up.

"Take it away. It's as cold as death."

"I'm sorry, sir, I'm sure."

"Sorry!" exclaimed the Major, flushing. "D'you know what I used to do in the Army if a man came to me and said he was sorry?"

"N-no, sir!"

The Major wondered fiercely what the devil he did say. "Well, take it away!"

"Y-yes, sir."

FOR some time there was silence, broken by the gurgling of the Major's whisky into his glass. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred politely crumbling bread pellets in another part of the room, took the opportunity to pour out just a very little Graves.

"These English servants—" she said. "Of course, in Chinah it's very different."

"Ah, yes, I suppose so," said the Major without enthusiasm.

The door opened and the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore came in, bowed to Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, bowed to the Major, and passed gravely to his place.

After a decent pause Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred inclined in his direction. "I was just saying," she said, "to the Majah, how different everything was in the Far East."

"Doubtless, doubtless," answered Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, who had had these differences impressed upon him before. "So—so *immemorial*!"

"Tell me, padre," said the Major, breaking in. "Do you believe in the end of the world?"

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore was startled. "I beg your p-pardon?"

"Plain English, isn't it?" demanded the Major, perhaps a little aggressively.

"Well, really, I—I hardly know—I—"

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, who always thought the Major went too far, laughed girlishly. "I am afraid," said she, "that the Majah *does* like his little joke." And she laughed again, protectingly, reassuringly.

"Not joking at all," declared the Major. "You call yourself a Christian, don't you?"

"Well, *really*, I—suppose I do," Mr. Ogilvie-Gore admitted.

"Very well then. Do you believe in the end of the world?"

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore thought hard. "It depends, my dear Majah," he answered, "on one's definitions. But, since you pin me down to it, I would say 'Yes,' and on the other hand 'No.'"

The Major nodded and tapped his paper. "Coming on Tuesday week," he said.

There was a momentary dismay at this—a silence. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore frowned. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred put a noticeably nice hand to her bosom. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore's and Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred's eyes met in bewilderment. The aged Harris entered with two plates of soup, and fried plaice for the Major. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred indicated his presence by politely crumbling pellets of bread.

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie-Gore politely.

The Major fell on his fried fish with gusto.

Then Miss Fullalove came in. Miss Fullalove was perky, pince-nez'd, not more than eighty-five, and carried a bottle of medicine, a medicine dropper, and a copy of *The Poison Belt*. She said "Good evening" to Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, bowed to the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore, and lowered her eyelids to the Major.

"Tell me," said the Major, "do *you* believe in the end of the world?"

Miss Fullalove nodded and smiled enthusiastically, and then averted her gaze.

"I say," repeated the Major, more resonantly, "do *you* believe in the end of the world?"

"Oh, *sweetly* pretty!" Miss Fullalove exclaimed.

"Oh, my God!" said the Major. "Harris, *you* ask her."

The aged Harris shuffled across and spoke hoarsely into her ear. "The Major asks, miss, do you believe in the end of the world?"

"The end of the world?" exclaimed Miss Fullalove, her expression changing instantly to one of the deepest concern.

The Major tapped his paper.

"It's coming," shouted the Major and the aged Harris together, "on Tuesday week!"

Miss Fullalove shifted most uncomfortably in her chair.

"*Dear!*" she exclaimed.

"Soup, miss?" asked Harris.

Miss Fullalove smiled and nodded enthusiastically.

WE pass in silence over the major portion of that repast. Three-quarters of an hour later the Major, who was slightly ahead of the others, rose, tucked his paper under his arm, and said: "Coffee, Harris. Upstairs. And *hot*!" and went away, fumbling in his pocket for matches.

Harris bent solicitously over Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred with the blancmange. "Will you take shape, madam?"

"Thank you, Harris." She smiled on him encouragingly, for she was a person who, besides believing in being nice to the servants, still cherished the remnants of her sex appeal. Then she inclined in the direction of the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore.

"Of course," she said in a low voice, "the Majah is such a dear, charming man. Such a—such a *leader*."

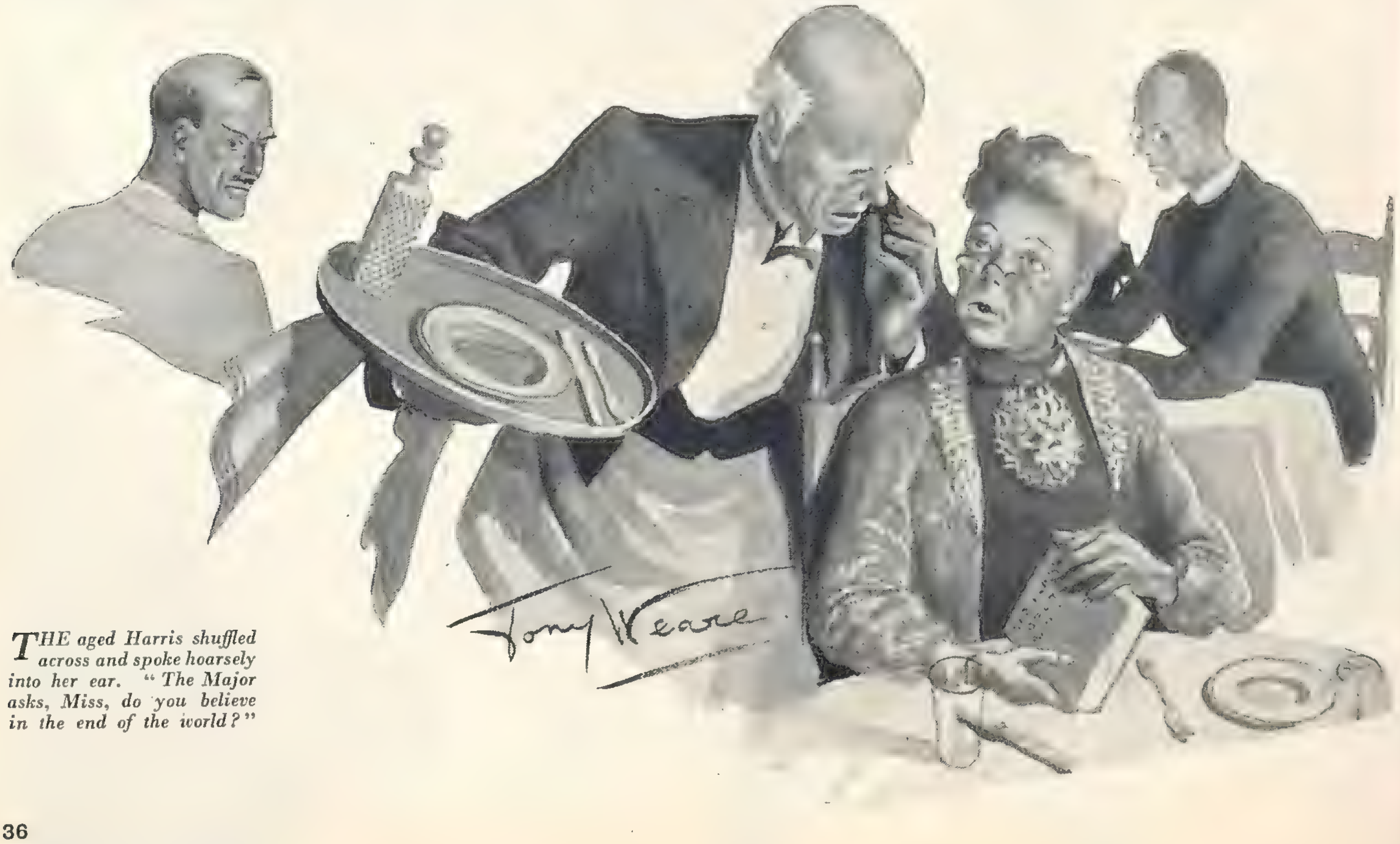
"A delightful fellow," agreed Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

"All the same——" said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred.

"Quite, quite. I always—er—h'm!"

"Will you take shape, sir?"

"Thank you, a very little."



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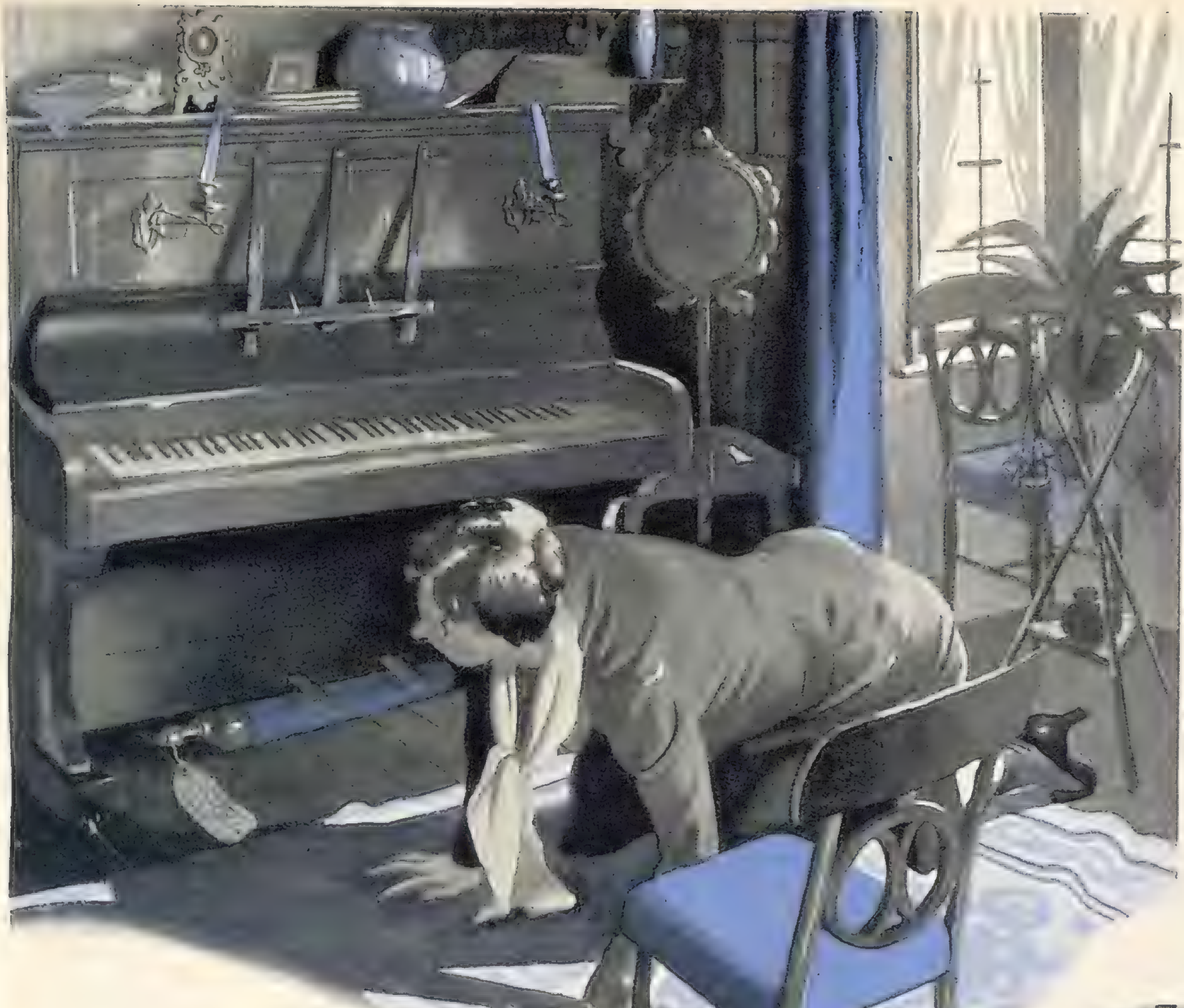


MRS. HALLIWELL-TANCRED discovered a mysterious object beneath the piano in the drawing-room with a label round its neck addressed to—Major Aston-Withers

“ I mean—*poor* Miss Fullalove——”

“ So sensitive ! ”

“ I suppose—there couldn't possibly be —I mean what do you as a clergyman—there couldn't be anything in it ? ”

“ Oh, my dear lady ! ” His tone scouted the mere suggestion of such a possibility.

“ I'm so glad,” she said simply, narrowed her eyes at him smartly, scraped back her chair, and willowed away.

Miss Fullalove, who had already taken shape, sat, as unobtrusive and amorphous as ever, gazing with rapt eyes at the table-cloth. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore hummed. His eyes were on Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred's table. The aged Harris was evidently upstairs serving the Major with cold coffee. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore hummed more jovially still, elevated himself a few inches into the air, displaced himself a few inches horizontally, and, still humming, embraced Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred's Graves in a comprehensive gesture, helped himself with neatness and dispatch to about half an inch at the bottom of the glass, replaced the bottle, and relaxed, clearing his throat. Miss Fullalove still stared at the table-cloth with contemplative emphasis.

MUCH refreshed, the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore rose, folded his napkin, and advanced upon the door. He bent down to Miss Fullalove.

“ *Not* going to the White Rock ? ”

Miss Fullalove woke with a start, and nodded vehemently.

“ *The White Rock* ! ” he said.

“ No, no,” said Miss Fullalove. “ Not to-night ! ”

The Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore bowed and left her.

Just as, in the coffee-room, the amenities were preserved and decorum established by the régime of separate tables, so upstairs in the drawing-room the guests of “ The Osborne” sat—one might almost write “ sate ”—in separate chairs. Thus when the reverend gentleman arrived aloft he found the Major seated in one wicker chair facing north, with his feet out to the fire and talking over the back of it to Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, who sat in another wicker chair facing about due south, with her crochet.

“ Of course, I've looked in at the Pyramids and all that,” the Major was saying. “ Deuced impressive.”

“ They *must* be,” said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred.

“ Of course,” the Major continued loudly, “ we didn't go in much for second sight, and that sort of thing, in the Army. But some of these chaps, I must say, gurus and so forth—”

“ I had the most *extraordinary* experience once,” said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, “ in Chinah. My husband—he was Consul-General, you know——”

“ Mind you ! ” declared the Major. “ This fellah's got it all pretty taped out. I mean, one doesn't believe it and all that sort of thing, but this passage that descends through the Vale of Tribulation to the King's chamber—I mean it's devilish queer. The date of the Great War, August the (*Continued on page* 131)

My Next Twenty Years

A Man of Action looks ahead, wisely and warily, down the last phase of his Allotted Span

Portrait of the Author by Howard Coster

I SHALL be fifty my next birthday. Man's average span of life gives me another twenty years to live. There are billions of malignant germs in the world and hundreds of thousands of care-free motorists on the highways, who may have some further say in the matter. What shall I do with the time that remains to me? I ask myself this question as I sit by a log-fire on an autumn evening in our cottage beneath the downs.

At such a time one necessarily first reviews the past. Do I regret the way I have spent the days that are gone? That is a serious question for a man of fifty. Even at twenty-five most people begin to wonder if they could not have lived differently. If not married, they wonder if they have made a fatal mistake in not taking some chance that has come along. I have met some of these "fatal mistakes" myself in after years and instantly realised what I have been spared. Actually I believe Providence, aided by instinct, controls all mating. Just as animals sense danger, so does man.

But the question of a man's career is a different matter. He chooses that himself, or should do, and at fifty he has to take account of his service. I am terribly sorry for those who have given of their best and are now about to be taken out of the game because they are too old. The soldiers, who have served on the frontiers of the Empire for

Decorations
by
Eric Fraser

twenty-five years; the sailors who have guarded our shores and seaways; honest, hard-working bank officials; surgeons whose hands are becoming shaky. It seems too bad there is nothing more for them to do. Actually the stern law of life is that a man must back himself.

I have been in my time a professional soldier, a professional traveller, and a writer. Somewhere on the shelves of the libraries in big stores, and chemists' shops and twopenny book emporiums, are fifteen or more books written by myself. Am I going to go on writing novels for the next twenty years like the patient ox that plods round at the end of a pole and grinds the corn? I hope not. I hope to learn the new more alive art of writing stories for the films. The cinema world is a stronghold of enterprising Jews, guarded by an outer ring of canny Scots. It is hard to push through the gates. I ought to have started to try to do this ten years ago. But I was travelling then, and I would not have given up those wonderful years of travel for any offer that could have been made to me by any film company in the world. Money is not everything.

A paper once cabled to me, "Can we begin your story Monday? Can you deliver twelve thousand words a week?" The cable reached me at the beginning of the season at a winter sports resort. I spent the next six weeks sitting in an overheated hotel bedroom doing my daily quota, unable even to hear the swish of the skis outside because the windows were double. The story, which was paid for at what seemed to me a fantastically high price for six weeks' work, was forgotten a month after it had appeared serially in a paper with two million readers, and was a complete failure when it came out as a book. I squandered the whole of the money in Paris before Easter, and I cite this as an example of a complete waste of time.

Happier days have been spent with the picturesque Brazilian cowboys rounding up their zebu cattle on the unfenced lands of the Matto Grosso; travelling with "tough guy" British skippers driving ramshackle coastal steamers up and down the China coast; on the verandas of bush houses with lone white men, holding down jobs in solitude on the Ivory and Gold Coast borders; yarning with officers of the Foreign Legion in cafés of Tonking; wandering through the golden palaces of the rulers of Annam and Cambodia. I say to all who are fifty and have never done these things: "If you can, go and do them now."

It is all very well for me to talk about travelling when I am living a life that makes a walk through our village quite an adventure. But everything is an adventure if one has a zest for life. Gardening is a thrilling occupation. Outside the window where I write, dahlias, Michaelmas daisies, and chrysanthemums make a blaze of late autumn colouring. We country dwellers live from season to season.

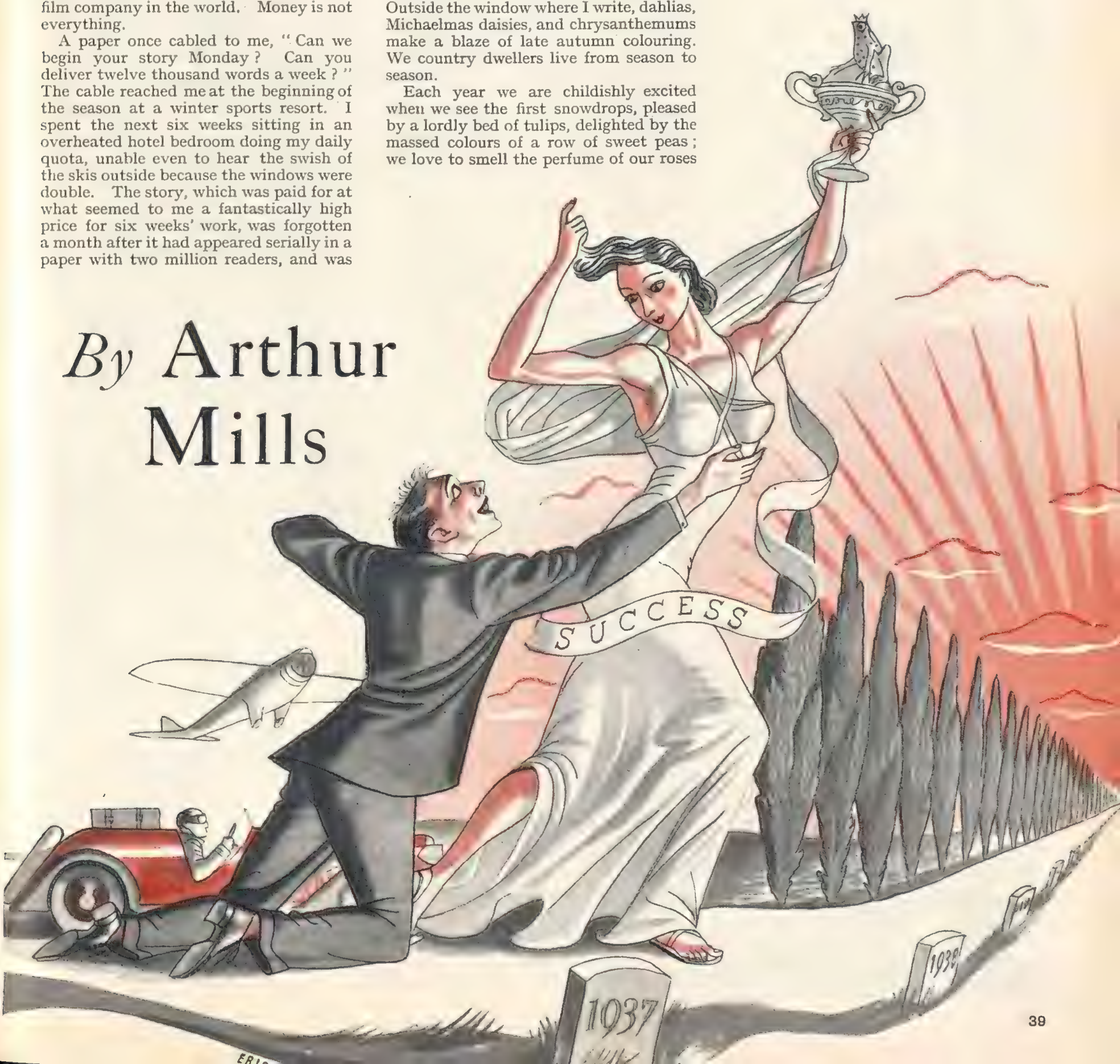
Each year we are childishly excited when we see the first snowdrops, pleased by a lordly bed of tulips, delighted by the massed colours of a row of sweet peas; we love to smell the perfume of our roses and honeysuckle, to cut our lawns, watch the vegetables grow, and trim our hedges. Some of us have never known a different kind of life; others now realise for the first time that expensive pleasures are immaterial and the best things in life are free.

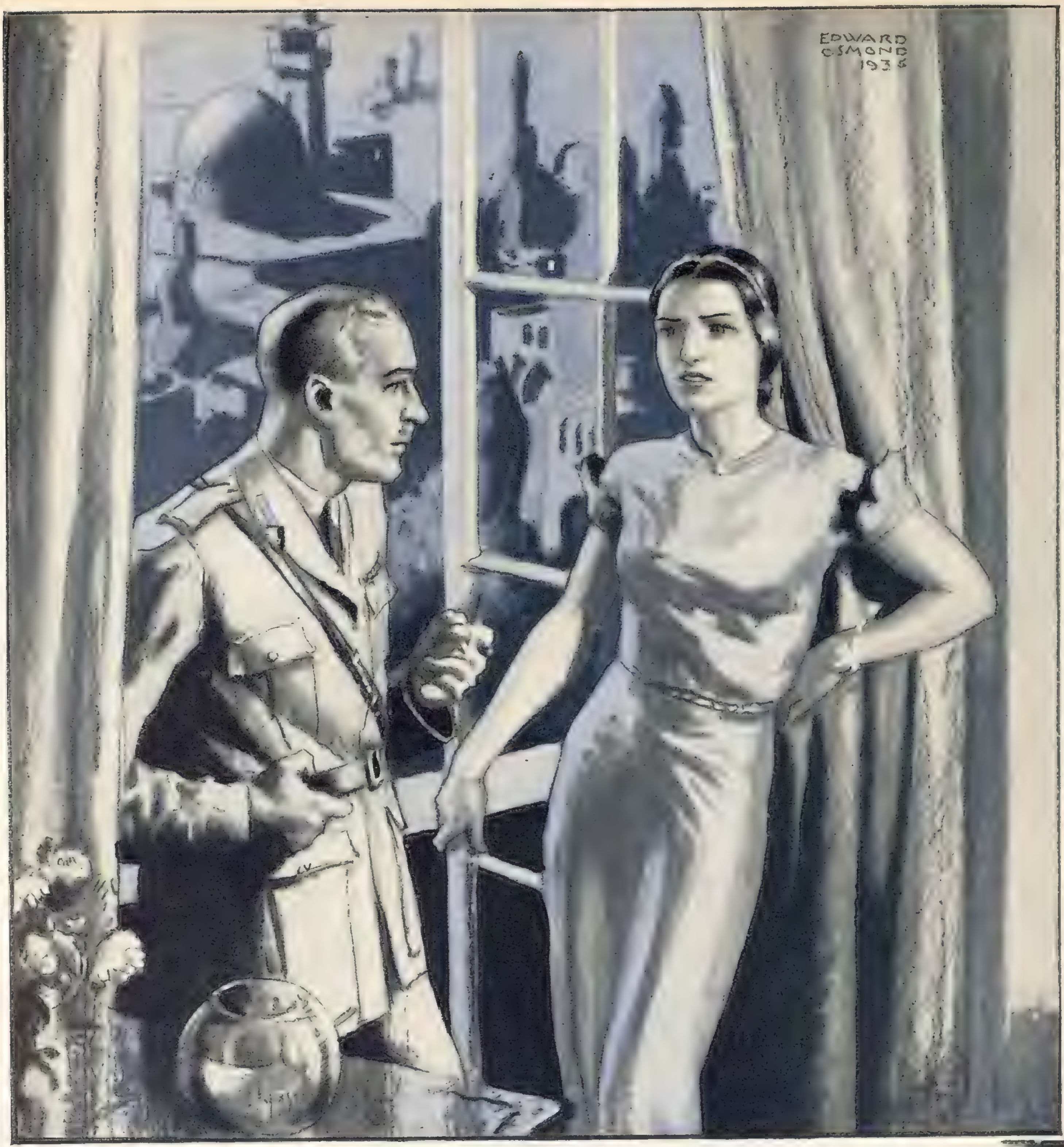
Youth cannot be expected to be so philosophical. Youth demands material rewards. Youth struggles fiercely for the prizes that have labels on them. That is why the phrase was coined "Youth will be served." For youth is like that. What a thin, flimsy thing success can be! At a distance it sparkles invitingly. Seize it and you are holding a wraith. Fail to seize it and discontent looks over your shoulder for the remainder of your days. Success can take many forms: the sweetest is to know in your own heart that you have always tried to make others happy. During my next twenty years I hope never to wound another person deliberately.

I married again

(*Continued on page* 111)

By Arthur Mills



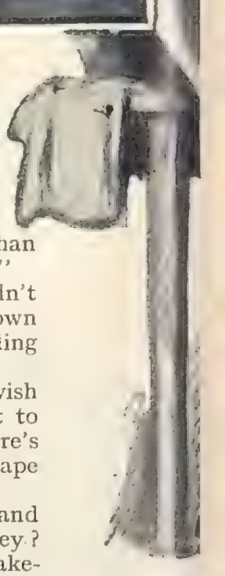


The Princess

By Talbot Mundy

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

"WHY, do you suppose, did Harding shoot himself?"
"What are you saying? He is dead, Charley Harding is dead? But, Major Borwick, this is—dreadful!"



"IF you know a more beautiful view than this," said Major Borwick, "name it."

The Acting High Commissioner didn't want to. He kept pacing up and down the roof-walk of the Administration Building on the Mount of Olives.

"Damn the view!" he grumbled. "I wish to God they'd let us send that document to London. Let 'em decode it there. If there's a war, good-bye Jerusalem. This landscape will be devastated—wiped out."

Borwick chuckled: "Coded documents and landscapes are like women, aren't they? Usually too much disillusion beneath the make-up. Illusion is more comforting. Familiarity destroys the charm without explaining it. Now, if it were the other way around——"

The Acting High Commissioner snorted. He had wireless on the nerves and a touch of sciatica.

"I haven't noticed that *you* avoid familiarity with women!"

Borwick laughed: "I cultivate their confidence. Tear away the rosy cloak of confidence and their contempt for the familiar male reveals itself in all its naked scepticism. I like to be respected, don't you?"

"Borwick, I'm in no mood to decipher your epigrams. I'm too worried."

Jerusalem lay like a City of Dreams. Some of them bad dreams: as, for instance, the lights and the drone of the belated Air Force patrol homing from beyond the Jordan.

The tombstones in the Valley of Jehoshaphat were wan, like old bones, in the moonlight. The Dome of the Rock loomed, solemn and serenely Arabic, in silhouette above the city wall against star-lit sky; imagination made of it a library containing scrolls of all the mysteries on earth. And, of course, a walled city becomes beautiful by night, no matter what its politics, or who inhabits it.

One couldn't see the sentries posted in the streets to prevent rioting, nor hear the curfew kennelled threats within the ancient walls.

In the opposite direction, the Dead Sea lay like a mirror in which the moonlit Hills of Moab pondered scars of their romantic past. There were threats over there beyond Jordan, too, unkennelled, and no curfew.

The Acting High Commissioner spoke bitterly, like a rejected lover: "Jerusalem, 'City of Peace'! The damned place has ruined everyone who ever tried to purge or please it."

"You should have been a poet," Borwick answered. "Not that I crave to read your verses, mind you. Omar Khayyam was right about wine and a woman, granted that the wine is well aged and the woman isn't. But damn your book of verses in a wilderness. I like to be able to 'phone for champagne and cigars and to hear the hubbub through an hotel window."

THERE began a dog-fight somewhere in the distance. No noise carries through the night more stridently than that. The Acting High Commissioner set his teeth. He turned toward the stair-head to get away from the nerve-wracking din. But another noise stopped him.

"Now what the devil's that?"

It was sudden. It left no echo. A strange, blanketed sound, not far off. One of those ominous sounds that don't explain themselves.

"If it's bad news, we will know it soon enough," said Borwick. "Did you ever consider how much depended on what Pontius Pilate ate for breakfast? What have you been eating?"

"Stick," said the Acting High Commissioner. "I'm fed up."

He stared at the enormous wireless mast and what looked like a town in miniature that glowed at its shadowy base.

"Pontius Pilate," he said, "had the ball at his feet. He could play as he pleased and blame himself. Cæsar wouldn't know for six weeks what Pilate had done or hadn't done. I've received fifteen official secret messages this afternoon from Whitehall, sandwiched between not less than sixty from newspapers, societies, churches and private individuals from all over the world."

"Are there any I haven't seen?" asked Borwick.

"One. That's why I sent for you."

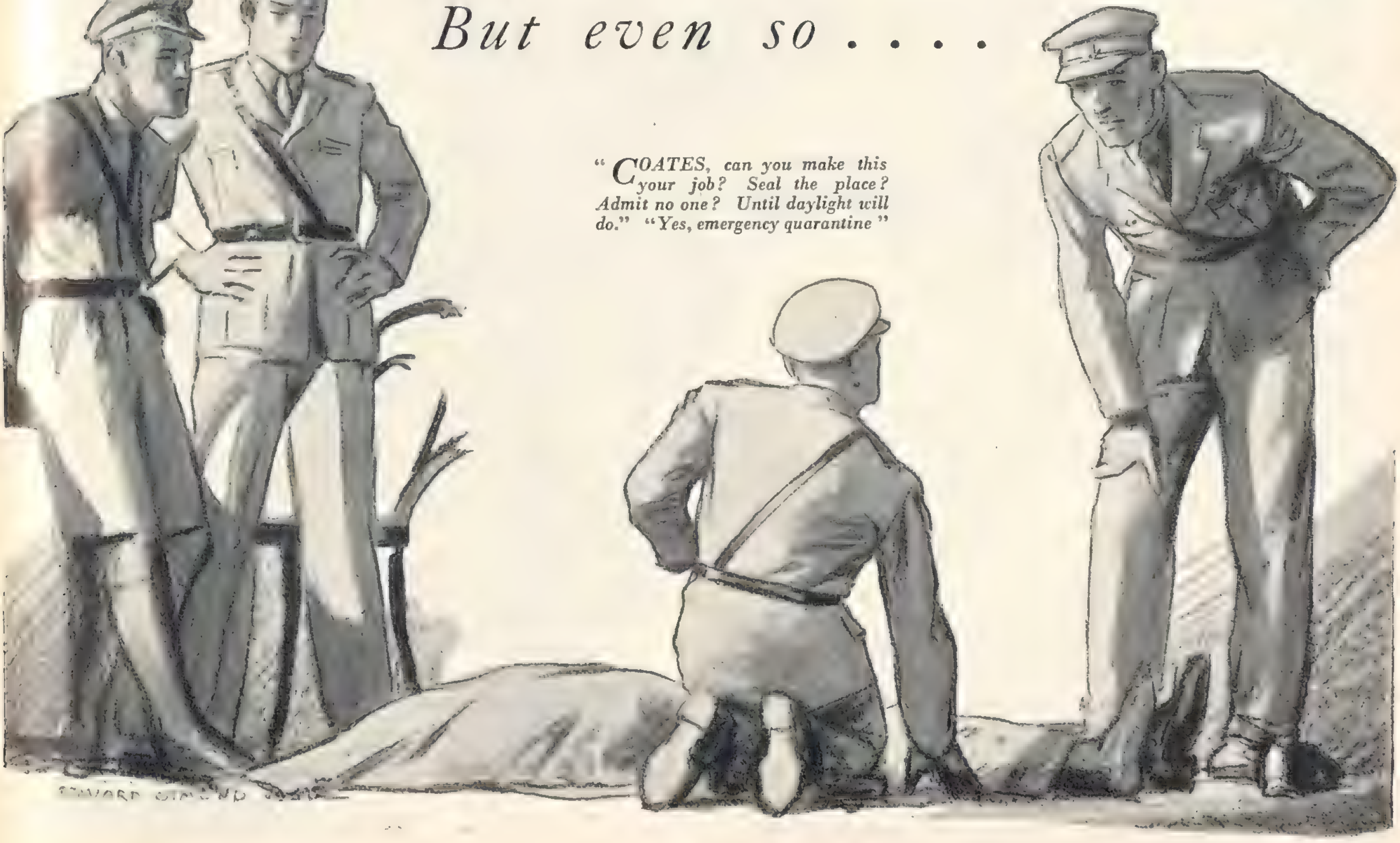
As Acting Chief of the Intelligence Staff Borwick knew more secrets than the Acting High Commissioner. He looked like Pan in a major's uniform. He had a big head. Rather slanting, very bright eyes. Hair in his pointed ears. Nose mischievous, belligerent, redeemed by lively wrinkles and by a mouth on which laughter lurked beneath a quizzical moustache.

"What do you suppose that noise was?" the Acting High Commissioner demanded. "Rioting again?"

"Perhaps," said Borwick. "Where there are Arabs and Zionists gathered together it's as easy to start a riot as a dog-fight."

"And it echoes all over the earth. I would like to blow up that blasted wireless tower. If the rioters would burn Marconi's effigy instead of mine, 'pon my soul I believe I'd chuck my job and start a new religion! Imagine Whitehall

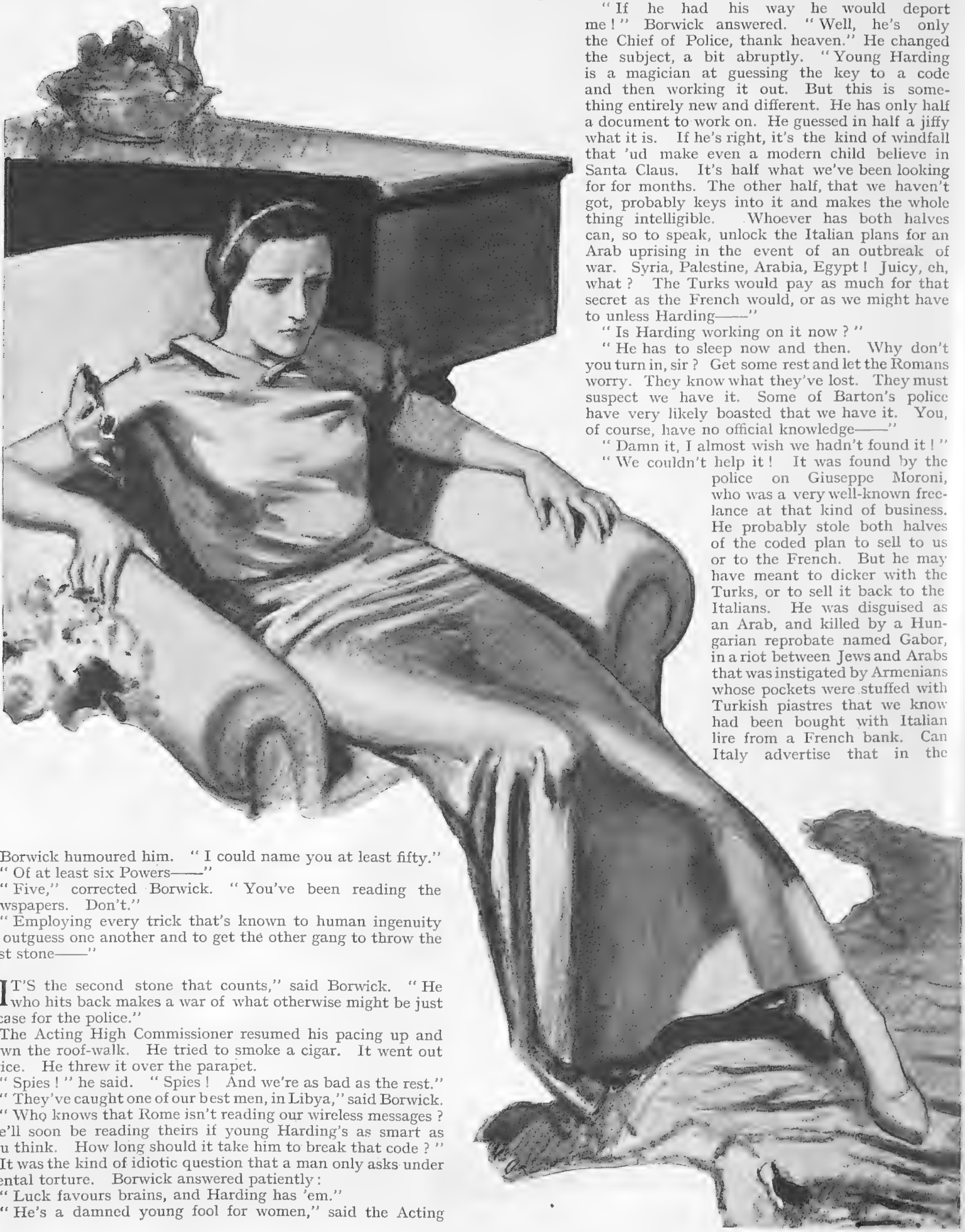
She had Glamour and Guile—all the Equipment of the Woman-Spy. But even so . . . .



"COATES, *can you make this your job? Seal the place? Admit no one? Until daylight will do.*" "*Yes, emergency quarantine*" spending taxpayers' money to warn me to avoid any action that might lead to international complications!"

"Was that the message?"

"Yes. They've warned me, so I'm warning you. They will blame me, remember, whatever happens. They know what we've found. It's worse than fulminate, with two great war fleets in the Mediterranean—cleared for action within about a hundred miles of us and of each other. War in Ethiopia. Sanctions. An army in Libya. Disaffection in Egypt. France in a hell of a mess in Syria. The Turks advancing on the Dardanelles. At least two thousand secret agents——"



Borwick humoured him. "I could name you at least fifty."

"Of at least six Powers——"

"Five," corrected Borwick. "You've been reading the newspapers. Don't."

"Employing every trick that's known to human ingenuity to outguess one another and to get the other gang to throw the first stone——"

"IT'S the second stone that counts," said Borwick. "He who hits back makes a war of what otherwise might be just a case for the police."

The Acting High Commissioner resumed his pacing up and down the roof-walk. He tried to smoke a cigar. It went out twice. He threw it over the parapet.

"Spies!" he said. "Spies! And we're as bad as the rest."

"They've caught one of our best men, in Libya," said Borwick.

"Who knows that Rome isn't reading our wireless messages? We'll soon be reading theirs if young Harding's as smart as you think. How long should it take him to break that code?"

It was the kind of idiotic question that a man only asks under mental torture. Borwick answered patiently:

"Luck favours brains, and Harding has 'em."

"He's a damned young fool for women," said the Acting High Commissioner. "A fool is worse than a crook. The confidential report about him——."

"Yes, I know. I wrote it!" said Borwick. "Yellow hair, blue eyes and an innocent face. But have you never heard of foolish women with clever faces?"

"Do you think that Princess person is a foolish woman? Barton says Harding would go off the deep end for her. He tells me she's a Parisian Jewess who married a Bedouin Sheikh up somewhere near Damascus. She has French papers. Her house is a rendezvous for all sorts of people. Barton wants her deported."

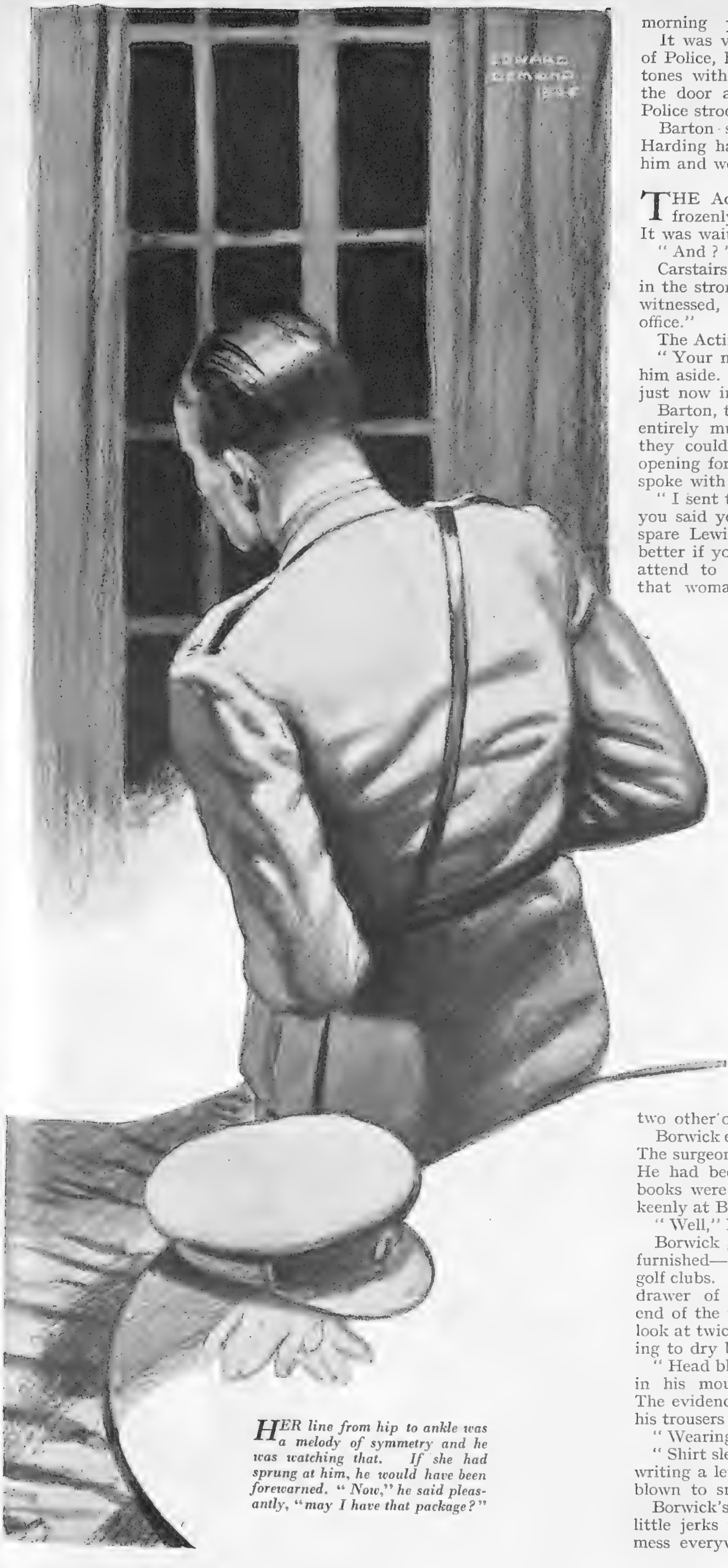
"If he had his way he would deport me!" Borwick answered. "Well, he's only the Chief of Police, thank heaven." He changed the subject, a bit abruptly. "Young Harding is a magician at guessing the key to a code and then working it out. But this is something entirely new and different. He has only half a document to work on. He guessed in half a jiffy what it is. If he's right, it's the kind of windfall that 'ud make even a modern child believe in Santa Claus. It's half what we've been looking for for months. The other half, that we haven't got, probably keys into it and makes the whole thing intelligible. Whoever has both halves can, so to speak, unlock the Italian plans for an Arab uprising in the event of an outbreak of war. Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Egypt! Juicy, eh, what? The Turks would pay as much for that secret as the French would, or as we might have to unless Harding——"

"Is Harding working on it now?"

"He has to sleep now and then. Why don't you turn in, sir? Get some rest and let the Romans worry. They know what they've lost. They must suspect we have it. Some of Barton's police have very likely boasted that we have it. You, of course, have no official knowledge——"

"Damn it, I almost wish we hadn't found it!"

"We couldn't help it! It was found by the police on Giuseppe Moroni, who was a very well-known free-lance at that kind of business. He probably stole both halves of the coded plan to sell to us or to the French. But he may have meant to dicker with the Turks, or to sell it back to the Italians. He was disguised as an Arab, and killed by a Hungarian reprobate named Gabor, in a riot between Jews and Arabs that was instigated by Armenians whose pockets were stuffed with Turkish piastres that we know had been bought with Italian lire from a French bank. Can Italy advertise that in the



HER line from hip to ankle was a melody of symmetry and he was watching that. If she had sprung at him, he would have been forewarned. "Now," he said pleasantly, "may I have that package?"

morning paper?—Hello, here comes bad news!"

It was very obviously bad news. Barton, the Chief of Police, hesitated for a moment, conferring in undertones with two military officers, under the arch over the door at the head of the stairway. The Chief of Police strode forward with an officer named Carstairs.

Barton spoke in an unemotional voice: "Young Harding has just killed himself. I warned you about him and women."

THE Acting High Commissioner became suddenly frozenly calm. He was all right in an actual crisis. It was waiting for them that upset him:

"And?" he demanded.

Carstairs answered: "I checked up at once. It's in the strong-room, sealed. It's sealed, and the sealing witnessed, every night when Harding leaves the office."

The Acting High Commissioner let out a sigh of relief. "Your man, Borwick. This is your job." He drew him aside. "Please—please remember what I told you just now in confidence. No complications!"

Barton, the Chief of Police, detested Borwick. It was entirely mutual. They never spoke to each other if they could possibly help it, or unless there was an opening for malice to get a shaft in edgewise. Barton spoke with a barb in his voice:

"I sent that detail of police to cool their heels where you said you want them, Borwick. It wasn't easy to spare Lewisohn and ten men. It would suit me far better if you would attend to your business and let us attend to ours. I warned you about Harding and that woman."

"And you have, of course, found Gabor? Or shall we find him for you? You could hang him if we should get you the evidence."

The Chief of Police snorted. "Gabor, if he ever did exist, has jumped the country."

"If you've let him get away——"

"Then the Intelligence will have one more alibi," said Barton.

Borwick hurried away. The officers who had come with Barton followed him, not talking because he walked too fast. He was two or three strides ahead of them by the time he had covered the quarter-mile and reached the neat row of official-looking limestone bungalows. The dog-fight was still raging in the near distance. It sounded as if a couple of dozen curs had joined in.

There was a sentry already posted at Harding's door.

"What are your orders?" Borwick asked him.

"To admit no one except officers in uniform."

"How many have been in here?"

"Three, sir, since I was posted. They're in there now—Surgeon-Major Coates and two other officers."

Borwick entered the room on the right of the passage. The surgeon got up from beside the body on the floor. He had been kneeling on a couple of books, and the books were of no further use to anyone. He looked keenly at Borwick.

"Well," he said, "here's a mystery for you."

Borwick glanced around the room. It was simply furnished—desk, table, chairs, a bookcase, tennis racket, golf clubs. Lots of photographs of women. The top drawer of the desk was open; nothing in it. One end of the table was badly smashed and not good to look at twice. There was some wire on the table, leading to dry batteries in a grocery carton on the floor.

"Head blown clean off," said the surgeon. "Dynamite in his mouth apparently; a switch in front of him. The evidence of identity is on the table, removed from his trousers pockets. Both his hands were blown off."

"Wearing uniform?"

"Shirt sleeves. Flannel trousers. Seems to have been writing a letter, or about to write one. Ink and paper blown to smithereens."

Borwick's eyes were searching the room, swiftly, in little jerks from point to point. There was an awful mess everywhere, but they

(Continued on page 148)

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS

Young women whose only problem is mentioning to the cook that there will be twenty-three to Christmas dinner are invited to turn to another page. This is not for them.

These pearls of wisdom are cast before you who are even yet brushing confetti out of the carpets.

By the time your guests are gathered about you, you'll be feeling rather like a conjurer who finds himself on the stage with instructions to do all his tricks at once. The difference is that he can slip in a bit of magic and you can't.

Well, there you are. What's more, there are your guests, and they're on tiptoe to see what sort of a go you will make of your first Christmas. Not unkind, mind you, but critical.

Your first problem will be to decide how many of your husband's relations you can omit from the invitation list without wrecking your marriage at the start.

The second will be to find a means of including as many of your own kin as you like without calling attention to your lack of impartiality.

After that crisis is past you can think about other guests.

It goes without saying that you are full of laudable ambitions, such as accelerating your husband's career by becoming a famous hostess. But, all things considered, we advise you to suppress attempts to be famous just yet. Concentrate on being just efficient.

This means that the inclusion of terribly important people among your invitations is a little premature. Terribly tolerant ones would be a lot safer.

What are your plans, anyway? Is it to be a house party? Are you inviting friends and relations to spend the entire holiday with you, or is there to be a party on one day only and a family gathering in between?

If it's a house party, don't be too generous with numbers. Experienced housekeepers and seasoned hostesses have been known to fall down on catering for a large party infected with the irresponsible spirit of Christmas.

If you keep only one maid and you are not absolutely certain of your ability to keep your head in the kitchen while simultaneously pursuing a social reputation among your guests, scale down your plans.

You will be vastly assisted in this if you mix your guests with discretion.

If your husband's Aunt Millicent must be present on account of keeping in touch with the legacy she has hinted at, don't invite a lot of wild young men who will keep you in a state of agitation lest they should offend her.

On the other hand, don't surround her with fogies. That is merely clumsy. Simply choose some agreeable, intelligent people who will adapt themselves naturally to the company of their fellow guests.

Keep your head. Ensure this by giving yourself plenty of time for preparations and sufficient time for worrying. Keep them separate.

Give thought to small, individual attentions for each guest. This is a short cut to fame in the sphere of entertaining.

In the welter of excitement and preparation, don't be tempted to dismiss these little attentions because you're "too busy." You're not too busy if you're handling this thing properly.

Force yourself into a calm mood. Sit down. Clap an ice-pack on to your furrowed brow and write down every little detail you can remember in connection with the personal whims and preferences of your guests.

Produce your list on the day of their arrival and there will be no excuse for forgetting that Uncle Frederick likes a whisky and soda beside his bed, or that Aunt Rose hates to be wakened with morning tea.

The entertainment you provide for your guests will depend, of course, upon your resources, financial and otherwise, and whether you live in town or in the country.

"If Aunt Millicent must be present don't invite a lot of wild young men"

READ THIS IF IT'S YOUR FIRST ALL-FAMILY PARTY

In either case, work out a programme. This protects you from guests who hang around enquiring of you and each other what they shall do next.

Likewise, it offers excellent opportunities of manœuvring them out of the house while you struggle with problems in the kitchen.

For all this, don't herd your guests. That's the unforgivable sin. Make your programme and then show a humanitarian leniency in its operation.

Another thing: Spare your guests the impression that you are working terribly hard and sacrificing your own pleasure to put on a show for them. It will take you years and years to attain the peak of social perfection at which you can emerge from intolerable martyrdom in the kitchen to meet your guests with a reassuring air of never having done a chore in your life.

I say it will take years, but you can begin practising now.

Which reminds me about cooking.

If you're not certain what goes into the stuffing for turkey, find out now. Don't leave matters of that kind until Christmas morning and focus a spotlight upon your inexperience by having to enquire of other people.

Inform yourself well in advance upon all such points as this, remembering that this is probably the one time when charming helplessness won't get you anywhere, except into a most unhappy state of chaos.

Resist the impulse to try elaborate things. This goes for food and effects. Simple, very good fare, very well served, will do splendid things to your reputation, whereas elaborate things, run amuck, will set you back a mile.

How about drinks? This is your husband's province and he should be attending to this aspect of your entertaining; but husbands, even new ones, have a habit of forgetting these things so it's as well you should swot up a bit on what's good to drink, and why.

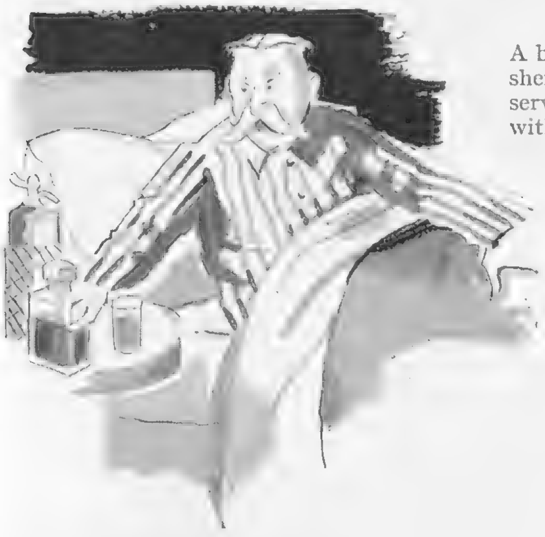
The important thing is to get your quantities right. I know of nothing more certain to destroy one's equilibrium than to find, in the very midst of a party, that the drinks won't go round.

If you are entertaining a number of people, don't attempt to serve cocktails before dinner, followed by wine and possibly liqueurs, unless you're prepared to foot a fairly heavy bill with your wine merchant.

Don't attempt anything elaborate in the way of drinks at all unless you can afford to carry the thing right through.

PLAY SAFE
WITH CHRISTMAS DRINKS
GET THE RIGHT
SWEETS FOR THE KIDS

In this group, Gordon's Bronx cocktail, ready to serve, or Gordon's gin as a basis for mixing your own drinks; Booth's Manhattan cocktail and Booth's John Collins, the latter made from an old original recipe; Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, in special gift packing, and Schweppes Green Ginger Wine, excellent by itself or mixed with an equal part of whisky as a "Whisky MacDonald." Tins of Mackintosh's popular Christmas Carnival assortment and "Quality Street" and a decorative box containing Cadbury's "Princess Elizabeth" assortment



"Uncle Frederick likes a whisky and soda beside his bed"

A better way is to serve your guests with sherry before the meal. Two bottles will serve about ten people, but you'd be safer with three. This item alone won't cost you much less than a pound if you choose a reasonably good wine; so you see what you've got to expect.

Follow up with a good cup if you want to keep your drinks bill down without stinting the party. Here's a cider cup recipe that will never let you down.

Put two or three sticks of barley sugar into a glass jug, add a spray of mint, some slices of orange and lemon, a little cucumber rind and a few cloves. Pour in one pint of still cider and let it stand for some hours. Remove the rind and add a pint of sparkling cider and a bottle of ginger ale which have been standing on ice.

If children are included in your party you'll want, of course, to provide some special little treat for them. Even they can have their own punch ration, and very nice it is. This is how you make it:

Grate some fresh coconut into a glass jug and add the juice of two lemons and one orange with a good pinch of mixed spice. Add four tumblers of cold water and let it stand for a few hours. Serve with ice.

Ginger pop is bound to be a success with the youngsters, and you can get a stone jar of it at a very reasonable cost. Laced with gin, you'll find it a popular drink with the not so young too.

A Christmas-tree is a lot of trouble to prepare, but it's grand fun and helps enormously with the "atmosphere."

If you've got a family party it's an excellent thing to invite everyone to put presents on the tree rather than to distribute them on Christmas morning. You can then make a ceremony of the present-giving either immediately following lunch or in the afternoon. Apart from serious gifts, a little thought will suggest plenty of amusing trifles for additional presents, all of which add to the fun of the party.

There's no doubt Christmas is hard work for the person who is behind the works, but you'll be amply repaid for your trouble if the party goes well.

Louisa Kay.

THEY BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS

By Len Chaloner

A couple of generations ago, heavy fathers used to insist on keeping up the story of Santa Claus long after the children had discovered the true facts.

This was tiresome and irritating to growing children, who felt that the whole story was just an opportunity for father to show off.

To-day there is quite the opposite tendency and many mothers seem almost afraid of not telling their small children the truth about Santa Claus, as if he were a piece of idle gossip or an old wives' tale to be exploded.

The result is that many small children are robbed, quite needlessly, of a delightful fairyland, while grown-ups shake their heads and say the modern child has no imagination.

It is our special privilege as parents to create an enchanted fairyland for the tiny child at Christmas.

Have you forgotten how wonderful such things as Christmas trees or crackling fat stockings were when you were very small? How different and how marvellous your home looked with holly and silvery ribbon and coloured paper chains? How thrilled you were to send a letter up the chimney? How you tried to keep awake on Christmas Eve, hoping to catch a glimpse of the magical, generous Santa Claus?

Only too soon all this wonderful fairyland will be questioned by earnest, sceptical, starry-eyed young people. Then, of course, though you may feel reluctant, you will not lie heavily, but will try to let the truth come out gradually, suggesting rather that even if there may be some explanation, it is all so lovely that there is no great hurry to unravel it. Children often ask, quite unconsciously in the hope of being *reassured* rather than disillusioned, about the Santa Claus story.

We all need some sort of fairyland. Some find it at the cinema, the ballet, the theatre, others in books, in paintings or in music. This kind of fairyland is more than an escape from reality. It is the urge to beauty and heart's desire.

Christmas represents this to all children the world over, whether they hang up their stockings or put clogs outside their windows.

One of the loveliest customs of all came from the old, pre-war Germany, when on Christmas Eve it was the custom to stand all Christmas trees in the front windows of the houses and draw up all the blinds, so that to walk along the streets was to see the soft magic of an avenue of Christmas trees.

We are in danger of losing some of this fairyland of Christmas in a hustled, modern world that is always chasing at to-morrow and forgetting yesterday. If we do we shall all be the poorer.

So make a point this year of having a real Christmas for the children. Perhaps if they are growing big you may get a few questions; but don't disillusion them too sharply, for the materialism of Christmas can become overpowering and satiating.

As the first doubts begin to arise, without destroying the story, take your children into your confidence and let them gradually into the secrets of your preparations.

Give them a share in making the special surprise for Daddy. Let them help in the fascinating weaving of paper chains, in the actual making of little presents, in the dressing of the walls with holly and mistletoe, and finally in the decorating of the Christmas tree itself.

If by another year the children find, almost without realising just when, that Mother and Dad have had a hand in the stocking business, that Santa Claus didn't really drink the milk left in the fender, nor did his donkey bite the end off the carrot devotedly left for him, there will be no rude awakening on the one hand nor the feeling of having been hoodwinked on the other. That is, so long as you have not been patronising in your efforts.

You see, in the meantime, they have learned to gain pleasure in making and helping to keep alive a tradition, even while they have come to understand that you, too, know the value of fairyland and dreams.

DRESSING UP THE HOUSE

Dressing the house for Christmas is grand fun not only for the children but for grown-ups as well.

Though the weather is green outside, indoors you can build up the white Christmas, idealised and immortalised by Dickens, by the many artificial aids of sparkling frost and snow.

Where the children are concerned in dressing-up the house, be businesslike. To give them full scope, try to set aside a room for the purpose.

You must be prepared not to be too fussy over the scattered litter for the time being.

A wastepaper-basket, a bottle of gum, a pot of lacquer, coloured paper, and a roll of florist's wire are all useful accessories.

While the traditional holly and mistletoe are indispensable, a country walk will reveal any amount of treasure. Branches and sprays of evergreens are most effective in themselves, while cones, little oak apples, acorns and oddly shaped twigs all have their ornamental and practical uses.

The cones, gilded or lacquered, can be gummed together round a piece of three-ply wood to make delightful little baskets or trays for holding flowers and plants.

Oak-apples, enamelled in gay colourings to represent miniature balloons, can be strung into garlands and hung round a room, while acorns silvered or treated with red lacquer make attractive clusters where a touch of colour is required.

Sprays of leaves can also be painted with a thin coat of varnish and sprinkled with artificial frost, to give glitter. Even ivy leaves make good working material. Brushed with aluminium paint, or lacquered on either side in bright contrasting shades and then allowed to dry, they make a colourful decoration.

Most leaves, with the exception of ivy, require to be pressed first of all to prevent them curling up, either in sheets of paper underneath the carpet, or between two boards with a weight on top.

Another standby is a long streamer made with little strips of coloured paper, interlaced through each other and fixed together with gum.

The tree can be trimmed for a trifling sum. Glass baubles and coloured witch balls can make it childishly gay. Tinsel stars, silver rain and glass icicles give glitter, and the parcels, with their colourful wrappings and festive little labels, add the final touch.

Electric illuminations are preferable to lighted candles, especially where there are children. It is also advisable to have all the decorations fireproof.

You can get an empty butter-keg from the local grocer to hold the Christmas tree. Paint it in Chinese red or dress it in a paper frill.

Many effective table schemes can be carried out with the use of mirrors and rolls of cotton wool.

Build up an Alpine scene or a skating rink with cotton wool and frosting.

The figures and ornaments can be made from plastic wood and pipe-cleaners, and you can have lighting from little coloured electric bulbs placed round the mirror.

These table decorations can be made very easily. All you require is a little imagination and lots of cotton-wool to hide deficiencies.

Flowers are expensive and scarce just now, but can look very Christmassy mixed with a few sprays of silvered leaves, evergreens or mistletoe.

Now climb the ladder and festoon the house with all your gay, harlequin-coloured garlands . . . Here you have the holly interspersed with mistletoe—perhaps silvered with gum water and Epsom salts, the pictures and mirrors encircled with sprays of evergreens, and the windowsills made gay with little pots of frosted spruces dressed up in red frilly petticoats tied with ribbon.

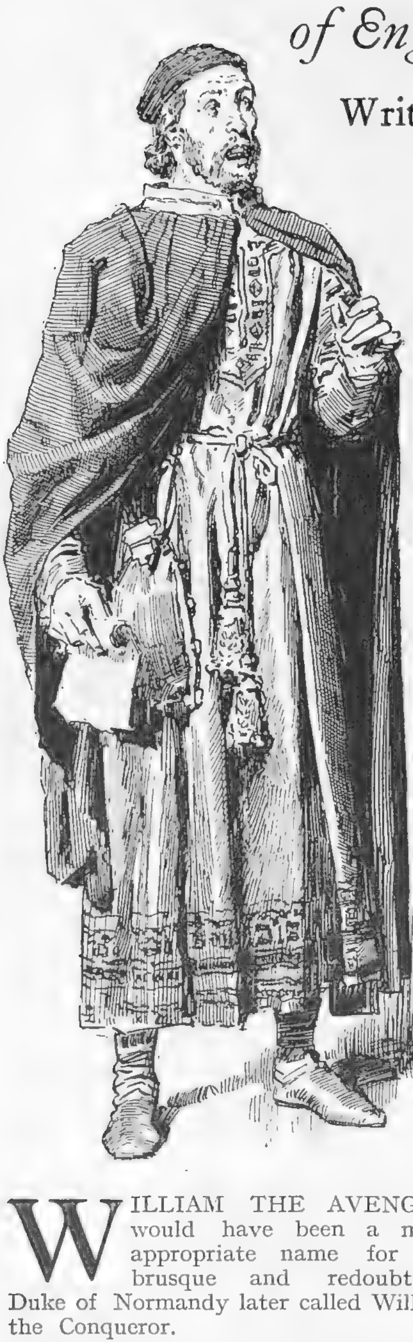
Last touch . . . from the chandelier hang a huge Christmas bell or a sparkling tinsel star.

Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

Old Tales Re-told

William the Conqueror—the only King of England Crowned on Christmas Day

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.



WILLIAM THE AVENGER would have been a more appropriate name for the brusque and redoubtable Duke of Normandy later called William the Conqueror.

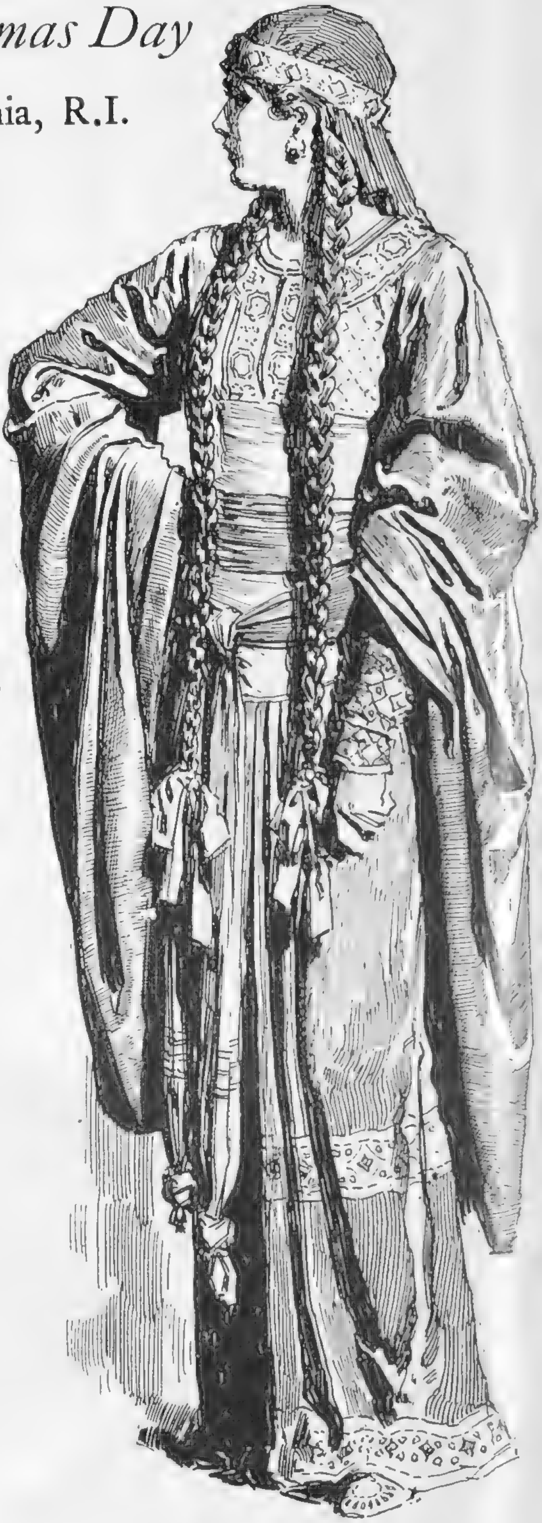
History is full of rulers whose ambition has been to conquer for the sake of glory and gain. Duke William, on the other hand, owed his two greatest conquests to a desire for vengeance. This very human emotion, though inspired from different causes, was in both cases the prime motive, and conquest the subsequent result. One gained him the love of the remarkable Mathilda of Flanders; the other, nothing less than the throne of England.

Towards the middle of the eleventh century Lille and Rouen, only about 120 miles from each other, were the capitals of two different kingdoms, Flanders and Normandy.

Two promising young people were the hope and pride of their respective courts: Mathilda of Flanders, daughter of Earl Baldwin V, surnamed the Gentle, and the young Duke William, son of Robert III of Normandy. Neither had as yet set eyes on the other. Nevertheless, the idea of their marriage was entertained with great favour by the Earl of Flanders and by William himself. Only Mathilda vetoed it. Her affections were bestowed on a young Saxon nobleman named Brithric. He was fair and handsome—the typical embodiment of romantic girlhood's dreams. But he did not reciprocate her feelings, and while she was wasting her attentions on him, an envoy came from the Duke of Normandy to ask for her hand in marriage. Not only did she reject the proposal, but she worded her refusal in very strong terms which were rather unbecoming to her rank. The word she used was needlessly cruel, but not libellous, for William's mother had not been married to Robert, his father. She was the daughter of a humble tanner; Arletta was her name, and Robert had only been attracted by her beauty. A fine, sturdy little boy had resulted from the liaison, and his father had not neglected him, having given him every care and trained him in every accomplishment, to the end that he might grow up a valiant knight.

THE envoy returned to Rouen, and was obliged to soften a good deal the terms in which Mathilda had signified her refusal. In time, however, the real words used by this haughty girl were reported to the young Duke, and his indignation knew no bounds. Discipline and culture had not effaced from his nature the primitive instincts. Nor, indeed, could he have been expected to swallow an insult touching the very point upon which he was most sensitive, though, later on, maturity and experience made him sufficiently philosophical as to become indifferent to it. At that time, however, if anyone were foolish enough to risk an allusion to his illegitimacy, the sword of the young Duke flashed forth with tragic consequences. But this time the dart came from the bow of a fair Amazon. The idea that she, being a woman, was taking an unfair advantage of him, goaded William to an action that history has made imperishable.

ONE day, on the outskirts of Lille, half a dozen riders pulled up at one of the characteristic inns of the time, where travellers rested after their journey while the mud was being scraped from their horses' legs and clean apparel taken from the saddlebags. At each of these inns, which providentially surrounded the walls of every town, there were food stores, clothiers, cobblers, blacksmiths, and everything necessary for the traveller's comfort and toilet before he entered the town. The six riders wished evidently to be taken for merchants, but their movements betrayed them for soldiers. One of them, the youngest, distinguished not only by his attire but by his tone of command, seemed to be their leader. After making enquiries regarding the royal palace and the disposition of its guard, they rode towards the gates, showed some documents and were



MATHILDA not only rejected the proposal, but she worded her refusal in very strong terms which were rather unbecoming to her rank admitted to the maze of narrow streets. They passed through the crowds in the market-place and drew rein in a quiet street where four of them dismounted, whilst the others proceeded towards the palace. One of these two was the young leader. He left his horse at the palace gates in the care of his companion, exchanged a word or two with the sentinel and proceeded unchallenged towards the hall of audience. His bold manner must have overawed the servants. Before they could collect themselves in time to challenge the stranger, he was already in the corridor leading to the private apartments of Mathilda. Without hesitation, he flung open the door of her chamber, recognising her at a glance from the descriptions he had been given of her beauty.

She sprang up and demanded: "Who are you, and what do you want?" He stood for a moment in the doorway, then slowly, deliberately, he advanced towards her.

"I am William, Duke of Normandy. *William the Bastard.*"

This last word he pronounced through clenched teeth. Then his hand shot out like lightning and grasped the heavy plaits that hung on her bosom, twisted them round his fist under her chin, and pulled her so close to him that his breath beat on her cheek.

"Do you imagine that, because you are a woman, you can insult me? Do you think that kinship with the King of France and other royal houses will protect you, so that you can sting me like a viper with your venomous tongue and go unpunished?"

He emphasised his words by fierce jerks which shook the girl from head to foot. Mathilda, too proud to cry out under this manhandling, struggled hard to get free, but William's arm was made of iron. Her maids were stupefied with terror.

William pushed her down, trying to force her to her knees, shouting: "Kneel, and ask my forgiveness!"

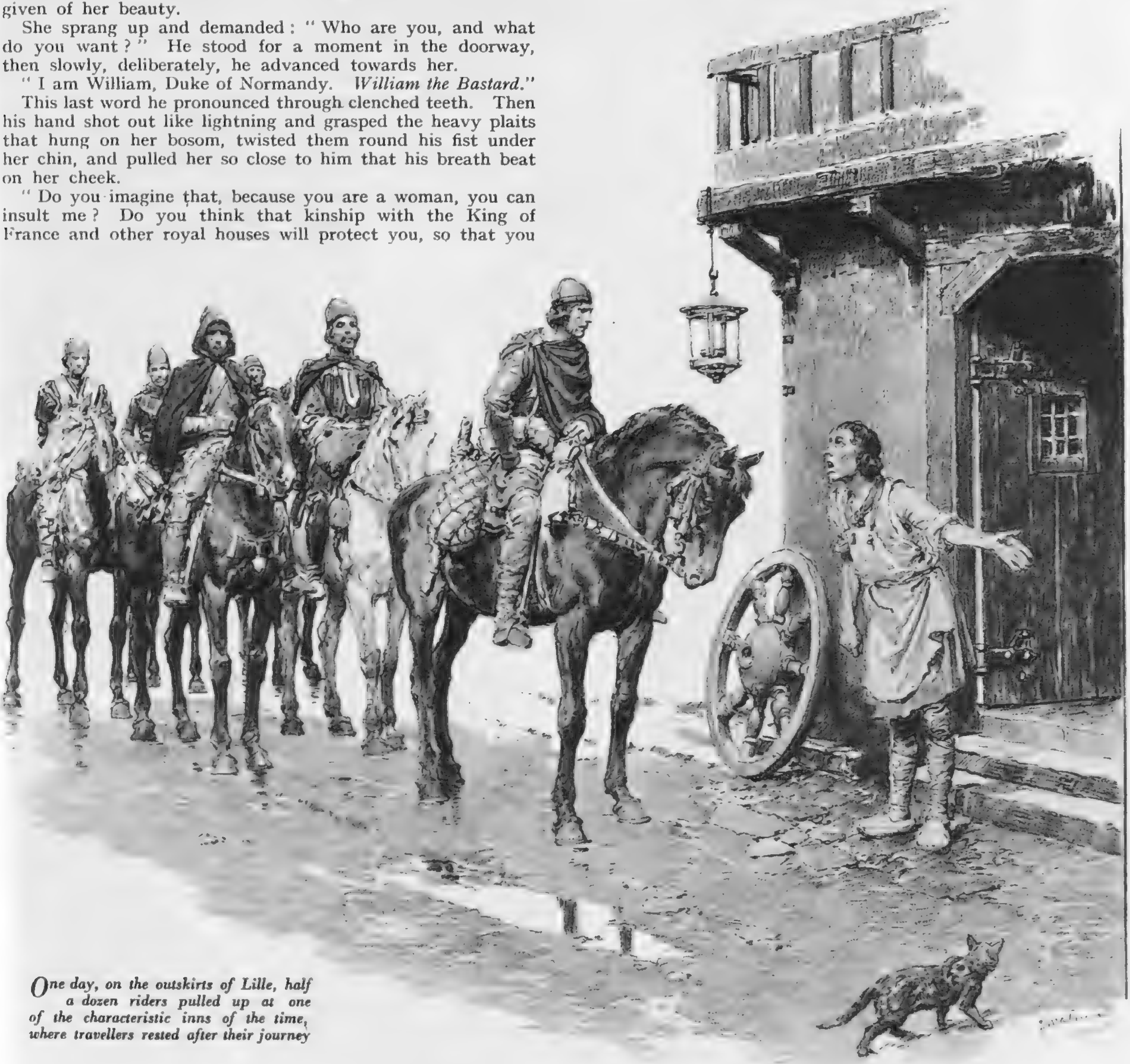
Stubbornly she defied him. With the suppleness of a wrestler she twisted herself into every attitude save that of kneeling. And all the time she remained proudly mute under his violence.

At last he desisted. He flung her to the floor and strode from the room. No one but her maids were aware of what had happened. He retraced his steps to the gates, mounted his horse, and rode off.

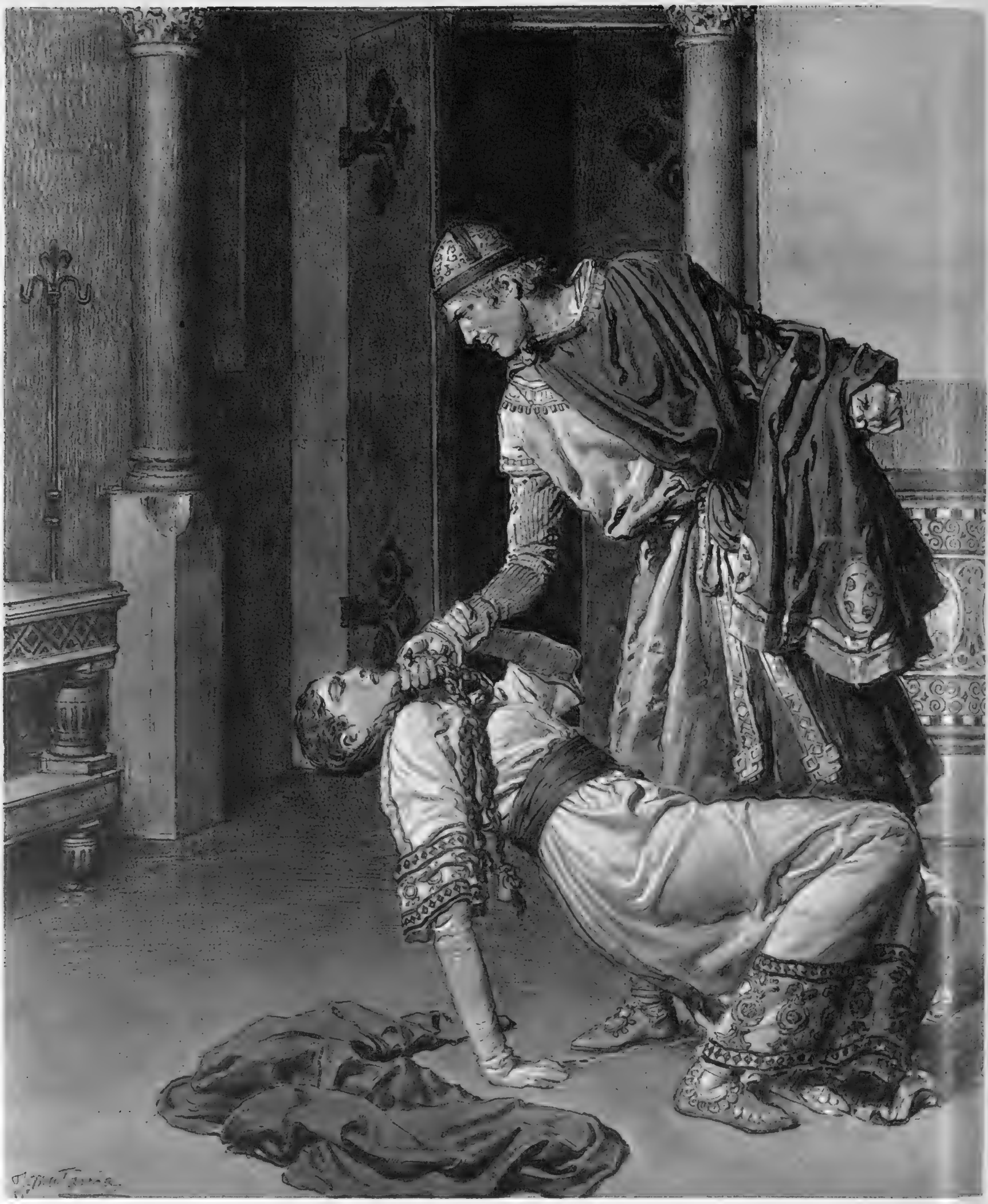
Hoofbeats on the cobbles warned the four waiting men of his return. They sprang into their saddles and, like the horsemen of the Apocalypse, passed like shadows out of the town and into the open country. Hard they galloped for the border, and before pursuit could touch them, they had regained Norman territory.

William's mind, as he rode, was filled with conflicting emotions. There was certainly some satisfaction in having chastised the arrogant girl in a way that no one else would have dared attempt, yet—*she had not kneeled.* He knew that she would have endured physical torture rather than touch the ground with her knees. What a splendid woman she was! That flexible body—and what defiance in her great eyes! If she had had a man's strength she would have fought like a legendary warrior. . . . Still, admire her though he might, the thought rankled in him that his punitive expedition had failed. She had not kneeled. He had failed to inflict on her the humiliation he intended.

As a matter of fact, nothing had transpired as he anticipated. He had expected to encounter enormous difficulties in reaching her chamber, and he had found none. And he had thought that, having gained access to her presence, he would find a terrified girl who screamed for mercy. Instead, he had been met with defiance and contempt, and a strong, slender body like a steel spring that would have resisted him to breaking-point. William had found his match, and he knew it.



One day, on the outskirts of Lille, half a dozen riders pulled up at one of the characteristic inns of the time, where travellers rested after their journey



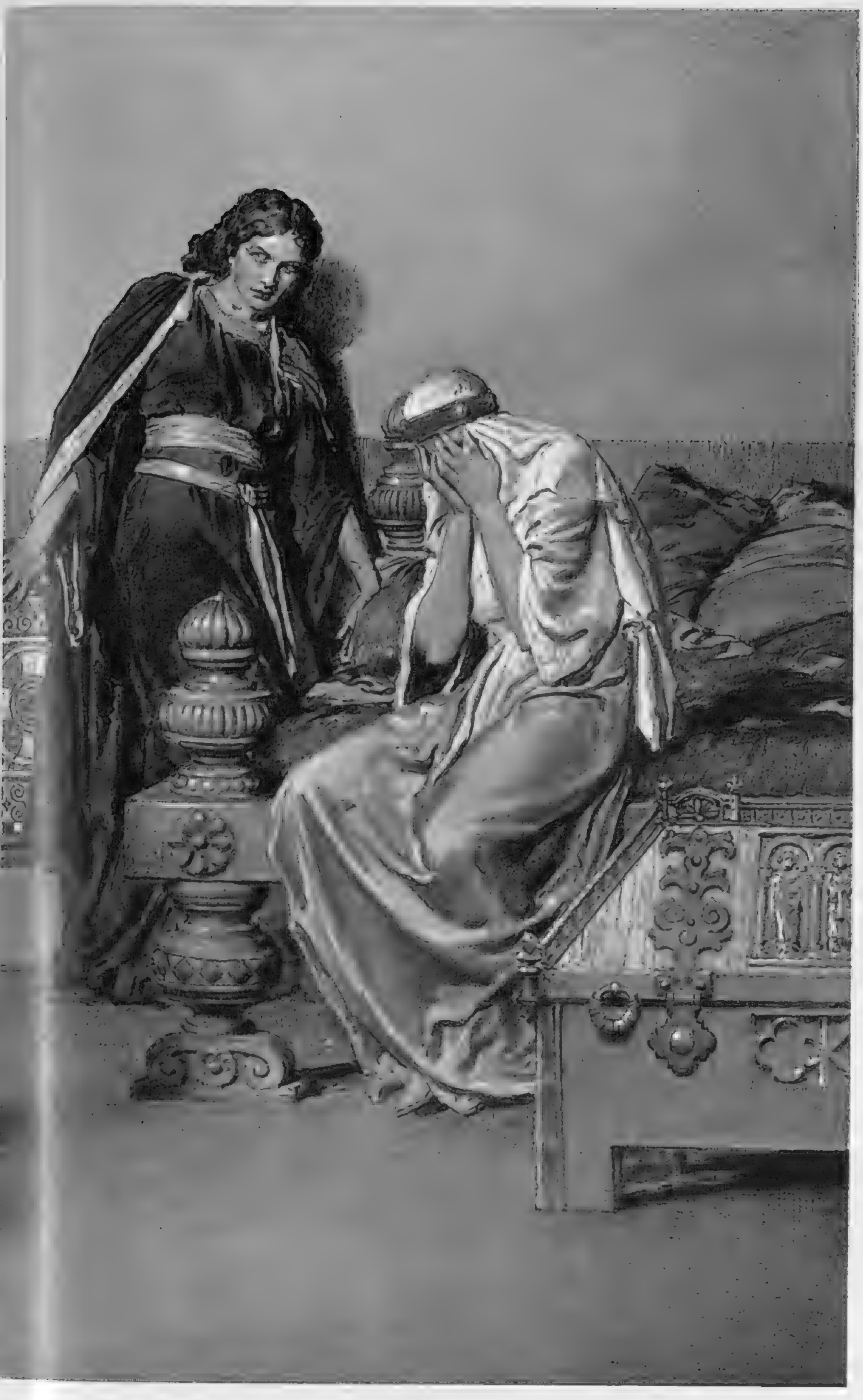
'Do you imagine that, because you are a woman, you can insult me? Do you other royal houses will protect you, so that you can sting me like a viper

MEANWHILE at the palace the news of the outrage had spread like wildfire. Armed patrols were sent out with the order to catch the offender and bring him back, dead or alive. Earl Baldwin's rage knew no bounds when the pursuers returned unsuccessful, having lost their quarry through delay at the start.

Mathilda herself, however, maintained a mysterious silence on the matter, and watched with an air of detachment the preparations ordered by her father to avenge the insult. An army was sent to the frontier of Normandy. No great clash of arms took place, but there was systematic pillage and ravaging of the countryside. The Normans soon retaliated. Ambuscade followed ambuscade, with the loss of scores of men on both sides.

It was only after a good deal of this unsatisfactory warfare, when the morale of the troops was flagging, that the councils of both sides tried to put an end to it. A meeting took place between the representatives of the belligerent parties in order to ratify a peace treaty. As soon as this document was duly signed and sealed, one of the Norman representatives unrolled an extra scroll and, to the general astonishment, read aloud a declaration on the part of Duke William of Normandy of his willingness to seal a bond of everlasting friendship between the two countries by marriage with Mathilda of Flanders.

The councillors looked at each other, disbelieving their ears. Everyone knew



think that kinship with the King of France and with your venomous tongue and go unpunished?"

what had happened between the two young people, and naturally assumed that there could be nothing but hatred and enmity between them. Moreover, it was feared that this unexpected and foolish proposition would upset things again just as peace had been concluded.

The voice of old Earl Baldwin trembled with rage as he read the text of the proposal to his daughter. He expected that Mathilda, after this fresh act of impudence, would break into violent indignation. But Mathilda did nothing of the sort. Her lovely face was radiant with emotion. Composing herself, she said: "Tell Duke William that I am well pleased to become his wife."

Earl Baldwin was staggered. But before he had time to ask if she had taken leave of her senses, she flung her arms about his neck, kissed him, and left the room, leaving her father with the scroll in his hands, dumbfounded.

Love is like a juggler who is never short of new tricks. Pondering the matter afterwards, the Earl came regretfully to the conclusion that parents who attempt to arrange the matrimonial affairs of their children are but making fools of themselves. When he concluded the matrimonial treaty he gave her land and money in abundance, rich raiment and jewels of fabulous value, some of which were preserved in the cathedral at Bayeux until the year 1476.

THE famous castle of Eu was the place appointed for the marriage. The castle had just been captured by William after a long and fierce siege, and the owner, the Count of Eu, was still a prisoner therein when William and his resplendent suite took possession.

A little later Mathilda arrived, accompanied by her parents and a brilliant train of nobles and ladies.

Within a few days the castle of Eu had changed, from a place of famine and misery, into a matchless scene of bright colour, feasting, riches and abundance.

Contemporary historians have preserved the actual words of Mathilda, when her father asked her laughingly, in the midst of the general rejoicing, how it was that she had so scornfully rejected her husband's first proposal.

She said: "Because I did not know the Duke so well as I do now. For he must be a man of high courage and daring who could venture to come and beat me in my own father's palace!"

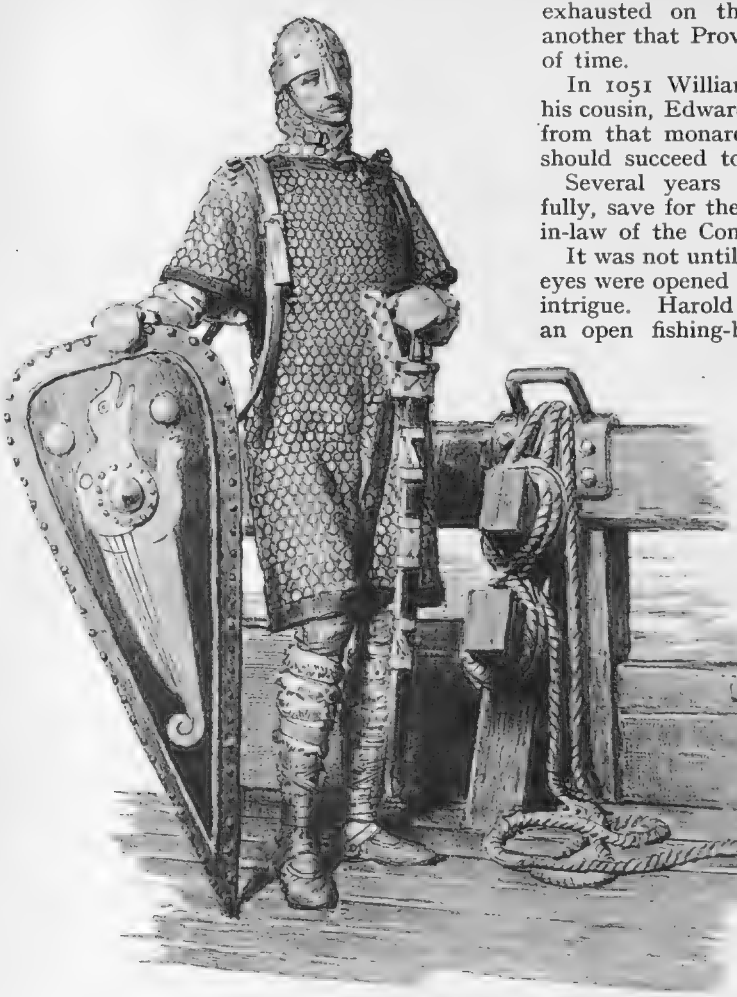
This answer, uttered in public, was rapturously acclaimed by the knights and nobles of her new lord's Court.

William was in a transport of happiness, and the wise Count of Eu took this opportunity to sue for pardon. He could not have chosen a better moment. His castle and lands were restored to him, and he himself became one of William's most faithful followers.

The *Chronicle of Normandy* by William of Jumièges describes in full the pageantry and tournaments that took place before Mathilda left for her new residence, where for over fifty years there had not been a Duchess of Normandy, and where she was received with frantic enthusiasm.

Many serious matters, however, were awaiting attention, and as soon as the excitement of his wedding had died down, William devoted all his energy to problems of State.

Never before had the position of Normandy been so precarious. On every side he was surrounded by greedy neighbours, eager to appropriate slices of the fertile Norman territory. Even within his dominions there were intrigues against him. Archbishop Mauger of Rouen, who had spared no pains to try and prevent the marriage of William and Mathilda, pronounced, on a pretext of consanguinity, excommunication against the newly-wedded pair. Furious, William appealed to the Pope, and the Holy Father generously nullified the sentence of excommunication on condition that they should each build and endow an abbey at Caen and a hospital for the blind. The Duke and Duchess submitted to the condition and thus, shortly after, the massive walls of the Abbey of



Duke William on board the "Mora" at the head of the fleet proceeding to England

St. Stephen began to take shape. But Mauger, the archbishop who had been the cause of all the trouble, did not get off scot-free. (No one escaped scot-free from William's vengeance.) He was accused of several crimes, among them that of having appropriated sacred plates for his own use. He was found guilty and deposed from office. Within the precincts of St. Stephen's Abbey William built a palace for himself and his young wife. There Mathilda had ample opportunity to display her remarkable gift for architecture. The great hall, or Council Chamber, under her direction became the most magnificent creation of its kind in Europe. Extremely versatile in every form of art, she has left to posterity that masterpiece of needlecraft, the Bayeux Tapestry, in which is depicted the story of another hero's wife—Penelope.

WILLIAM'S career was an endless succession of narrow escapes, not only from the entanglements of political intrigue which constantly surrounded him, but even from direct attempts on his life. On one occasion his cousin, Guy of Burgundy, had arranged to surprise him at the castle of Valogne, where he was staying on a hunting expedition, without his usual retinue. But it happened that the fool at Court, another Rigoletto, overheard the conspirators planning the assassination of his master. He stole away, rode all night till he reached the castle, and knocked on the door with the handle of his whip till he succeeded in rousing the Duke. Refusing him time to dress, he hurried him away on his swiftest horse. Even so, he would not have escaped had he not left this horse exhausted on the road and commandeered another that Providence provided in the nick of time.

In 1051 William came to England to visit his cousin, Edward the Confessor, and secured from that monarch a verbal promise that he should succeed to the throne of England.

Several years elapsed thereafter uneventfully, save for the plotting of Harold, brother-in-law of the Confessor, to secure the throne.

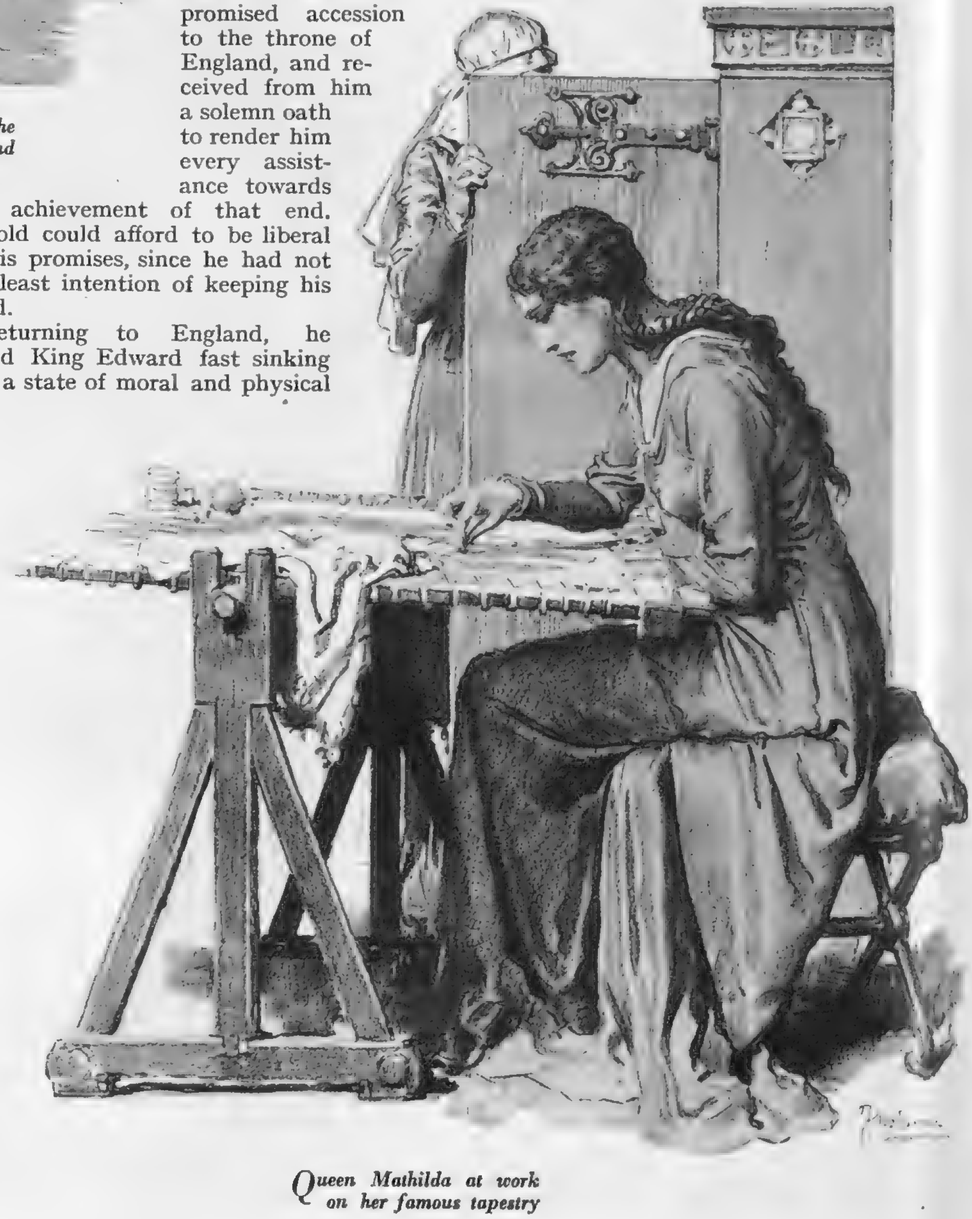
It was not until the year 1065 that William's eyes were opened to the existence of this secret intrigue. Harold had sailed to Normandy in an open fishing-boat, but was driven by a storm on to the territory of the Earl of Ponthieu, where he was seized and imprisoned. Hearing that a heavy ransom was being asked for his life, William demanded the liberation of the captive. The Earl of Ponthieu deemed it wiser to obey. Harold was received by William and Mathilda very hospitably. They even promised him in marriage one of their daughters, then only seven years of age. William informed his guest that he had been promised accession to the throne of England, and received from him a solemn oath to render him every assistance towards the achievement of that end. Harold could afford to be liberal in his promises, since he had not the least intention of keeping his word.

Returning to England, he found King Edward fast sinking into a state of moral and physical feebleness. The general state of the country had deteriorated with him. Laws were disregarded. All was dissolution and chaos. Even the fashions had become effeminate and decadent.

Barely a year elapsed after the departure of Harold for England, when William heard that Edward the Confessor had died and that Harold had ascended the throne. Those who were present when the Duke received the news say that he was so agitated that he behaved like a madman, tying and untying the cords of his cloak. Virulent and bitter was the message that he sent to Harold, reminding him of his solemn oath and denouncing him for a traitor.

HISTORIANS have recorded in detail the events of those stormy days, the efforts of his counsellors to pacify the Duke, the dissensions, the arguments, and the final decision of the infuriated William to go to England and wrest the crown from Harold's head by force of arms.

Many things alarmed the simple and superstitious minds of our countrymen in the eleventh century. One of these was the appearance of a comet. According to them, this meant a change of ruler and terrible calamities for the country. This comet, together with many other historical happenings, has been recorded by Mathilda in the famous Bayeux Tapestry.



Queen Mathilda at work on her famous tapestry

During the seven months subsequent to the death of the Confessor, William displayed astounding resources of energy and organisation. He assembled together 3,000 vessels, and an army of 60,000 men, magnificently equipped, well disciplined and commanded by noble knights whose names alone inspired allegiance and courage. When all was ready, a solemn ceremony took place. Mathilda was officially invested with the regency and her first-born child, then only thirteen, was nominated military chief of Normandy. Extremely touching and impressive was the farewell scene when Mathilda and thousands of wives and sweethearts of the departing warriors prayed for the success of the mighty expedition. An unfavourable wind delayed the start, and the soldiers regarded that as an ill omen. Strange that these bold fighters who treated real perils with contempt were so easily dismayed by imaginary ones. Indeed, so scared were they that William had to use all his wits to persuade them to his will.

A great surprise was sprung upon him by Mathilda whilst he lay in the port of St. Vallery waiting for a favourable wind.

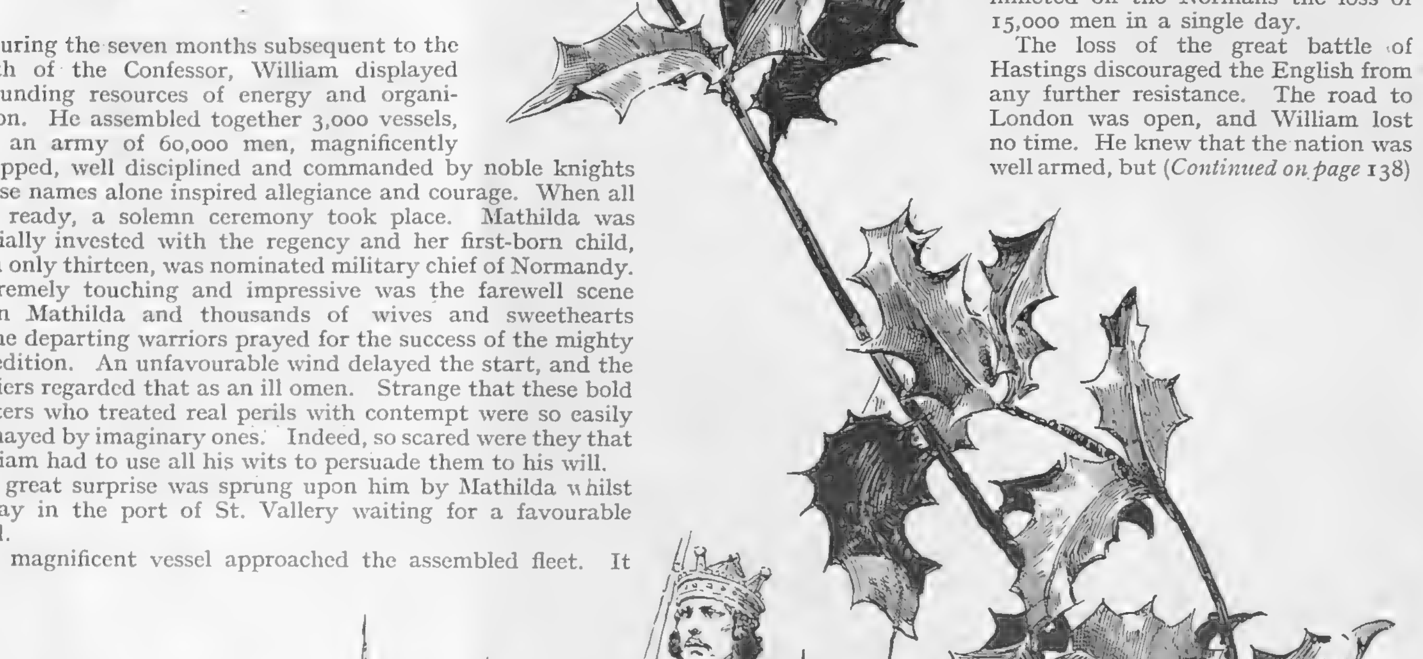
A magnificent vessel approached the assembled fleet. It was fully armed and luxuriously decorated. At the prow there was a figurehead in gilded bronze of their youngest son. In one hand he held a trumpet, in the other an arrow. Mathilda was on board, having come to renew her vows of love and faithfulness to her lord. This imposing boat had been built without William's knowledge. It was a surprise gift from his beloved wife, so that he could lead his fleet in fitting state. The harbour resounded with cheers from all the waiting ships, and as if by magic, the wind changed. Mathilda had brought with her the favour of God. Enthusiasm was still at its highest pitch when the beautiful ship, called the *Mora*, with Duke William standing on the prow, unfurled her sails and glided majestically away, followed by the rest of the fleet.

Three thousand strong, the argosy put out to sea.

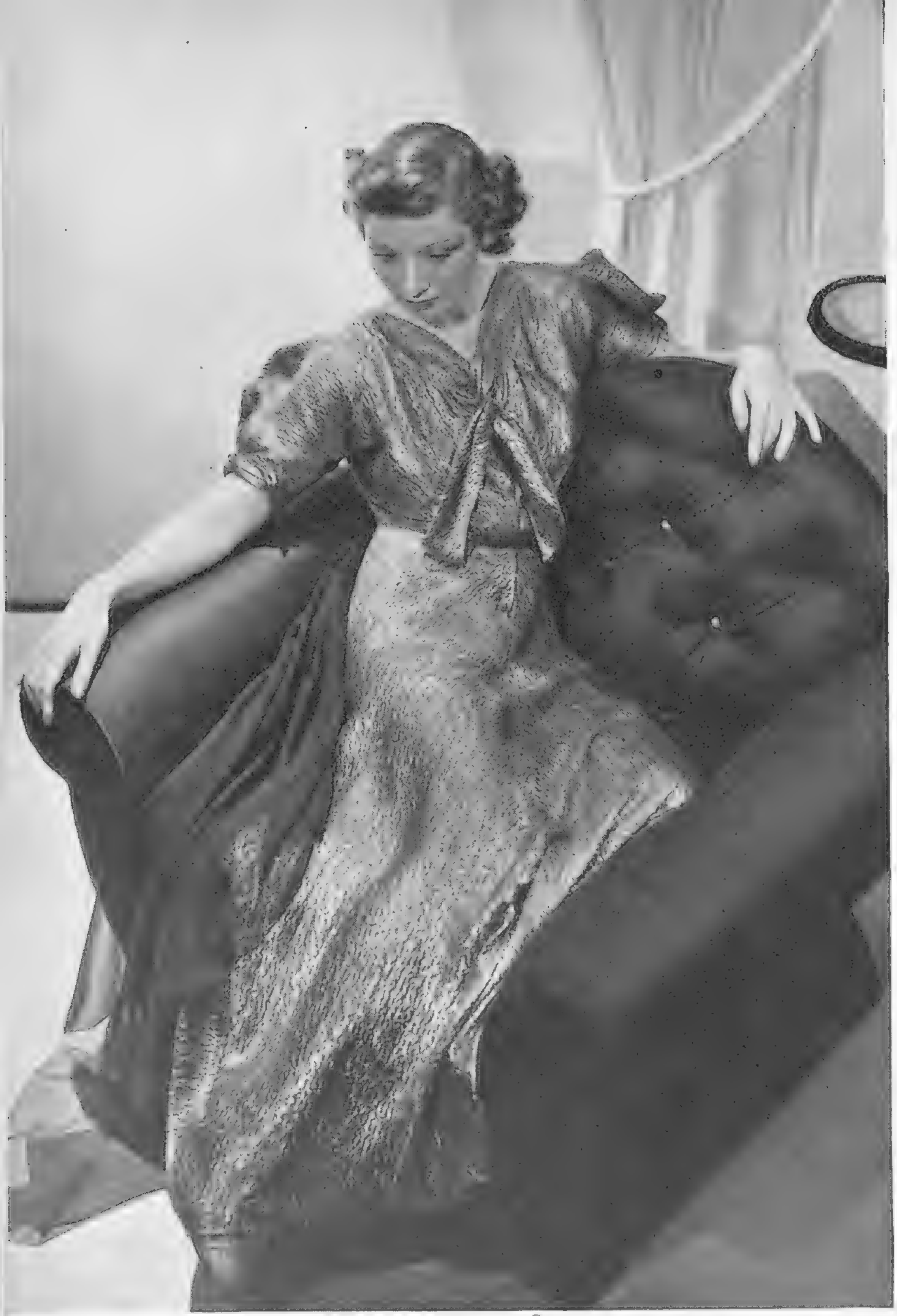
EVERY child in England is familiar with at least an outline of what happened next—the landing of the Norman army, the stumbling and falling of William, the apprehension of the superstitious army, and the dispelling of it by the Duke, who showed them his clenched fists full of sand and cried out that he had grasped England with both hands. Everyone knows of the memorable battle of Hastings, where the English put up such a stubborn resistance, and where Harold proved that, even if he were an ignoble politician, he was nevertheless a fine leader. Equally well known is the incident of the death of Harold, when he fell gloriously on the battlefield, his eye pierced by an arrow. He had inflicted on the Normans the loss of 15,000 men in a single day.

The loss of the great battle of Hastings discouraged the English from any further resistance. The road to London was open, and William lost no time. He knew that the nation was well armed, but

(*Continued on page* 138)



WILLIAM THE CONQUERER being cheered by the crowd after his coronation



Joy Smith, Carlton

EVENINGS

This winter, with every good reason, women are going like mad for lamé. Silver, gold, pewter and copper lamé, flower-patterned lamé, lacquered and iridescent lamé, gleaming and shimmering, born to add glamour and shining beauty to your evenings.

Running lamé close is lustrous crease-resisting velvet, in every known and many unknown colours, ciré satin, which looks stiffly shiny but is actually soft and easy to handle, and our old friend cloqué, made exciting with woven metal threads, raised ciré flowers.

The gorgeous dinner gown in the photograph is silvered lamé, shot with purple blue, a purple blue chiffon sash with flowing ends marking its waist. A twist of the fabric at the neck makes two loops which join the waist. The sleeves are uppish; the back slits to the waist. It comes from Debenham & Freebody, Model Gowns Department.

Greer Garson, who wears the dress, is more fortunate than most women, for she has youth, wit, red hair, high cheek bones, and the leading ingénue part in London's most successful play, "Mademoiselle."

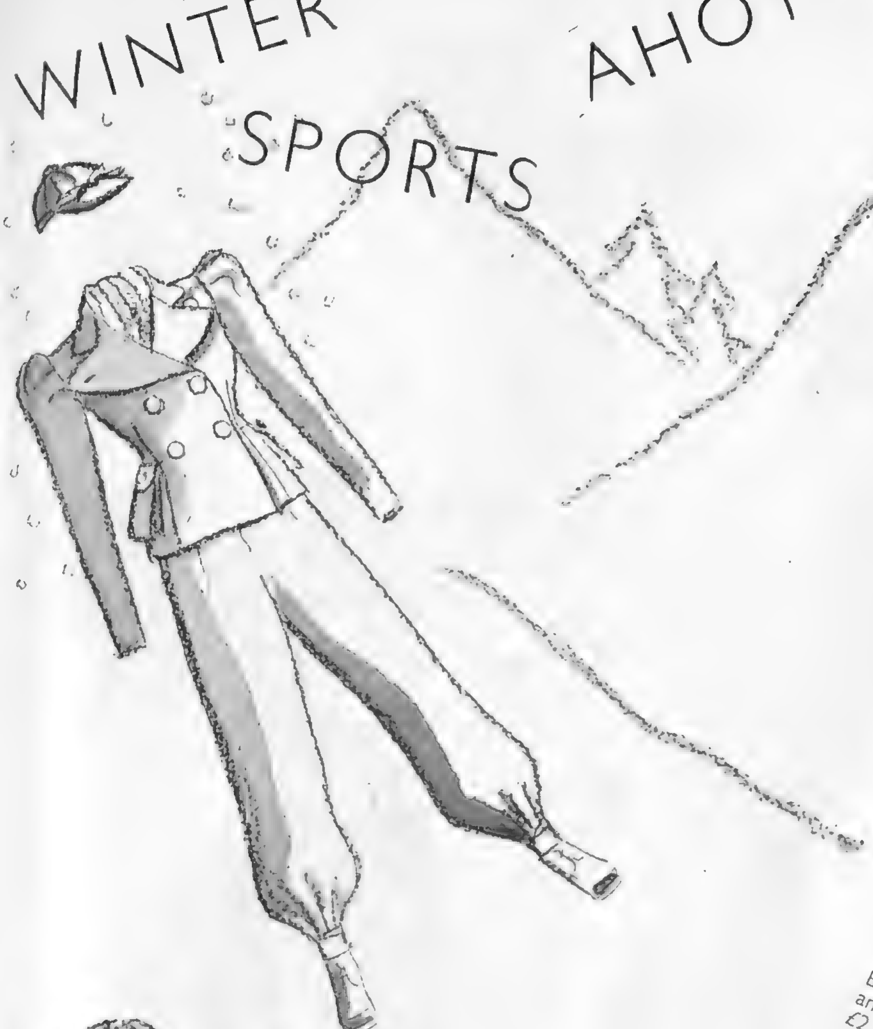
FASHIONS

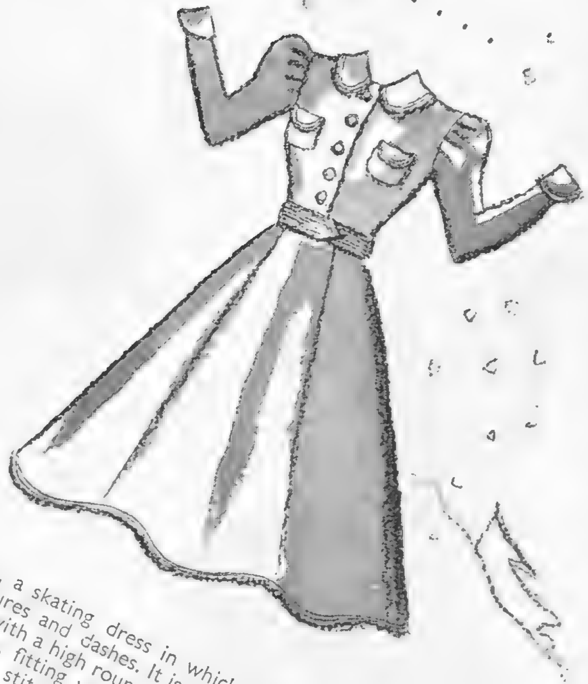
By Jean Burnup

Editor Woman's Department

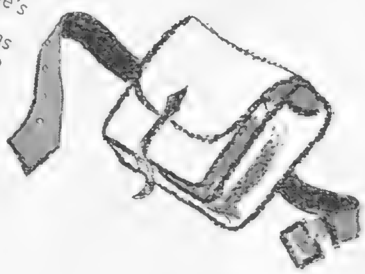
WINTER SPORTS AHOY!

U-RA-LA-EE-TEE . . . .

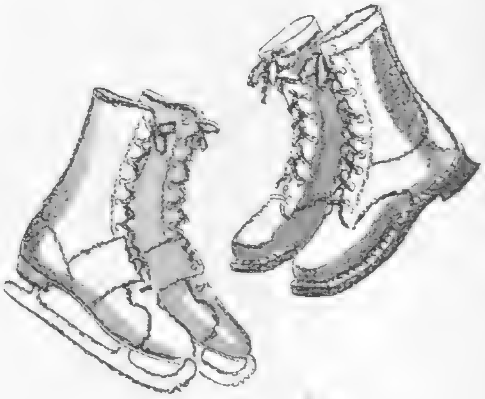




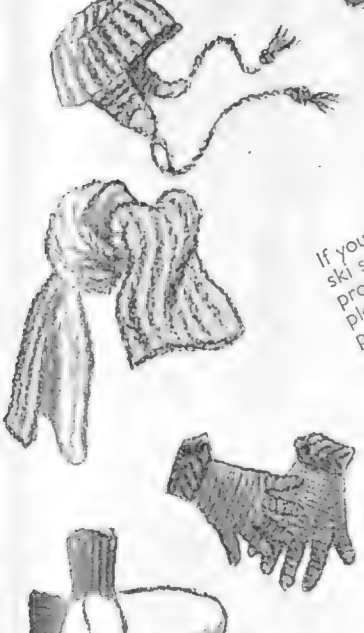
Above, a skating dress in which to cut figures and dashes. It is crimson jersey, with a high round collar, high shoulders, fitting waist, flaring skirt. There is stitching on belt, hem, collar, cuffs. £3.3.0. *Selfridge's*



To the right, the white canvas rucksack, navy bound, attaches to the waist by a navy leather belt. 10/6. *Jaeger*



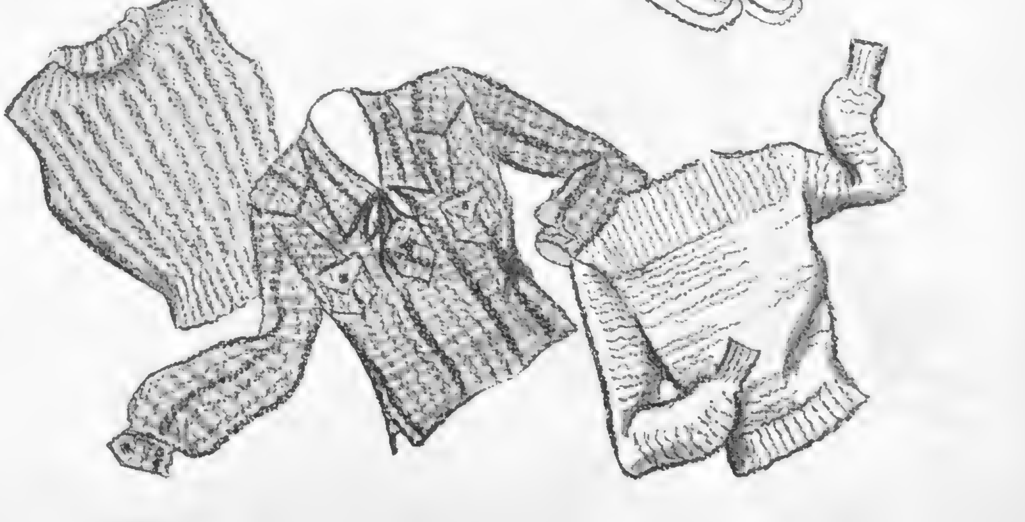
Black, square-toed ski boots, £3.13.6, and hand-stitched skating boots, £2.2.0, obtainable in black or brown. *Burberry*



If you are a ski girl, you will live in this spirited ski suit of bright alpine blue cloth, lined with proofed checked wool. The jacket has a back pleat, high revers, high shoulders, two big pockets, four silver buttons. 12 guineas. *Burberry*

Keep out Swiss winds with the knitted ear-flapped cap on the left, tying under the chin, 7/6; the warm knitted scarf just beneath it, various colours, 12/9; the chrome leather mits at the extreme left, with coloured knitted tops, 12/6. *All from Jaeger.*

The gloves are brown, hand knit, with buttoned gauntlets. 10/6. *Austrian Shop*

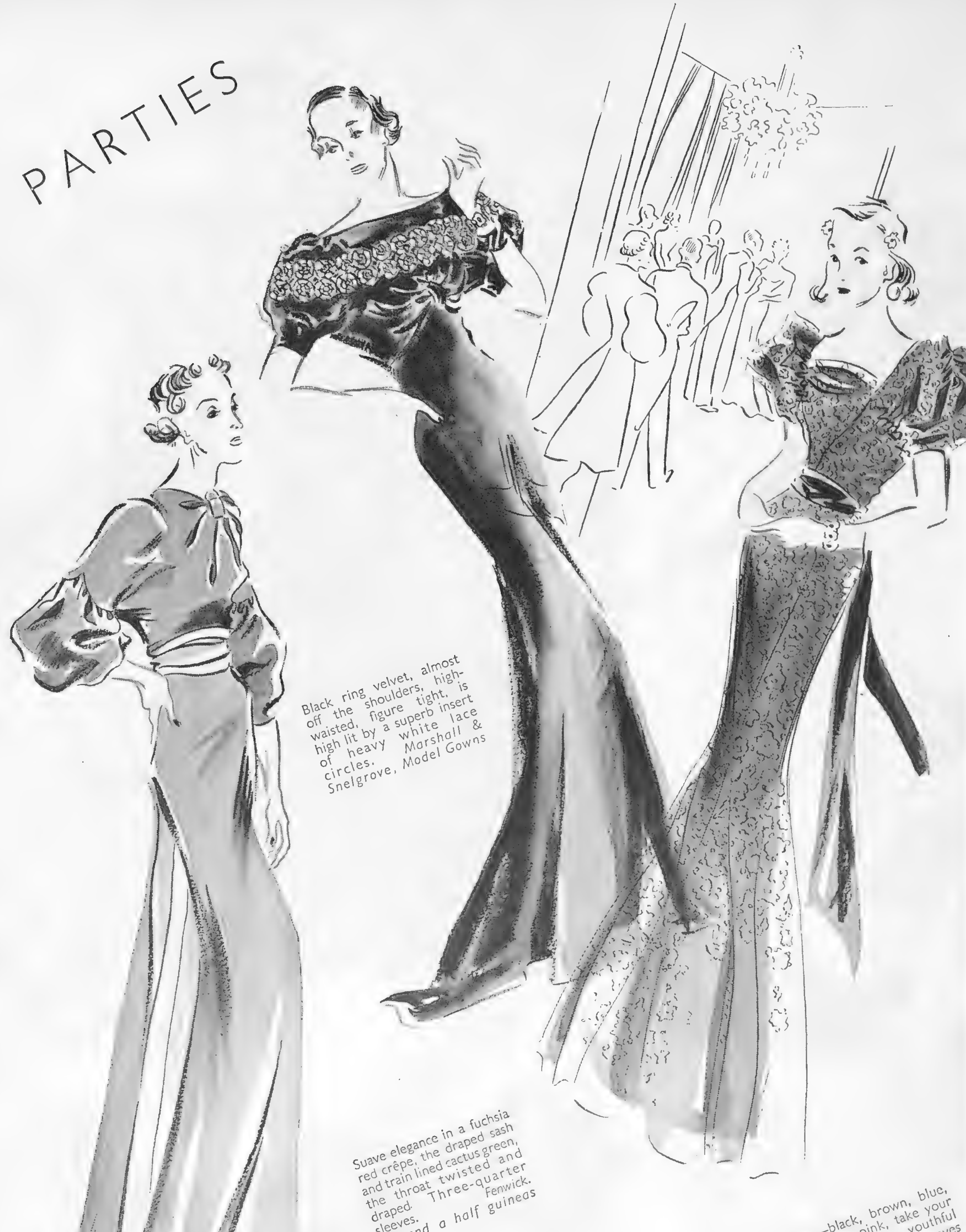


The thick ribbed sleeveless woollen pullover at the right comes in various colours. 21/9. *Jaeger*

The shirt in the centre is hand-woven gossamer, checked wool tying at throat, with two buttoning breast pockets. 35/. *Austrian Shop*

The third woolly is a high-necked lemon cashmir sweater. 21/-. *Burberry*

PARTIES

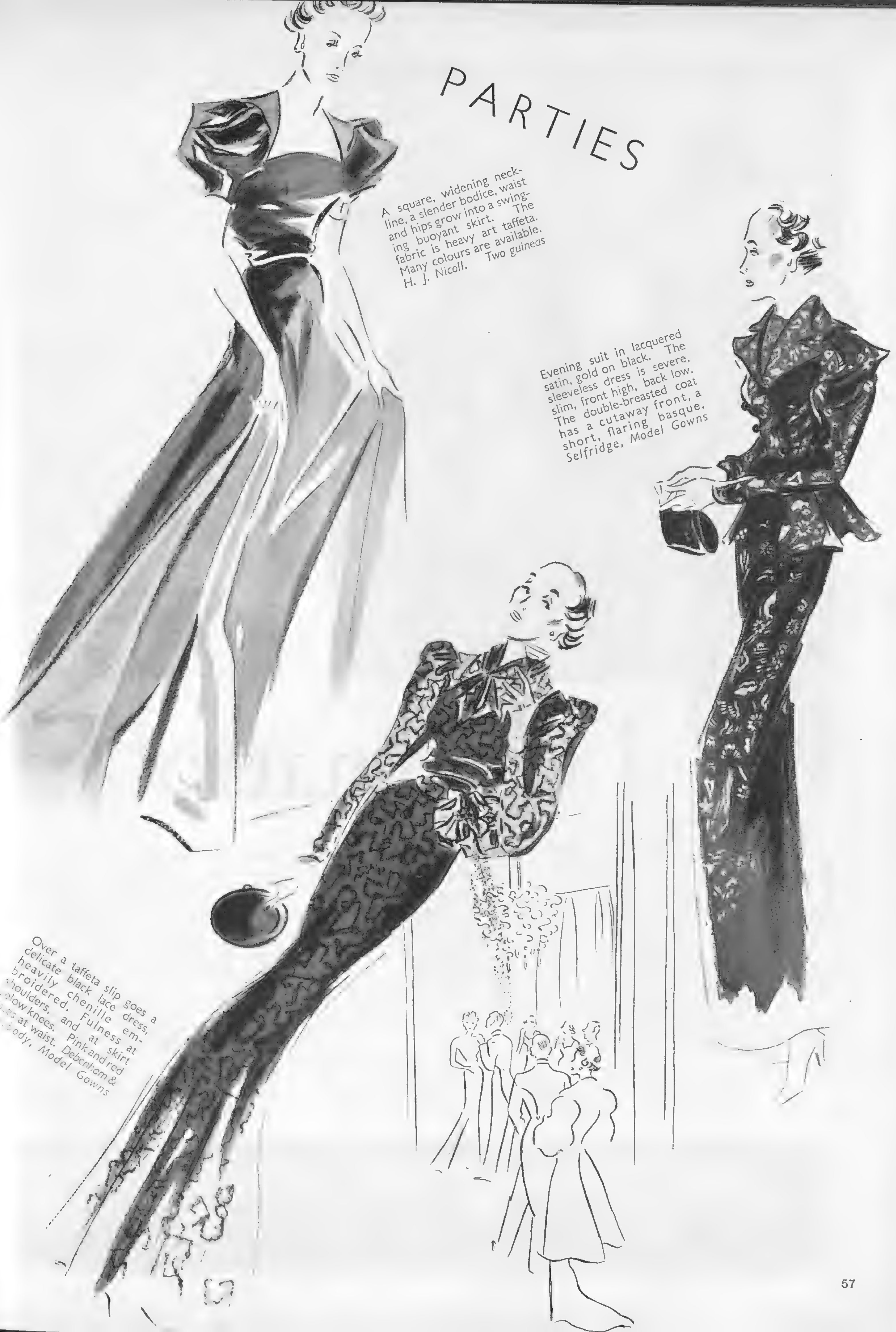


Black ring velvet, almost off the shoulders, high-waisted, figure tight, is high lit by a superb insert of heavy white lace circles. *Marshall & Snelgrove, Model Gowns*

Suave elegance in a fuchsia red crêpe, the draped sash and train lined cactus green, the throat twisted and draped. Three-quarter sleeves. *Fenwick. Six and a half guineas*

Lace—black, brown, blue, sea-green, pink, take your choice—makes a youthful dress with high sleeves adroitly gathered on to a draped bodice. *Marshall & Snelgrove, Debutante Department. Three guineas*

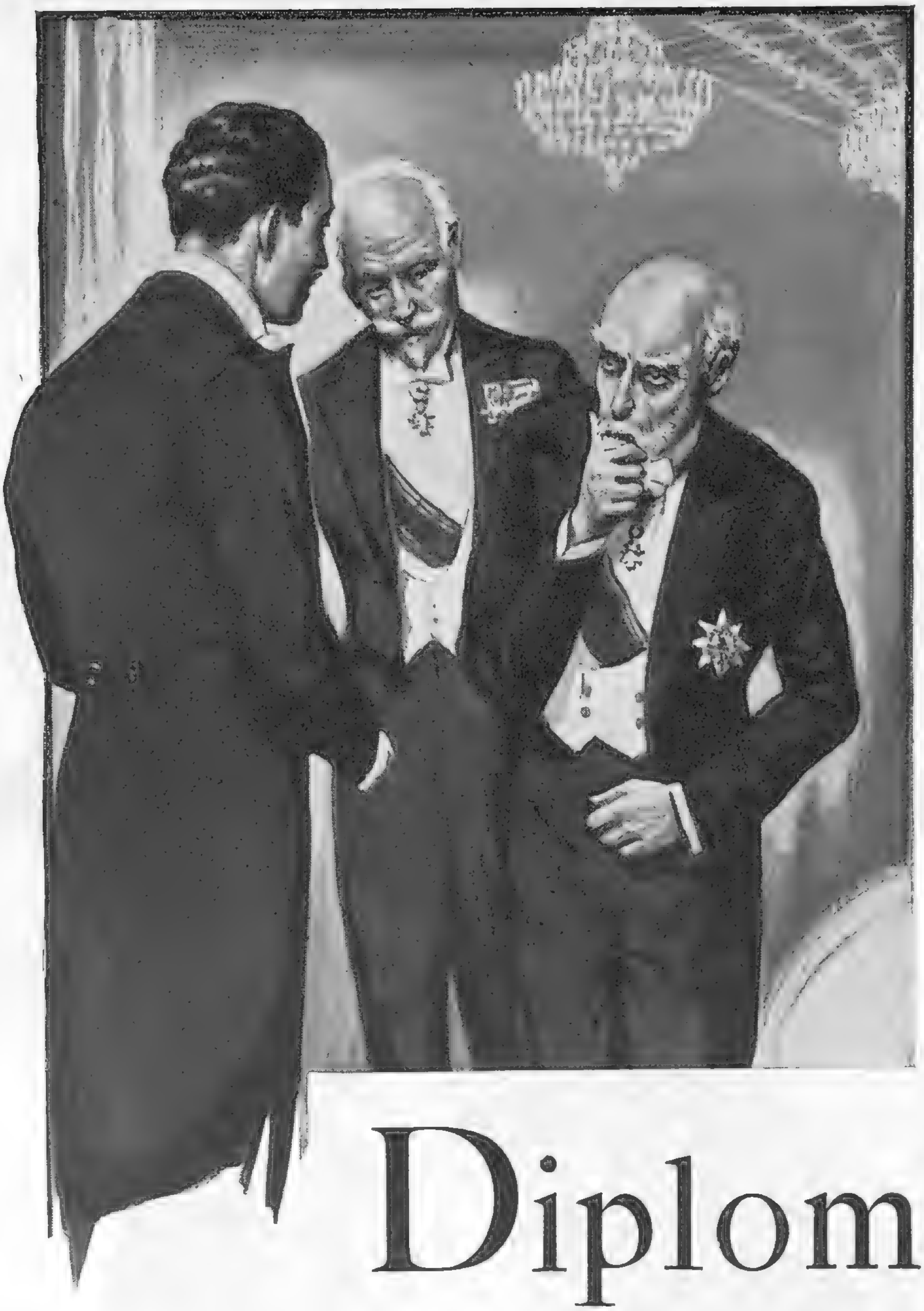
PARTIES



A square, widening neckline, a slender bodice, waist and hips grow into a swinging buoyant skirt. The fabric is heavy art taffeta. Many colours are available. H. J. Nicoll. *Two guineas*

Evening suit in lacquered satin, gold on black. The sleeveless dress is severe, slim, front high, back low. The double-breasted coat has a cutaway front, a short, flaring basque. Selfridge, *Model Gowns*

Over a taffeta slip goes a delicate black lace dress, heavily chenille embroidered. Fulness at shoulders, and at skirt below knees. Pink and red roses at waist. Debenham & Freebody, *Model Gowns*



"I HOPE Mlle. de Maugiron will forgive us," said the Count, "but we must speak to you at once in the library. A crisis has arisen"

Diplomatic In

THE Diplomatic Ball was in full swing. Outmoded tiaras set on cushions of grey hair bobbed sedately against beribboned and bemedalled chests up and down the ballroom of the hotel Doppel-Adler in Vienna. Above the billowing sea of heads a long melancholy face, framed by greying side-whiskers, belonging to the six-foot-four Sundmarkian Minister, Baron Rosenholm, rose like the periscope of a submarine.

Sundmark is one of those Scandinavian countries whose position on the map nobody can ever quite remember, but everybody who had once met him remembered the Sundmarkian Minister—he was such a very distinguished, very elegant and very tired Baron. And his susceptibility to pretty faces, which had betrayed him into a number of unsuitable and quickly-dissolved matches, was notorious, a standing joke, for he seemed constitutionally unable to resist young women such as typists and trained nurses whose work threw them in close daily contact with him. So it was not unnatural that Mr. Rendberg, the Second Secretary, and Count Stebbing, the Councillor, should feel disquieted when Baron Rosenholm approached the buffet where they were concentrating on the champagne and said:

"Gentlemen, I require a governess for my two small daughters who arrive from Sundmark this week. The Chancery must see to it without delay." Having dropped this bombshell the Baron departed in search of a Polish widow he admired.

"This is an appalling catastrophe," said Count Stebbing, a withered little manikin given to staring people out of countenance because somebody had once told him that his glance was magnetic.

"The Baron is single at the moment," said Mr. Rendberg.

"Another one of these unfortunate marriages would discredit us in the eyes of the entire Diplomatic Corps," continued Count Stebbing.

"The Baron must be prevented from making a fool of himself yet once again. For the honour of Sundmark we must save our Minister from temptation by engaging the plainest girl we can find," responded Mr. Rendberg.

"Whom can we entrust with this delicate mission?" asked Count Stebbing.

"Mr. Lindquist!" they both chorused.

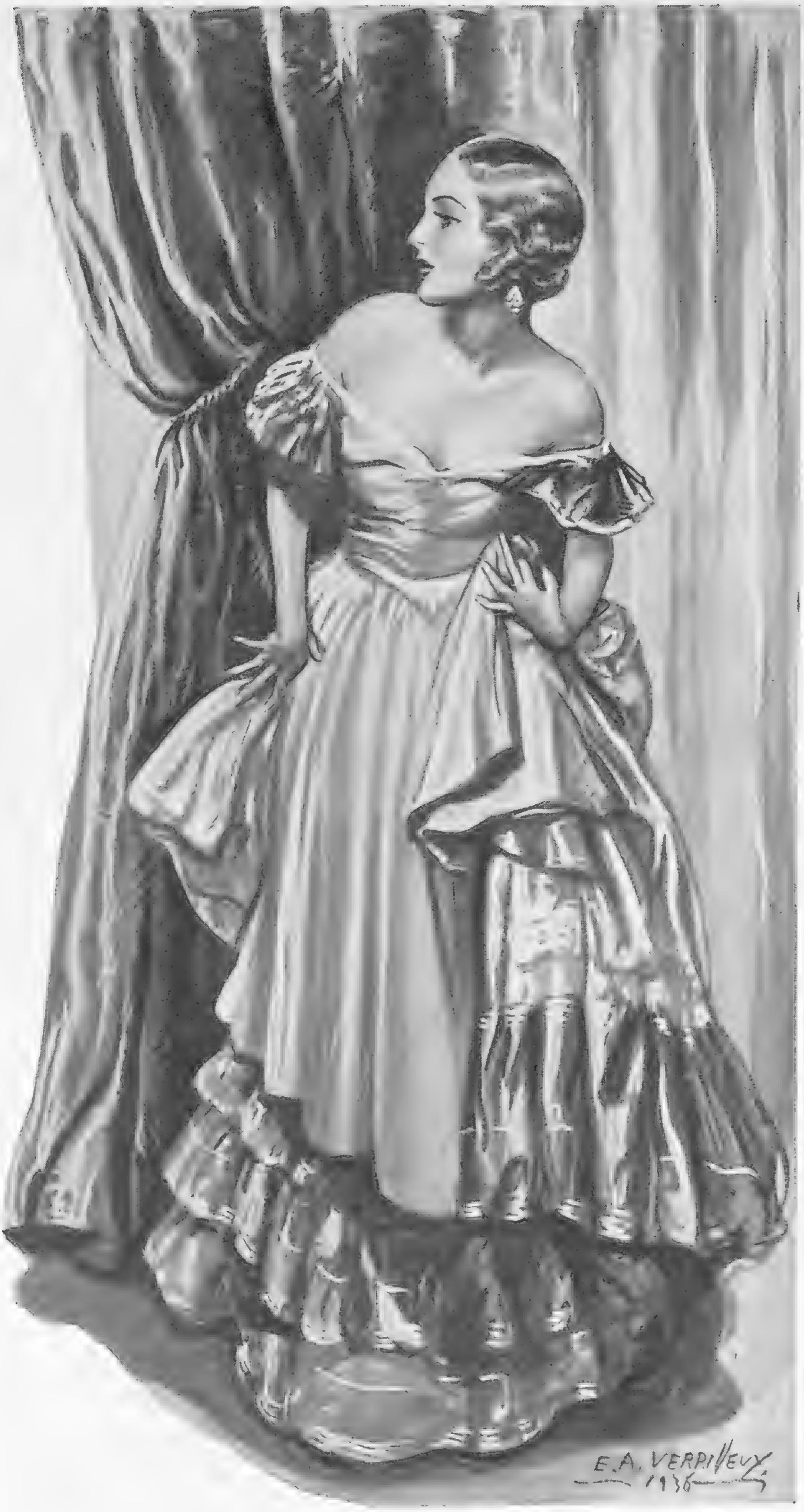
Gunnar Lindquist, youngest attaché of the Sundmarkian Legation, was always given the unpleasant jobs for which nobody else cared to take the responsibility. Handsome, in an aloof Nordic way, he carried himself very erect and moved with a curious stiffness as though somehow he had fewer joints than other people. Catty Mr. Rendberg suspected him of having swallowed an umbrella at some period or other of his life. He worked hard, and, as a matter of course, Baron Rosenholm took the credit for anything particularly clever he might do; he knew his place and avoided shining either in the Chancery of the Legation or at the Minister's dinners, for that would have been presumption on his part. Diplomatic training had intensified his natural inclination to pompousness and extreme caution. This trait in his character acted as a spur to his fiancée Sylvie de Maugiron's impish sense of humour.

All unconscious of the complications about to descend on him, Gunnar was engaged in a rapturous waltz with Sylvie. The old-fashioned three-time beat suited his precise style of dancing. Syncopated rhythms necessitating a certain looseness at the knees defeated him, and so he avoided jazz, declaring it uncivilised. As a rule he held his partners at arm's length, but gradually the distance between himself and Sylvie had lessened until the white lace crinoline her grandmother

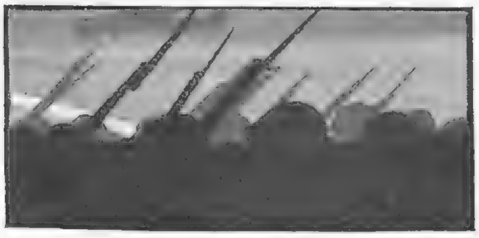
cident

By Sonia Converse

Illustrated by E. A. Verpilleux



FROM Count Stebbing's and Mr. Rendberg's perturbed miens, Sylvie concluded that a European war at least must be impending



might have worn to pose for Winterhalter billowed around his ankles. Sylvie de Maugiron bore one of the oldest names in France, and could be looked upon as the perfect bride for an ambitious young diplomat. Yet, in spite of his over-readiness to calculate and weigh every action, worldly considerations had counted for exactly nothing in Gunnar Lindquist's mind when he proposed to her one summer afternoon in a green alley of the Prater. And now as he danced he could only think of Sylvie's face, so like a pansy in shape, of her skin velvety as the petals of that same flower, of her dark, soft-swinging hair and sweet short-sighted eyes. That Sylvie should actually love him seemed unbelievable — an enchanting miracle.

Count Stebbing's tap on his shoulder came as a most unwelcome interruption. "I hope Mademoiselle de Maugiron will forgive us," said the Count, "but we must speak to you at once in the library. A crisis has arisen."

From Count Stebbing's and Mr. Rendberg's perturbed miens Sylvie concluded that a European war at least must be impending, and as Gunnar reluctantly followed them she was seized with a sudden desire to emulate the beautiful woman spy of novels and films who never has any difficulty in finding out such secrets. She slipped along the terrace leading off from the ballroom. The French windows to the library stood conveniently open and she hid behind the curtains.

"The Minister requires a governess," Count Stebbing was saying.

"But surely Baron Rosenholm is neither young enough nor old enough to need a governess," said Gunnar.

"Not for himself—for his daughters. As you are well aware, Baron Rosenholm feels irresistibly impelled to lead any presentable young woman in his employ to the altar," said Mr. Rendberg.

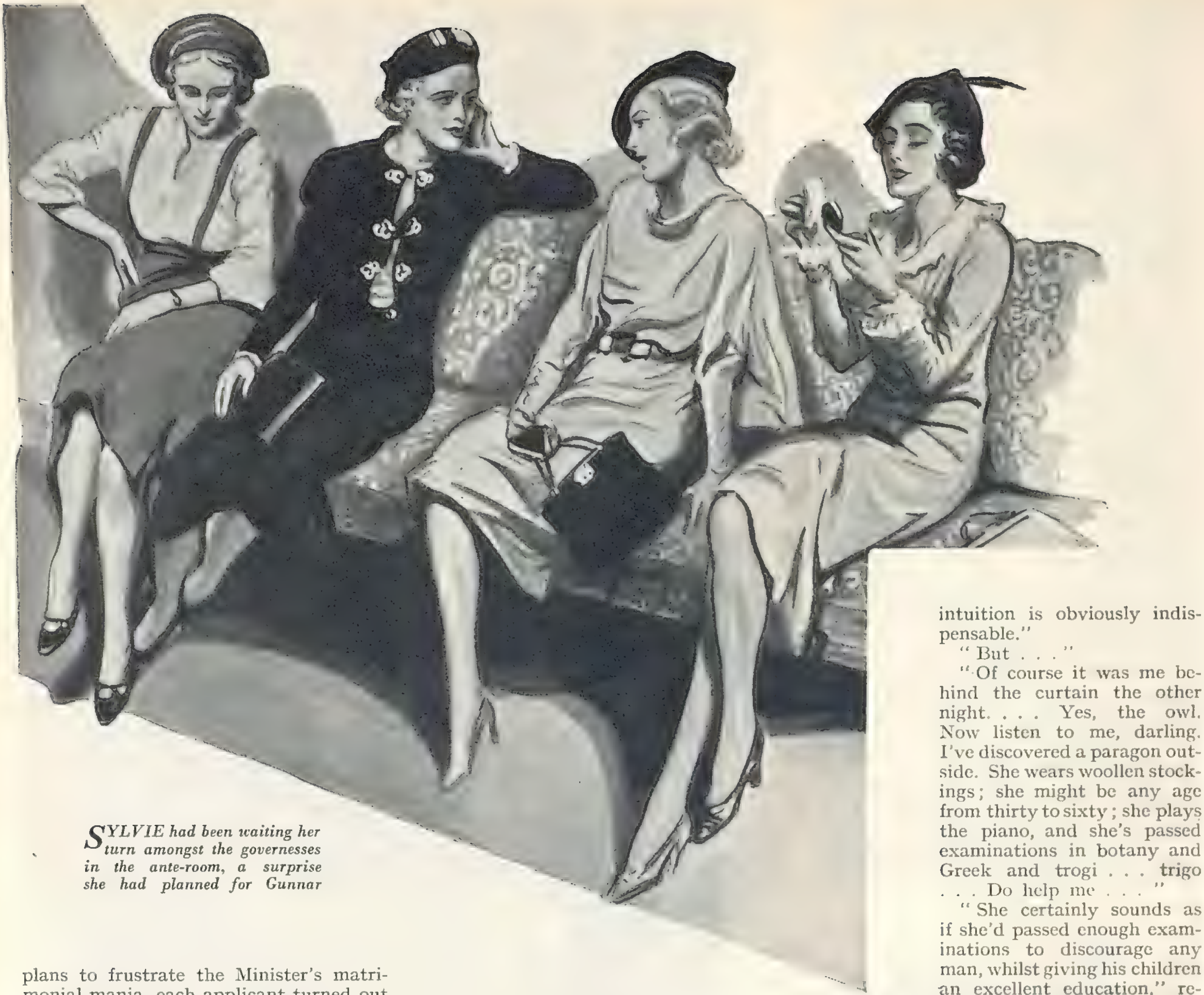
"So therefore we should try to find a woman who is neither young nor presentable," said Gunnar.

"Exactly, Mr. Lindquist, exactly. You have reached the same conclusion as we did . . ." said Count Stebbing. "What was that peculiar noise?"

"An owl in the garden, no doubt, or a night-jar," volunteered Gunnar.

Choking her laughter Sylvie fled into the bushes.

THIS conference resulted in a busy morning for Gunnar at the Chancery. Prospective governesses crowded the ante-room, but as if Fate were cocking a perverse snook at the carefully laid



SYLVIE had been waiting her turn amongst the governesses in the ante-room, a surprise she had planned for Gunnar

plans to frustrate the Minister's matrimonial mania, each applicant turned out to be more seductive than the last. "I might just as well be engaging a beauty chorus!" Gunnar complained to Count Stebbing after the third or fourth interview. His entire day's routine had been disorganised; cipher books, urgent telegrams to be decoded, and unfinished reports littered his desk, and the headache consequent upon having left the Diplomatic Ball in the small hours was not helping his concentration. He swallowed an aspirin and fell to thinking of Sylvie.

What was she doing at the moment, he wondered. Still sleeping, dark curls outflung over the pillow? A delightful picture to dwell on, though Gunnar had quite made up his mind that when they were married Sylvie must be trained to rise early and pour out his coffee at the breakfast table. Or shopping for her trousseau? Of what such shopping might consist Gunnar had only the vaguest notion. Ribbons, probably. He remembered neat piles of white cambric laced with pink and blue bows on his mother's shelves. Yes, dear Sylvie was undoubtedly buying ribbons.

Actually, during the past half-hour Sylvie had been waiting her turn amongst the governesses in the ante-room, a surprise she had planned for Gunnar. To pass the time she entered into conversation with an earnest spinster who introduced herself as Ebba Krantz, inquired into Sylvie's qualifications for the post, and expressed great indignation when Sylvie admitted to knowing nothing whatever about trigonometry, Greek, or the more Freudian aspects of child psychology. Ebba Krantz herself had taken honours in all these subjects and could also teach music and singing. "Perhaps botany is your special subject?" she asked, noticing that Sylvie carried an enormous bunch of primroses. "I'm very good at arranging flowers," answered Sylvie, and Ebba Krantz angrily protested that it was disgraceful to seek a job in such a frivolous spirit.

In his office the harassed Gunnar said: "Next, please," and a servant announced "Miss Pumpenstenkel."

"You must have heard wrong," he said impatiently. "People don't have names like that."

"They do," said Sylvie appearing in a sunburst of primroses. "I got it out of the telephone directory."

"Sylvie!" exclaimed Gunnar. Although he had been deep in tender thoughts of his fiancée a visit from Sylvie in person was a breach of Chancery etiquette which horrified him. "Do, please, go," he begged, "before Baron Rosenholm finds you here. You don't understand, little darling. I am having a particularly trying time this morning."

"Indeed I understand. You're looking for a plain governess. In fact I've come because in this matter my feminine intuition is obviously indispensable."

"But . . ."

"Of course it was me behind the curtain the other night. . . . Yes, the owl. Now listen to me, darling. I've discovered a paragon outside. She wears woollen stockings; she might be any age from thirty to sixty; she plays the piano, and she's passed examinations in botany and Greek and trogi . . . trigo . . . Do help me . . ."

"She certainly sounds as if she'd passed enough examinations to discourage any man, whilst giving his children an excellent education," reflected Gunnar.

"Then will you kiss me?" Sylvie sat down on his desk and flung her arms round his neck, deftly managing to stick a few primroses in his hair as he complied with her request.

When Ebba Krantz was ushered in she was confronted by the startling spectacle of a young attaché garlanded like Nick Bottom the Weaver and her acquaintance of the ante-room unconventionally dangling a pair of slim silken legs from the edge of his desk. She darted a look of pure hatred at Sylvie. "Get up!" hissed Gunnar and Sylvie slid off her perch scattering cipher books and telegrams to the floor.

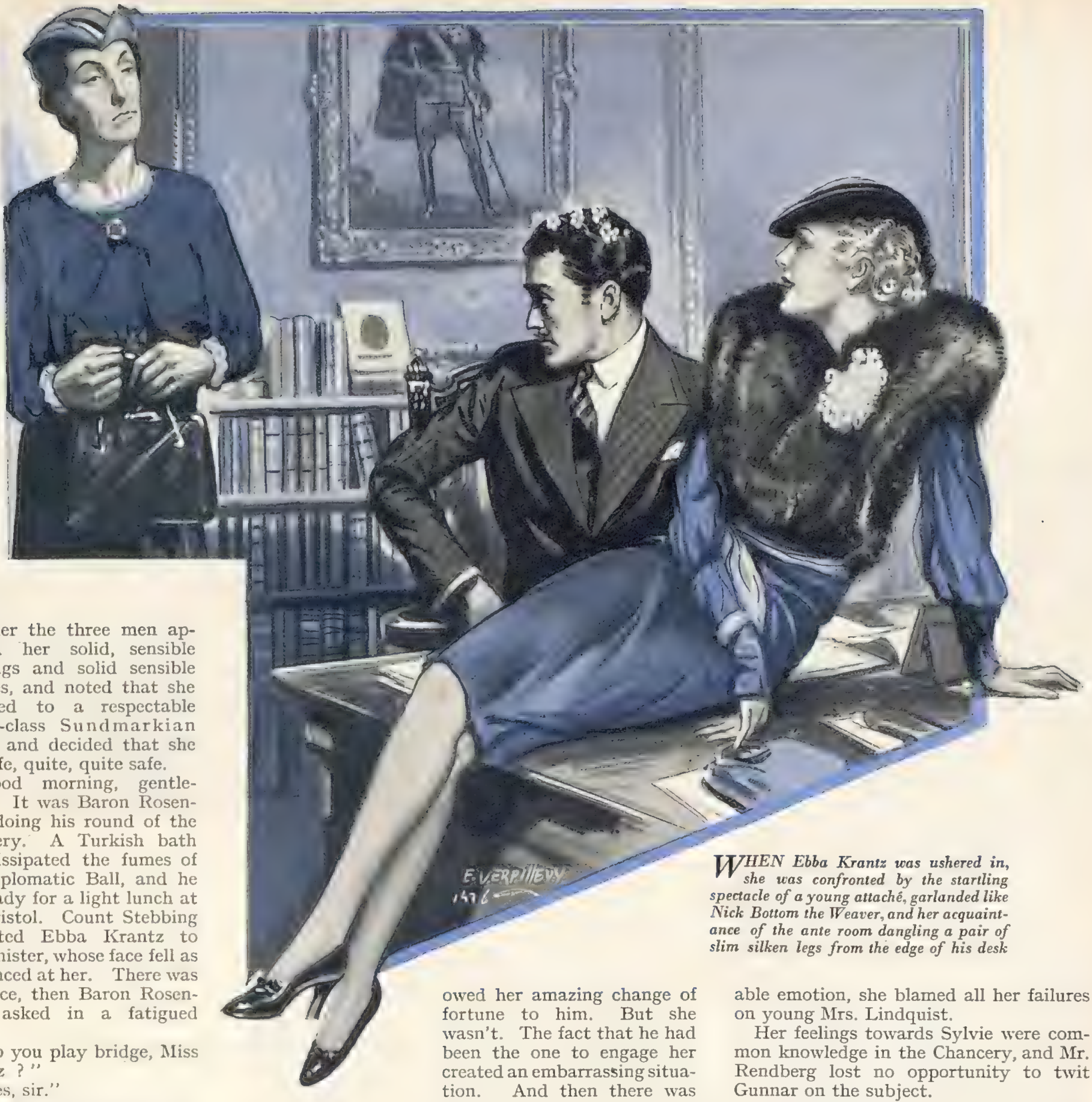
"Oh, Miss Krantz, this is Mademoiselle de Maugiron, my fiancée," said Gunnar to cover up an awkward pause.

"Congratulations." Ebba Krantz's face clearly conveyed her impression that Sylvie was an adventuress who had worked fast.

"Thank you," smiled Sylvie. "Perhaps I should explain that this is not the first time Mr. Lindquist and I have met."

"And now, my darling, if you would be kind enough to leave us . . ." prompted Gunnar. Sylvie left.

Five minutes' talk with Ebba Krantz convinced Gunnar that she was the ideal person for his purpose, but he took the precaution of summoning Mr. Rendberg and Count Stebbing to give their approval.



WHEN Ebba Krantz was ushered in, she was confronted by the startling spectacle of a young attaché, garlanded like Nick Bottom the Weaver, and her acquaintance of the ante room dangling a pair of slim silken legs from the edge of his desk

Together the three men appraised her solid, sensible stockings and solid sensible features, and noted that she belonged to a respectable middle-class Sundmarkian family and decided that she was safe, quite, quite safe.

" Good morning, gentlemen." It was Baron Rosenholm doing his round of the Chancery. A Turkish bath had dissipated the fumes of the Diplomatic Ball, and he felt ready for a light lunch at the Bristol. Count Stebbing presented Ebba Krantz to the Minister, whose face fell as he glanced at her. There was a silence, then Baron Rosenholm asked in a fatigued voice :

" Do you play bridge, Miss Krantz ? "

" Yes, sir."

" Good." He looked at her with renewed interest. " You must initiate me into the mysteries of Culbertson some evening. I'm afraid my game is sadly old-fashioned. Mr. Lindquist, will you arrange about Miss Krantz's room and the transportation of her luggage ? "

" Yes, sir."

" And, Mr. Lindquist. . . ." Something unusual in his subordinate's appearance had just struck the Baron.

" Yes, sir."

" Might I venture to suggest that your buttonhole would be a more appropriate place for primroses than your hair ? "

PROXIMITY proved too much for the Baron, and within three months he fooled his well-meaning colleagues by making Ebba Krantz the latest Baroness Rosenholm. The Sundmarkian Legation was plunged into consternation, but the rest of the world went round as before. A more popular wedding was that of Sylvie de Maugiron and Gunnar Lindquist, who were married with great pomp and ceremony in St. Stephen's Cathedral.

Ebba Krantz, become Ministress, should have been grateful to Gunnar since she owed her amazing change of fortune to him. But she wasn't. The fact that he had been the one to engage her created an embarrassing situation. And then there was Sylvie.

All the other members of the Legation were bachelors or else married to suitably dull wives. Amongst these barnyard fowls Sylvie flitted the light-hearted irresponsible course of an exotic humming-bird. Sylvie was the darling, the spoilt baby of the Diplomatic Corps, and she could no more help charming everyone she encountered than she could help breathing —everyone, that is to say, excepting Baroness Rosenholm, in whose side Sylvie's success was a perpetual thorn. The Baroness had put higher mathematics and dead languages behind her; her woollen stockings had given way to expensive clothes, in which she never managed to look anything but over-dressed, and she had developed a burning ambition to become a social leader. She gave musical parties at which she alarmed her guests by rising and bursting into the Mad Song from " Lucia di Lammermoor," and found it extremely galling that she should only be asked to big formal parties in virtue of her rank, whilst Sylvie went to the far more flattering intimate little entertainments in the same houses. Jealousy being essentially an unreasonable emotion, she blamed all her failures on young Mrs. Lindquist.

Her feelings towards Sylvie were common knowledge in the Chancery, and Mr. Rendberg lost no opportunity to twit Gunnar on the subject.

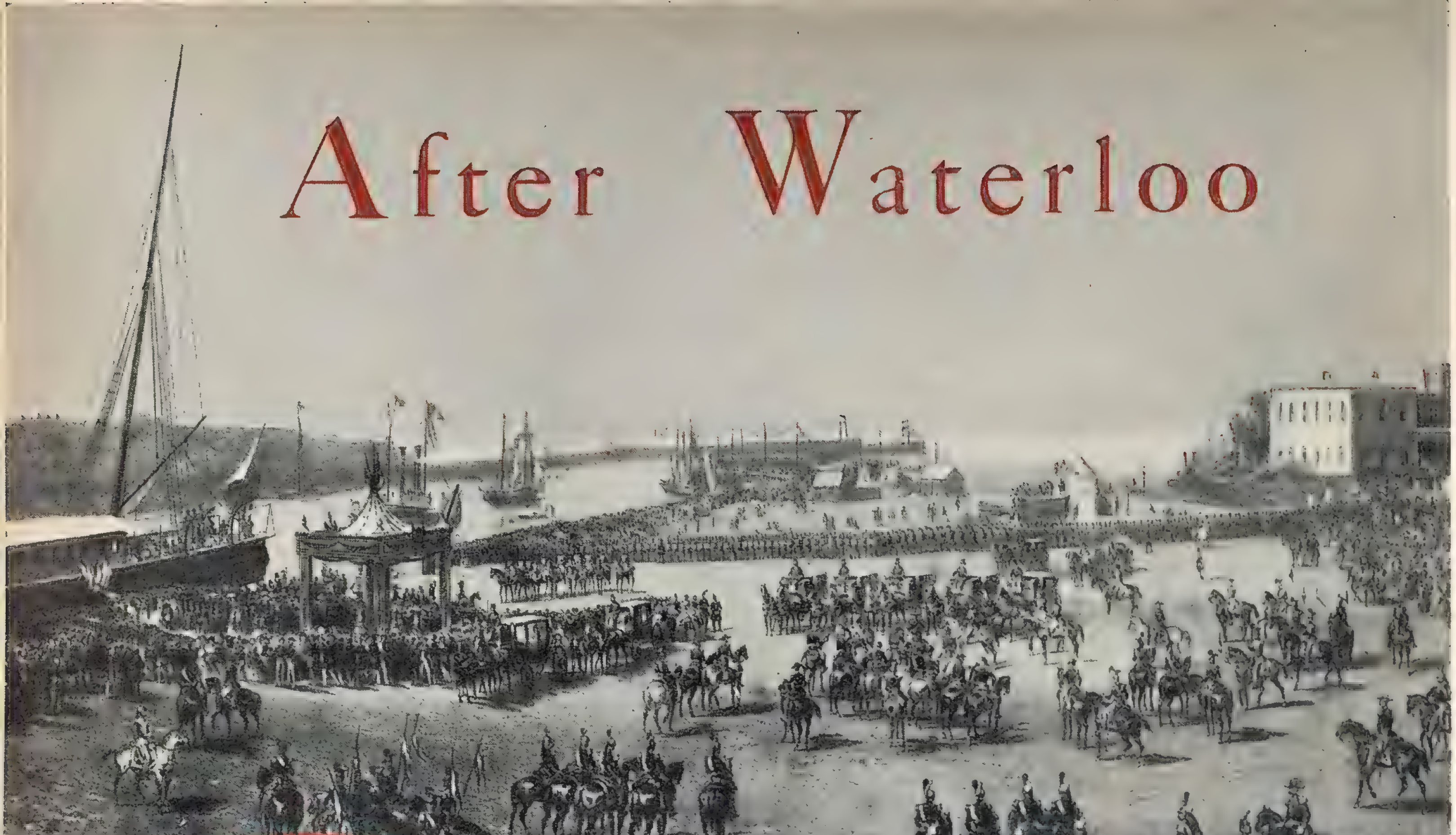
" To think that a few months ago Baroness Rosenholm was only too glad of a governess's job, and now she wants to be known as a cross between Madame Recamier and Grace Moore. Too bad, too bad for you. . . ."

" What do you mean, too bad for me ? " asked Gunnar, knowing perfectly well what Mr. Rendberg meant.

" You made a great mistake when you married a girl who is more attractive and of far better birth than your Minister's wife," said Mr. Rendberg. " And that apartment of yours ? A little on the large side, isn't it ? "

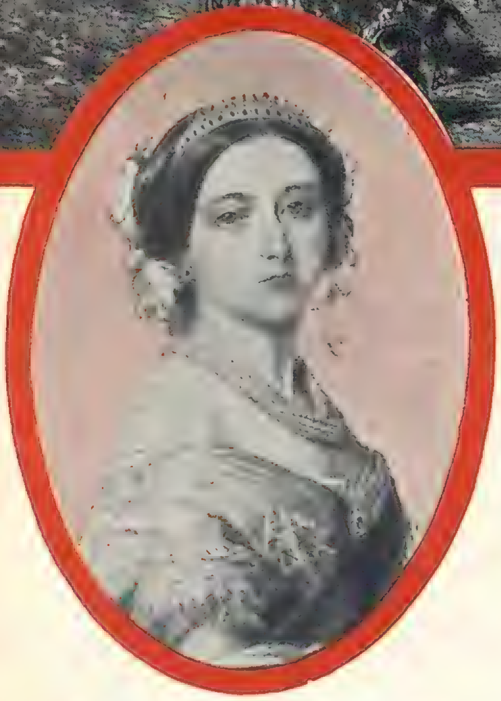
The Lindquists occupied the second floor of an historical palace converted into apartments, a succession of lofty rooms all rococo panellings and crystal-dripping chandeliers, vast expanses of parquet offering an irresistible invitation to the waltz, and tall porcelain stoves curving upwards to cassetted ceilings. Gunnar would have preferred something more modest in a less fashionable street; he feared that all these splendours might be considered too ostentatious for a mere attaché. But Sylvie, who loved light and space and gracious surroundings and getting her own (*Continued on page* 141)

After Waterloo



A reconstructed page of history which, although to-day forgotten, may have had very considerable influence on the history of Europe from 1855 to 1914

By Harry J. Greenwall



A PORTRAIT *of Queen Victoria painted in the year* 1855 *by* Winterhalter

A BLUE taffetas dress in a show-case in the Château de Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, has a small inscription. It states that the robe is one worn by Queen Victoria when she visited Paris in August, 1855.

1855. Forty years after Waterloo, forty years of hatred and talk of revenge—all blown away into nothing by a smiling, tripping, gracious matron of thirty-five who had the courage to go to Paris and, with her tact and *flair* for doing the right thing at the right moment, conquered the hearts of hundreds of thousands of Parisians.

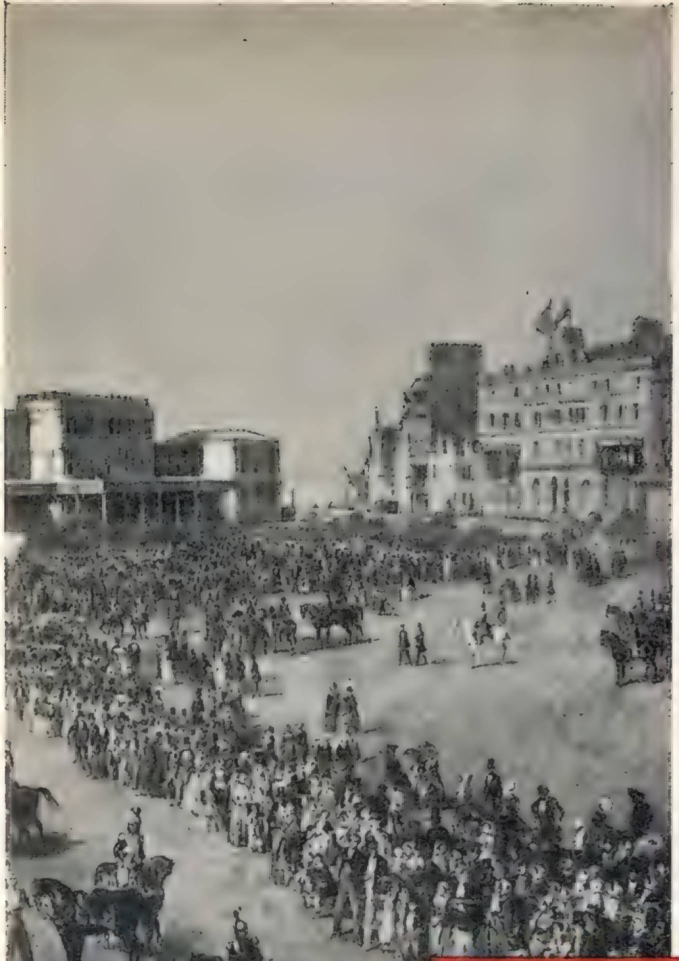
Sir Richard Wallace—the most famous of Anglo-Parisians and an intimate of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose star crashed to earth on the Battlefield of Waterloo—kept a diary of those great days, and it has been my privilege to reconstruct a page of history which, although to-day forgotten, may have had very considerable influence on the history of Europe from 1855 to 1914. When Queen Victoria landed at Boulogne that hot August day, there were with her the Prince Consort and the Royal Children; Albert Edward, the eldest son, was a boy of fourteen. The future author of the Entente Cordiale, which paved the way for the Franco-British Alliance, was old enough to understand the great work of reconstruction his mother had undertaken. Maybe those few days in Paris, when he saw hate transformed into respect, sowed the seeds of a policy which the future King Edward VII made his life's work.

In 1855 there was held a Paris Exhibition. It was chosen as a peg on which to hang the English Royal Visit. The development of railways had begun, and the first excursionists in organised bands were making their appearance in Paris. For forty years, relations between England and France had been of the coolest description. The only English visitors to Paris were commercial gentlemen who, even if they did relax in the evenings for enjoyment, were supposed to be only on business bent. Nobody spoke English, or at least all pretended not to do so, and Sir Richard bears testimony to the vile French his compatriots spoke.

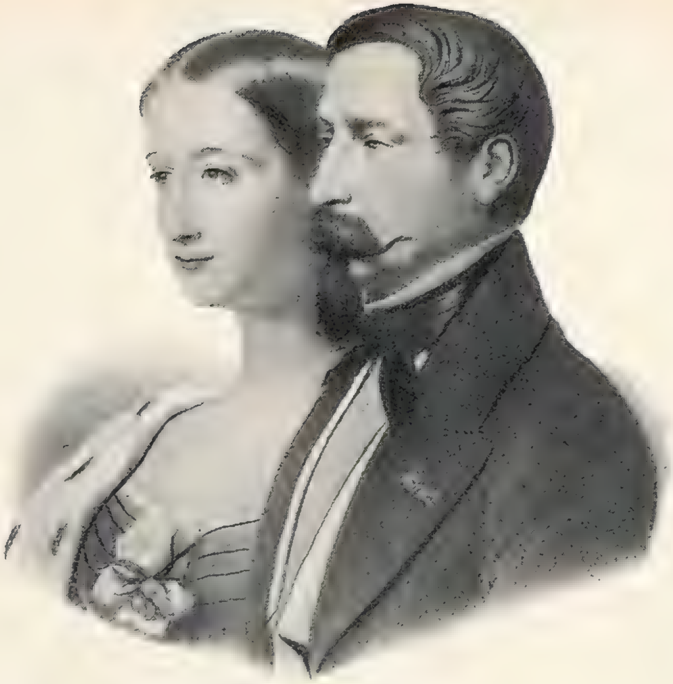
French visitors to England were extremely scarce, but Sir Richard notes the remark of a witty Frenchman who, when he saw the statue of Wellington outside Apsley House, said: "Now, and only now, has the revenge really begun."

The French were still thinking and talking revenge when the way for the royal visit to Paris was paved by the arrival at the Exhibition of the Lord Mayor of London and a delegation of the Aldermen and Sheriffs. The King of Portugal also visited Paris, and was royally received, but these visits were merely the prologue to what the Emperor stated was the greatest event of his reign.

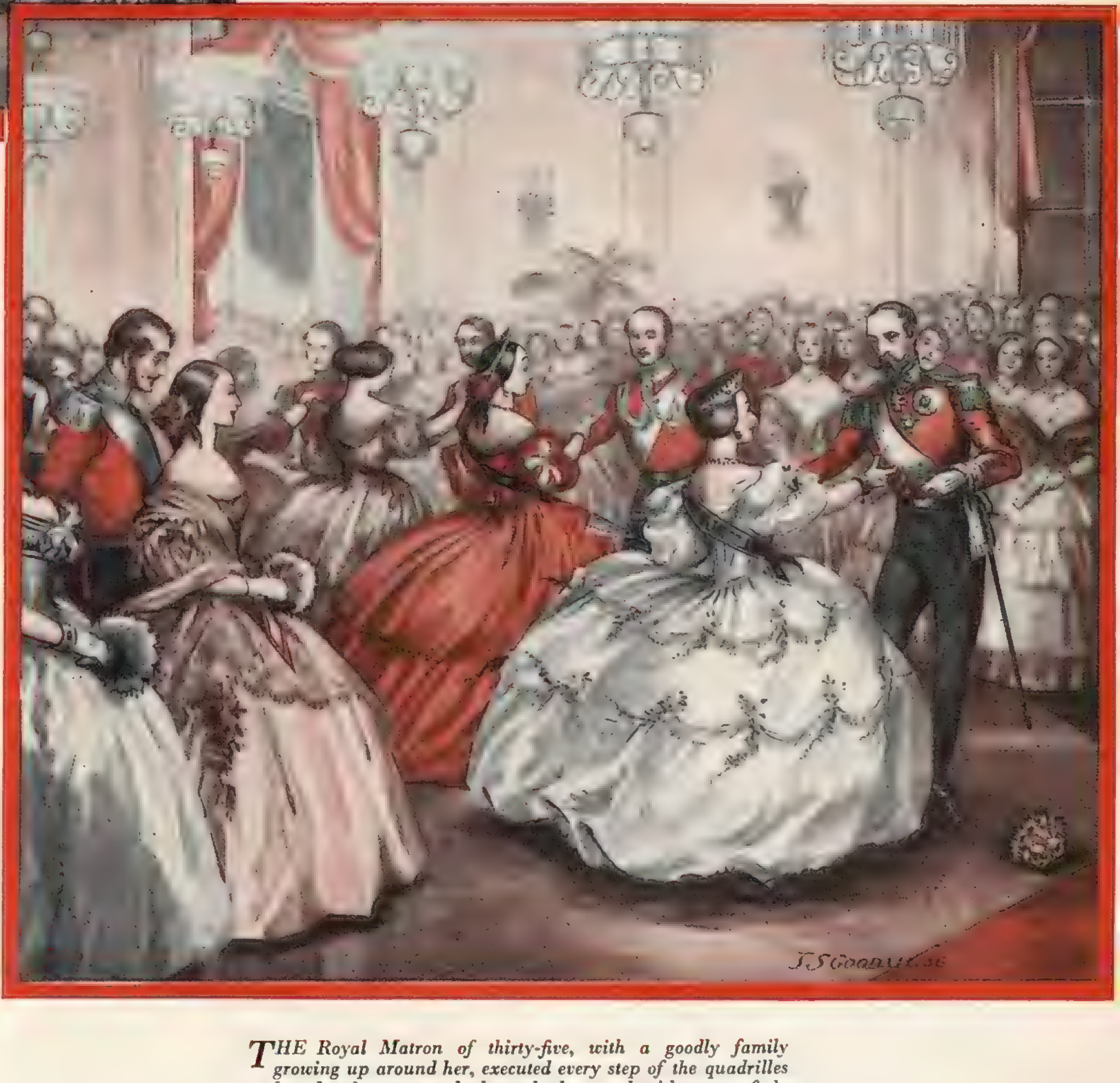
The Emperor and the Empress were staying at Eaux-Bonnes. The Emperor returned to Paris alone at the end of July to supervise personally every detail of the programme for the Queen's visit.



THE arrival of the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert" at Boulogne harbour, on Saturday, August 18th, 1855. A reproduction from an engraving (made from a photograph of the occasion) by orders of the French Government



PORTRAITS of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie painted in 1855



THE Royal Matron of thirty-five, with a goodly family growing up around her, executed every step of the quadrilles as her dancing master had taught her, and with none of the listlessness that was supposed to be the "correct thing"

On Friday, the 17th of August, the Emperor Louis Napoleon went from Paris to Boulogne to meet Queen Victoria. With him went Sir Richard Wallace. The royal yacht was not in sight, and the Emperor was informed that owing to the heavy tonnage the yacht would not be able to enter the harbour except at high tide, which would be at 1 p.m. on the Saturday.

The Emperor impatiently arranged the details for the landing. Boulogne was crowded. Attic rooms were being let at 35s. a night. Sir Richard notes: "Commend me to the French hotel proprietor for fleecing you in cold blood."

Early on Saturday morning the Emperor went to the camp occupied by the troops under the command of Marshal Baraguey d'Hilliers. The troops had taken up their positions all the way from Wimereux, on the right, (*Continued on page* 112)

Broadway Beauty

SHE was a star supreme in that dazzling galaxy of beauty—the Glorified Show Girls of Broadway. All warm white skin and limpid blue eyes and golden hair where the sun nestled and roamed no more. And a figure—oh, baby!

That's what the stage manager had said after he looked her up and down with an expert survey that saw through the sleazy silk dress and underlying strata of rayon to the perfect contours beneath.

"You're the goods, baby!" he exclaimed, with a sharp intake of breath. "Wait over there—by yourself." He then turned to the girl next in line. "And you, sweetheart, go home. We can't use you or any of the rest of you. Scram, all of you!"

The radiance of Mona Brennan had blinded him to whatever qualifications subsequent applicants possessed. Mona did that to other girls. They faded into insignificance beside her.

He dashed triumphantly into the producer's private office. He had discovered the perfect show piece, the girl gem without a flaw.

"Gosh!" he shouted, "what a find—an eyeful—a peacherino, but dumb as hell! Can't walk, can't talk, can't do a damn thing, but a knock-out. Come quick—look her over."

Mona was not as dumb as the stage manager had described her. She was smart enough to know that if she depended upon her brains to earn a living she'd starve to death. She saw herself as nothing more than a girl to whom Nature had given a lucky break. She realised her beauty was her only asset. She resolved to capitalise it to the utmost. Nothing would pay her as much.

She needed money for herself and three younger Brennans, deserted some weeks before by a ne'er-do-well father, who left nothing behind him but a case of empty gin bottles and a pile of unpaid bills. That's all the stage meant to Mona, just bread and butter and clothes. She had neither talent for it, love for it, nor ambition to become a celebrity upon it.

Her legs weren't dancing legs. They were singularly rigid for ones of such symmetrical proportions. Endless coaching and endless practice failed to limber them. She couldn't sing and she couldn't act. All she could do was to pose on the stage draped in gorgeous, gleaming costumes or undraped to the verge of nudity, a vision of such loveliness that audiences gasped with awe that anything so perfect could exist in human form.

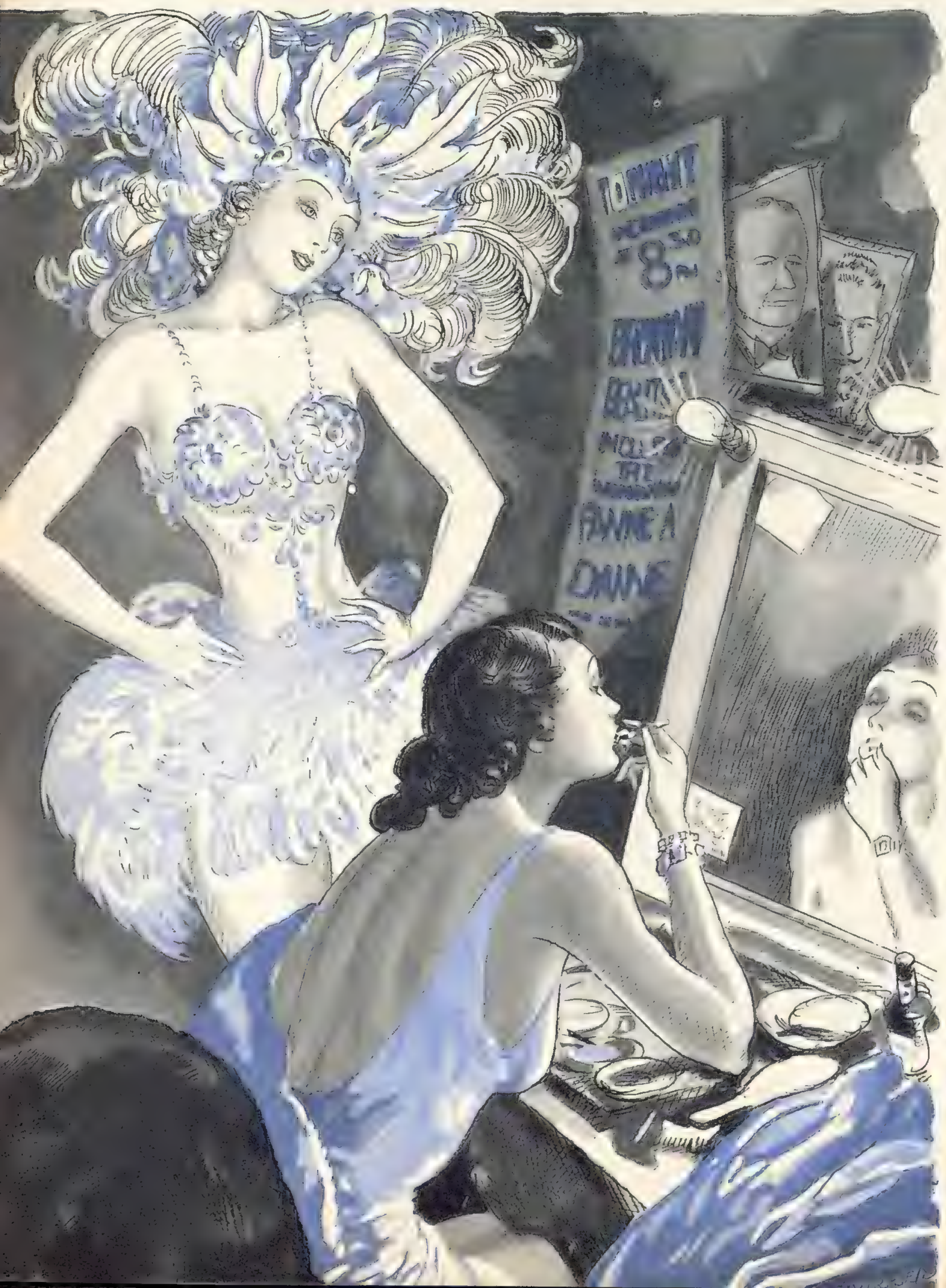
Thus Mona Brennan became famous. The calcium of publicity shed its light upon her. Her pictures were broadcast as a bait to box-office dollars. Her signature endorsed perfumes and beauty lotions and a popular brand of cigarettes. Broadway claimed her for its own, Park Avenue raved about her, Tenth Avenue in top gallery seats gaped down upon her.

Producers vied with each other for her services. She held them up for better terms and went to the highest bidder.

Men vied with each other for her smiles. She smiled impartially at them, the old ones with their gifts and the young ones with their promises. She declined the gifts and laughed at the promises, and went straight home every night after the show to her mother.

"You're a sap," Phœbe Allen said to her. "Why don't you string them along like I do?"

Phœbe was the brunette next to her in the dressing-room, a

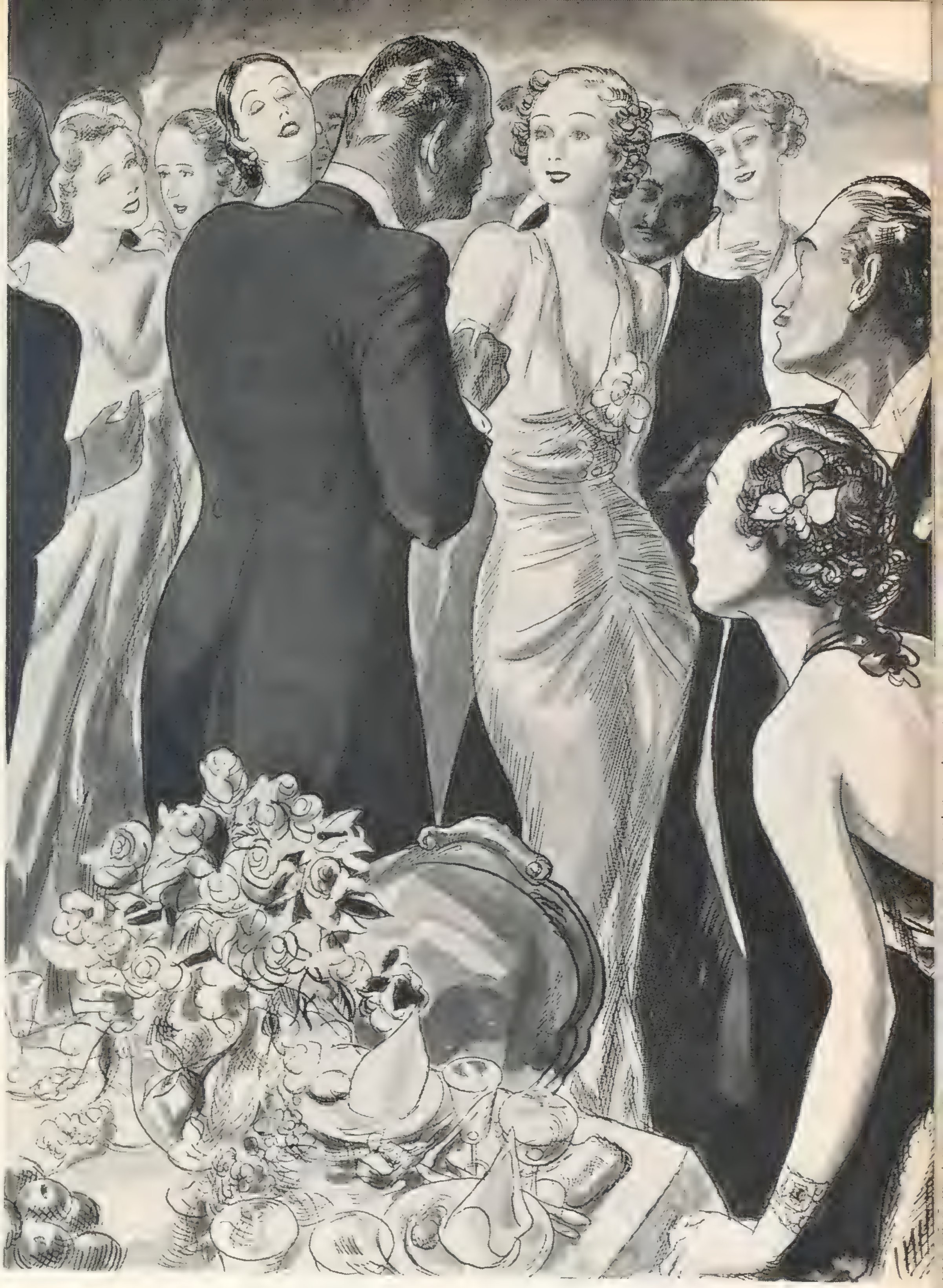


THREE wisps of flaming red chiffon, a three-foot-high headgear of gold cloth and brilliant orange ostrich plumes and breastplates of brilliants formed her costume

She was a Show Girl, as "Dumb" as Lovely—and Love was Blind—and Cruel

By May Cerf

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



JOHN STANDISH led her to the seat of honour beside him. "At last," he whispered to her. Mona raised blue eyes to him

vibrant creature of dangerous allure. She was a girl from Texas with ambitions. Talented as well as pretty, she was determined to get to the top of the heap or bust. Phœbe was clever. Phœbe was virtuous and she intended to stay that way. She had it all figured out in that shrewd, calculating mind of hers. No girl could get very far without a boost from some man or men, and while a clever girl can do much with men, a girl both clever and virtuous can do anything with men, because while they invariably overlook her cleverness, they never give up the hope of overcoming her virtue.

"I'm too tired at nights. I can't be bothered." Mona shivered with cold. Three wisps of flaming red chiffon, a three-foot-high headgear of gold cloth, and brilliant orange ostrich plumes and breastplates of brilliants formed her costume, and the dressing-room was draughty. "None of them have anything I want."

"Listen to dumb Dora talking!" Phœbe applied another layer of lip rouge to a mouth already a vampire crimson. "You're missing tricks every night of your life."

"I'm not for sale," Mona told her primly, still true to the teachings of her honest, hard-working mother.

"Don't think I am"—a gleam of anger flared in lambent dark eyes—"because I'm not. I graft"—she flashed an emerald and diamond bracelet before Mona's eyes—"but I give them nothing for it. Why not? They owe it to us. Don't we make the tired business men forget their business—and their wives—and don't we give the rah-rah boys a thrill? And men don't get anything for nothing, or shouldn't."

"I'm going to get by on my own merits." Mona gazed fondly at her reflection in the mirror.

"Don't kid yourself." Phœbe was noted for her snappy come-back. "You haven't any. All you've got, dearie, is a shape and your looks. A few swift years and where'll you be? Slinging hash unless you make hay while the sun shines."

THE Brennans—mother, Mona, Willie aged ten, Sadie aged eight, and Mary aged six—lived where the elevated trains roared by the windows and daily washing flapped in grotesque shapes on fire-escape wash-lines. Mona didn't dare tell the other beauties her address. They would have turned up their noses in disdain. Rubye de Haven lived on the Drive overlooking the Hudson; Dorinda Davenport in a duplex on lower Fifth Avenue; Lili Dawn in a swank apartment hotel. The rest were non-committal on the subject. Mona didn't know that most of them, like herself, were poor but honest girls just trying to get along.

She moved her family to a better apartment up town. The rental was a third of her income. She bought the children new clothes and her mother a fur-trimmed coat. She hired a maid. For the first time in her life Mrs. Brennan had hours of ease and rode in taxi-cabs.

Before long Mona found that even a hundred dollars a week had its limitations. Her expenditures increased as her reputation grew. There were manicures and pedicures; her hair to be shampooed and waved by experts. There were Turkish baths and Swedish massage, expensive toilet preparations and exotic perfumes. Appearance was her stock-in-trade.

She had to wear the last thing in fashion. Not the public, but the girls in the dressing-room were her harshest critics. Keen was the rivalry between them. Each tried to outdress the others. Their comments about each other's attire were acid-dipped. Mona could not face their ridicule. Besides, she had the eternal feminine love for finery. She yearned for it, her flesh ached for its touch. She bought clothes and more clothes at expensive speciality shops. Never before had she owned chiffons and silks and shimmering velvets. Naturally she succumbed to their lure.

The climax came. Gloria Rose's new coat was Eastern mink and Marybelle Golden's a beige caracul. Not one of the Glorified Beauties of Broadway could do with less. Her prestige would suffer. The coatless ones went on a hunt for fur coats to equal if not excel the other two. Several of them took their fur coats where they found them. Most of them went into debt, Mona among them—twelve hundred to be paid in instalments and one hundred and fifty cash for a summer ermine trimmed with fox. It had been marked down from two thousand. A rare bargain. Mona could not pass it by.

" Not half bad." Phœbe Allen cast an appraising eye on the ermine and fox splendour. It was after the final curtain. Both girls were dressed for the outer world—Phœbe for conquest, Mona for home. " Where did you get it ? "

" Bought it, of course." A grim line settled about Mona's mouth. She was worried. Money, she realised, is one object that has no elasticity. An unexpected contingency mortgaged her earnings for some time. An adenoid operation was imperative for Willie and the doctor demanded cash. She'd had to get a substantial advance from the manager.

" You would," Phœbe drawled. " Say, dumb-bell, take a squint at this." She pivoted before Mona's gaze. " Not bad, eh ? " Her coat was a more expensive edition of Mona's own, now a white elephant that robbed her midnight pillow of repose. " Do you think I bought it ? Not this cookie, when there're so many men in the world to buy a girl what she wants if she knows her stuff. 'Twas a gift and no come-back."

" How on earth ? " At last Mona was impressed.

Phœbe was delighted. Mona was known as the most stand-offish show girl in the business. John Standish—stocks and bonds—had offered Phœbe a neat little bonus—another diamond bracelet, the insignia of a show girl's success with men—if she would get Mona on one of the until-dawn revels he staged for out-of-town clients in the big city for a fling.

" A cinch." Phœbe laughed gleefully. " He was a sweet old papa, tipsy as hell, a butter and egg man from Detroit, and when he said his wife didn't understand him, I knew I had him. I patted his hand and told him what a big wonderful man he was. Then I cried on his shoulder. We were in a taxi-cab. I said I was cold and last winter I had pneumonia, and the doctor said I should have a fur coat because if I got it again I'd die sure. He asked me why I didn't get one, and I cried like my heart was breaking. He said, ' You poor little kid, stop crying,' but I cried all the harder. Then he said, ' For goodness sake, if you'll only stop I'll buy one for you.' "

" And you took him up at once ? " Mona's eyes were large and round with interest.

" I did not." Undoubtedly Phœbe knew her stuff. " I said I don't take presents from men. It isn't nice, and I'm a nice girl. He took out a wad of bills big enough to choke a cow and said, ' After all, what's a mere trifle like a fur coat among friends ? ' ' Yes—what ? ' I answered, but I still hesitated, so he put the bank-roll in my hand and closed my fingers around it. I gave him a little kiss and said good night."

" Just like that ? " Mona asked.

" Just like that," Phœbe answered. " I suppose I should write and thank him, but I don't remember his name exactly. It's Mulligan or Flannigan or Shoenberg, or something like that."

" A Santa Claus ! " Mona exclaimed.

" Yeah "—Phœbe drew on long white gloves—" without a beard or whiskers and in modern clothes. The woods are full of them."

Phœbe believed in striking when the iron was hot. She had the rare faculty of recognising opportunity.

" We're buddies, aren't we ? " She looked up inquiringly. Mona nodded in response. "And so you stick to me. Saturday night John Standish is throwing a party at the Club Suzette."

" There you go harping on him again," Mona interrupted. " What's the big idea ? "

" I want to do you a friendly turn." Phœbe could be most ingenuous when it suited her purpose. " You're hard up, aren't you ? "

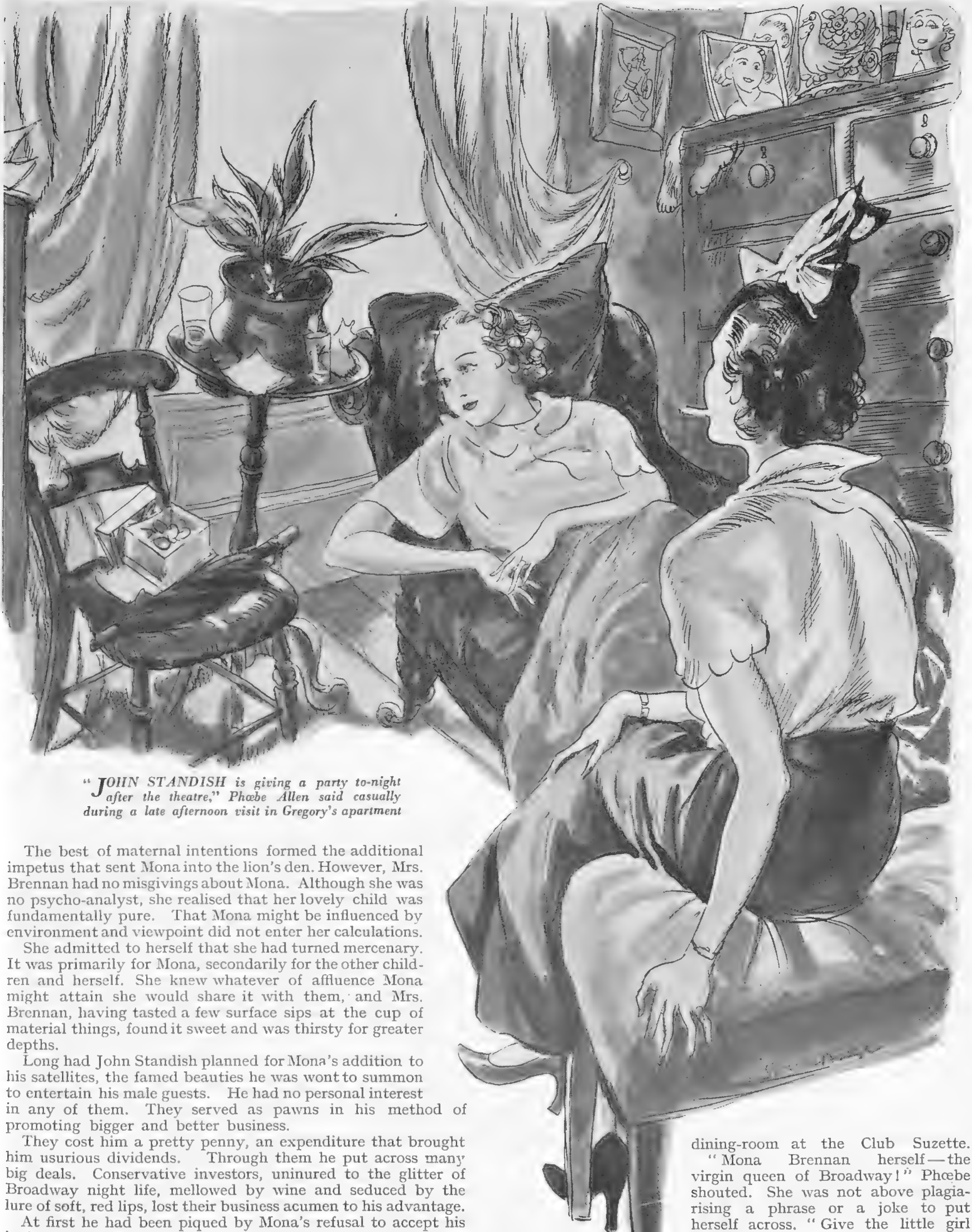
" And how," answered Mona.

" Well, here's your chance. He's asked me to act as hostess. You're name is on the list of girls he wants me to invite. It'll be worth your while. Will you go ? "

" I'll think about it," answered Mona.

SHUT up in four narrow walls, the world with its vices was a closed book to Mrs. Brennan. Her idea of it was coloured with the roseate hues of her own secret dreaming. Romantic ideas they were, the result of her own romanceless life. She had married Mike Brennan because he was on hand when the mating urge sent her into the arms of the nearest male. An indifferent lover, a poor husband and a worse father, his desertion came as a boon, not a disaster. She wanted a different life for Mona than she had known. Mona was to her a super-being. A bird of paradise sent by some inexplicable freak of nature to the nest of a wren. Mona must find the proper setting.

" Yes, go," she said to Mona, when told about the Standish party. " Maybe you'll meet someone—a man worth while. You can't do it at home with me. You're a good girl and deserve a good husband."



"JOHN STANDISH is giving a party to-night after the theatre," Phœbe Allen said casually during a late afternoon visit in Gregory's apartment

The best of maternal intentions formed the additional impetus that sent Mona into the lion's den. However, Mrs. Brennan had no misgivings about Mona. Although she was no psycho-analyst, she realised that her lovely child was fundamentally pure. That Mona might be influenced by environment and viewpoint did not enter her calculations.

She admitted to herself that she had turned mercenary. It was primarily for Mona, secondarily for the other children and herself. She knew whatever of affluence Mona might attain she would share it with them, and Mrs. Brennan, having tasted a few surface sips at the cup of material things, found it sweet and was thirsty for greater depths.

Long had John Standish planned for Mona's addition to his satellites, the famed beauties he was wont to summon to entertain his male guests. He had no personal interest in any of them. They served as pawns in his method of promoting bigger and better business.

They cost him a pretty penny, an expenditure that brought him usurious dividends. Through them he put across many big deals. Conservative investors, uninured to the glitter of Broadway night life, mellowed by wine and seduced by the lure of soft, red lips, lost their business acumen to his advantage.

At first he had been piqued by Mona's refusal to accept his invitations extended through the appointed hostess. He grew irritated. Show girls were wont to grab them avidly. Finally he became determined to annex her. He was not accustomed to being balked. His money always got him what he wanted.

THESE parties were for him a necessity, not a pleasure. A paper clown's cap awry on his left temple, his face wreathed in smiles of assumed joviality, he sat at the head of the table, his face turned expectantly toward the door, when Phœbe Allen, with Mona Brennan a step behind her, entered the private dining-room at the Club Suzette.

"Mona Brennan herself—the virgin queen of Broadway!" Phœbe shouted. She was not above plagiarising a phrase or a joke to put herself across. "Give the little girl a hand."

Wild applause and raucous shouts. "Cheerio, Mona! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!"

John Standish led her to the seat of honour beside him.

"At last," he whispered to her. Mona raised blue eyes to him. Something in their clear depths stirred him. Desire, long jaded through sheer satiety, awakened in him. "Now that I've found you I'll not let you go."

Mona sipped the glass of champagne

(*Continued on page 162*)

Think of a word...INDIGESTION...
Take away the first two letters you thought
of...IN...Add four other letters...GOOD...
The answer is...GOOD DIGESTION...
And this article tells you how it can be obtained

Let us tackle the bogey indigestion and try to lay it before Christmas.

It is always around this time that digestion becomes troublesome, because of the rush of entertainments, shopping and sunless days.

The mere presence of sunlight is a great digestive aid. Sunlight converts certain juices in our bodies: for instance, it converts lemon, orange and pineapple juices into valuable energising sugars, whereas on grey days these fruits add to acidosis. So, when the weather's dark, turn to grapes and figs.

But rush remains indigestion's usher-in-chief.

It is far better to eat nothing if you are in a rush than to bolt a sandwich or even a nut; for you are not giving your body time to function. Consequently, you are, in effect, forbidding it to break up what you have swallowed. Then what-you-have-swallowed breaks up on its own and forms poison.

Medical research has just discovered that certain grave complaints do not spring from germs at all, but from the body juices—which come from food juices—taking the wrong turning, and instead of building cells of normal tissues, they build cells of growths.

In other words, the secret of health is: *do not overload your body.*

Just that.

Because whatever you take into your body should be properly converted and assimilated to do good. And the organs of the body cannot convert or assimilate if the energy factors are occupied elsewhere. No athlete takes a huge meal and then barges on to the football field before he has digested it. Don't you do so, either, and barge on to a football field of your own in your own way. It's mad.

Again, never eat when you are under any kind of a strain. Even when kind friends come and say to you, "*Do* take a cup of this; we know worry has taken away your appetite, but a little cup of *this* will keep up your strength."

It will do nothing of the kind. If worry has taken away your appetite, it is because your energy is occupied with worry and could not cope with food at the same time.

Mind you, some people can be worried and still eat. And others become hungry—but that is mainly a form of nervous indigestion—and others would be ill if they touched anything. It is all a matter of idiosyncrasy. Study your idiosyncrasies. Don't be laughed out of them. They are the key to your body, to your health.

There are, of course, the very definite general rules: Eat lightly when you are tired; avoid the dishes that disagree with you; don't take mushrooms, prawns or bananas, however delightful they may taste, if they repeat on you; masticate; and when you have missed a meal be careful how you tuck in, and what you tuck in first on, at the later one which is *to make up for it*.

Of course, this idea of making up for lost meals is ridiculous. Most people benefit by missing a meal. And you should never make one meal swell to the size of two.

At the same time, if you have had no food since breakfast, having missed lunch, be careful what you start on at dinner. For your stomach will be empty and without a lining. If you start on lobster or roast pork, or some other dish likely to encourage indigestion — that indigestion is apt to set in and be recurring.

Mothers will have a particularly strenuous time before them this month, fitting in Christmas shopping with extra parties and their own entertaining. Business women are already exhausting themselves diving into shops, gift-hunting a few minutes before closing time; which usually means they stand all the way home in the train.

I know two who have sacrificed the luncheon interval in order to run round stores. "We're glad not to see any lunch," they say. "It's always the same, finished off by bicarbonate of soda."

Well, here are tips that will bring any woman comfortably fed through a rush day, stave off indigestion for those who scarcely know it, and certainly ease those who are a prey to it.

First, invest in a very fine tea, preferably a China tea. If Indian, it should be an Orange Pekoe. The sustaining qualities of good tea are almost limitless.

Then, with your breakfast, whatever that is, take a dessertspoonful of Glucose D. This is not only a highly concentrated food, but it has the peculiar property of leaving the stomach satisfied and nicely lined, so that even after an unusual lapse of hours, it will accept any kind of food. This is in case you have to break your fast at a friend's.

If you come home after an arduous day, take Glucose D again with tea, before dinner. Take your tea weak rather than strong and with cream and honey. Both the latter are non-fattening, because they are non-acid-making.

Then if you are dining quietly, this dish will revive you and set you in good trim with yourself and the world. *A thin slab of iced cream cheese slapped on to hot thin toast.* There is something in the ice-hot combination which makes it immediately digestible. The cream cheese should be the fairly long size of the Wiltshire cheese, and fresh. Take as much as you like if you intend to make your main course of it, or just one slice if it is to be a prelude.

It is a good idea to take it before dashing out to dinner after a non-stop, tiring day. And after dinner ask for a glass of hot water to sip. It's fashionable and good for you.

Don't resort to bicarbonate of soda unless you have a really lurid attack of indigestion. If you have fallen into the habit of taking it after meals, try and replace it by a herbal tea, either camomile, lime-blossom or peppermint. These tend to bring back the natural digestive juices.

By Chrysis

BLISS, BOTTLED

Something has happened to me lately! Something that has tipped life with enchantment, and filled me with assurance and delight; whether among crowds or out of them, doing battle or sitting pensive. This something is a perfume called "Bond Street."

Try it and become a convert.

"Bond Street" is more than a mere scent: it supplies an armour. It literally wraps you in an aura of all that is rare and desirable, and provides an immunity from reality that raises you above the trifling annoyances of daily life.

This perfume has a fragrance that seems to relieve tension, present illusion, be happy, hopeful, exquisite, *and blend with any personality.*

A drop or two on my coat sends me out into the congealed grey winter world bemused and convinced I am the honeysuckle, expecting bees. And even although there are no bees, I'm just as happy. What more can you ask of any essence, when the price doesn't ruin you?

The sooner you know "Bond Street," the sooner you'll know bliss. Every now and again a perfume sweeps the world. So will "Bond Street" with its note of elegant apartness, exceptional and sumptuous, yet not overpowering

It may be, of course, that I am rather under the spell of Yardley's preparations at the moment—they make "Bond Street." I rejoice in their spread of prismatic flower-lids on my dressing-table.

A blue rose for eye-shadow; black rose over vivid red for rouge; ethereal rose-pinks and alabasters for cleansing and foundation creams, and a *majestic* bottle of rose toning-lotion, which I like better and better each time I use it.

Yes, as I dip into these prismatic jars, the day's engagements seem to assume a rainbow sequence.

It is the aroma that makes one relish these beauty aids, quite apart from whether they are doing good to the skin or not—and there are none that do it better.

Let me tell you something. When I stood on Fifth Avenue in New York last summer, dazed by the "cloud-capp'd towers" around me, I could only stammer: "Your Rockefeller Plaza building stamps the century." It is an obelisk that pierces the sky with seventy storeys and great grace.

"But it is you English who stamp women with distinction," said the American by my side.

"How?" I asked.

"Yardley's," she replied. At first I took it as a joke. Then I realised how crazy America had gone over these preparations. America, the pioneer of glorified loveliness, whose womanhood is scarcely second to her skyscrapers.

Their craze is justified. Visit the London salon in Bond Street. The beauty specialist there has had the brilliant idea of blending every woman's powder specially to suit her individuality. The formula is registered under a number. So that on presentation of that number to any chemist in the world, or upon sending it back to London, the powder can be obtained.

Of course, its effect is trebled if it is used over the correct foundation. This varies from an astringent complexion milk if you have an oily skin to a complexion cream if you have a dry one. But the point is that either foundation is devised to blend perfectly with the powder and produce the *perfect* result. No other foundation will do.

Remember how rarely you can transfer the under-slip of one frock to another with satisfaction. Far more rarely can you mix make-ups. Because the essential oils that form the basis of the preparations vary with each maker, and war rather than blend.

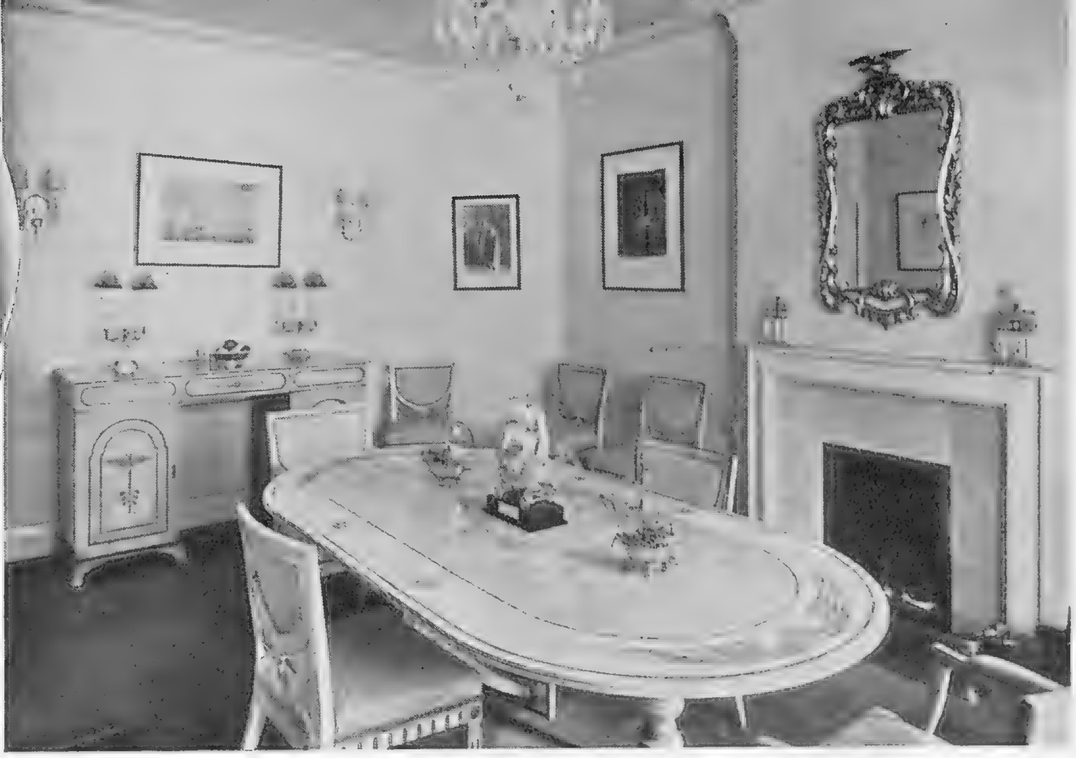
For this reason, each time I give my face a beauty-change I start right from the bath salts. In the case of Yardley's. I luxuriate in the treat of Lavendo-meal. Nothing can compare to it as a water-softener. The only trouble is you may be tempted to stay too long in the bath.

I have always liked the bath soap that floats on the water in a lovely wood basin; because when the soap is finished you turn the basin upside down; dry it out; give it a coat of varnish inside, of beeswax outside; and use it as a flower or fruit-bowl on your table.

Then, there are the slim, polished, eight-sided aluminium tubes that contain the men's talc powder. They beautify any bathroom and impart a touch to it that's masculine, besides saving your own dusting-powder. And you know how husbands come after that.

Every male relation of mine this winter will have a bottle of toilet lotion, because it fastens a brisk and newly washed odour to men that keeps them feeling fresh all day, combats tobacco fumes, office *fug*, city staleness, and brings them home as delightful to hug as when they went off in the morning. After all, it's astonishing how a pleasant smell infuses a sense of well-being and luxury, and promotes pleasant relations.

If you require further details or want help for your individual beauty problems, write to me, with stamped envelope, at 32—34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.



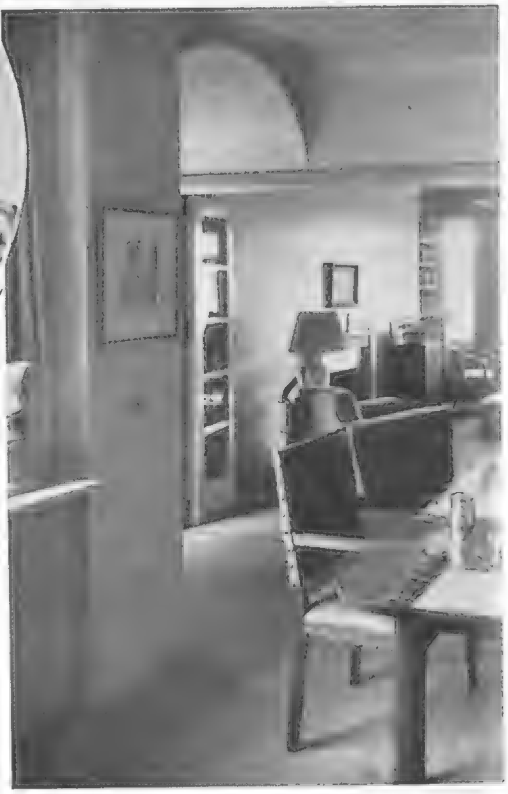
Lady Curzon and her dining-room, which has mahogany furniture, stripped and painted with Regency designs. Colours are caramel and peach buff with touches of rubbed silver, caramel moire for curtains and chairs

"THANK God we're feeding at home to-night and not going out."

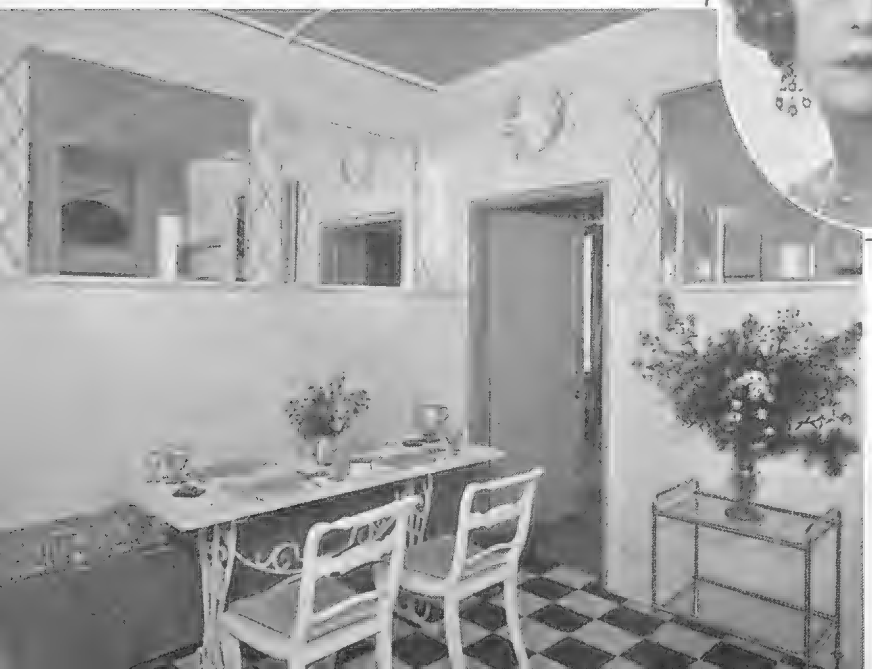
That phrase is heard around Mayfair far oftener than many people imagine . . . and from the gay and young couples who need not dine at home more than twice a month unless they want to.

Here are photographs of five of the reasons why ladies like to dine at home, five amusing and attractive little dining-rooms designed for eating.

Both the Hon. Mrs. Brett and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell agree about pale green and white as a colour scheme for good digestion. The first, who is married to Lord Esher's clever architect son, does not worry about diet restrictions when she orders dinner at her St. John's Wood roof-top flat. And for why? She has an Irish cook. If I had one who made such divine soda bread, cooked such floury potatoes in their skins, putting whole pats of iced butter in them, and sent in such really perfect Irish stew in a green fireproof casserole on a pale green tray—well, I wouldn't bother either.



The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett's dining-room has cream walls, pale green carpet, Empire walnut furniture and lights concealed within green and white marble urns by the windows



White, pale green and silver are the colours in the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell's small dining-room, with pale green Regency decorations on walls

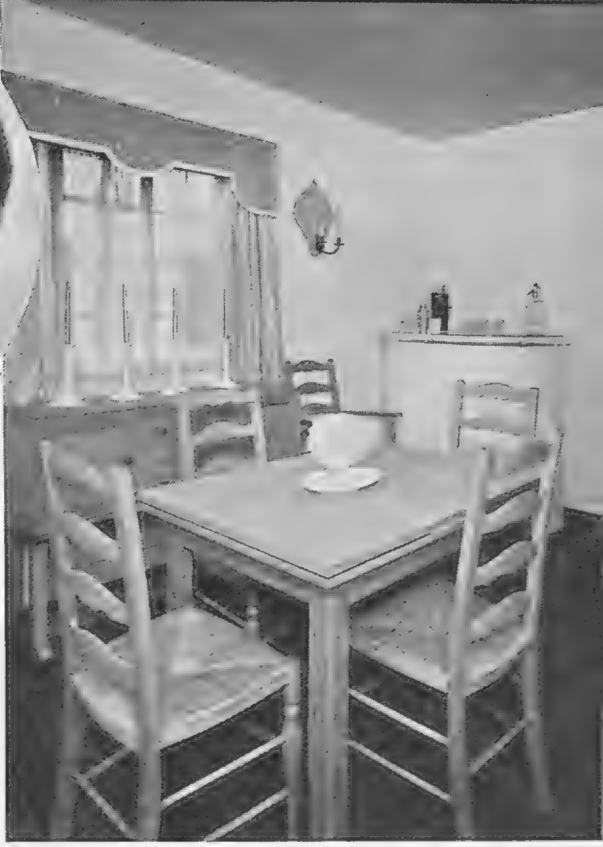
I don't know what the little soapstone lady who stands, instead of flowers, on the modern walnut dining-table thinks about it. She ought to appreciate the green-handled knives about her, the table mats patterned with fishing flies—the originals were lent by the Princess Royal to the shop that reproduces them—and the fine lace d'oyleys.

The Bretts don't like dining in a glare, so they turn out the shadowless centre light of stainless metal and glass and use lights concealed within green and white marble urns on the window ledge.

The pale green carpet extends into the drawing-room that Mrs. Brett can shut off by drawing oyster satin curtains across folding doors, and both rooms have the same cream walls.

By Audrey Wrangham

Five Ladies Dine *at* Home



In the dining-room of her small Marylebone mews flat Lady Morvyth Benson sits on an unpolished oak chair with rush seat, and eats off a table that can be scrubbed daily in true kitchen fashion

A few months back the room where Mrs. Bethell and her ex-debutante daughter Nefertari dine at eight off food like oyster flambés and a quite-different Indian curry was the dingy brown hall of a flat inhabited by the grooms of the Duke of Connaught.

The entrance is still right in a vast garage, but the hall is now one of the tiniest and prettiest dining-rooms in Belgravia. Just to show that you can be Regency in a garage flat, Mrs. Bethell has had green leaves and garlands painted on the cream walls between five mirrors. There is just room in each corner for a cylinder light, and an electric fire with what looks like lumps of coal on the top of it is recessed right into one wall.

This hostess can choose whether she sits on a bench against the wall covered in silver and green patterned satin, or a Victorian chair repainted white and silver and given a silver satin cushion.

On the white painted table are pale green wooden table mats, pale green table glass, green glass cigarette boxes and ash trays. And the kitchen is so close—one of the five doors leading out of this room—that Mrs. Bethell has no hot-plate troubles to cope with.

Her maid whisks plates in and out on a stainless metal trolley with two glass shelves, and it runs easily on the green and white checked linoleum. Oyster flambés, by the way, are contrived with cream and German bread and brandy, and, of course, oysters.

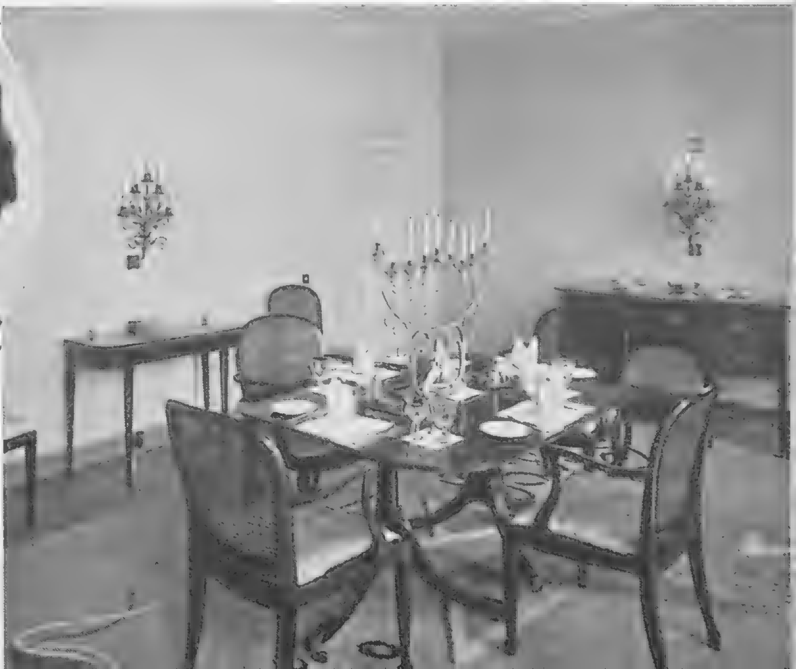
Good traditional English food is enjoying a come-back with young married folks just now, probably because they spend so many holidays on the Continent.

Both Lady Curzon and Lady Ratendone encourage their cooks to produce really English dinners. Lady Ratendone does not like savouries and insists on ending her dinner with a good pudding and cream.

Lady Curzon's dining-room in Porchester Close is much more traditionally English than it appears, for the furniture is all Victorian mahogany that has been stripped, varnished and repainted in tones of caramel, peach, buff and touches of rubbed silver. The table is a real triumph. The chairs all have seats of peach-buff moiré silk to match the curtains.

Lady Curzon's dark pale beauty is well suited by this restful colour scheme—walls and ceiling are cream—when she and Lord Curzon dine off clear soup, fish soufflé, roast chicken, cauliflower, baby potatoes and green peas, vanilla ice with hot chocolate sauce, and angels on horseback (oysters wrapped in bacon rashers)—typical excellent English food—and a glass of port each with the dessert and coffee.

The chair seats (*Continued on page* 118)



Quilted peach satin chair covers, and candlelight from a white painted candelabrum, in Lady Ratendone's dining-room

An old county map framed in black and gilt, £2-12-6

The map of America in chintz (left)

A glass-protected oak tray with a map-decorated centre, 18/6 (right)

GEOGRAPHY AROUND THE HOUSE

A wastepaper bin (above) with map decoration, 14/11

This map fire-screen (right) can also be used as a table

WHEN people began to hang maps on their walls they found, apart from the pleasure and interest of looking at them, that their lines were rhythmical, the subdued colourings pleasant to the eye, and that they harmonised with all periods.

Gradually, you saw maps on lampshades and wastepaper-baskets. To-day they make them into fire-screens, put them on trays, print them on chintzes for curtains and covers.

The chintz curtains in the photograph at the top left of the page have a clever map design of America in 1631. The land and sea are in two tones of beige, while the ship, sails, and lines of latitude and longitude are nigger brown, with red outlining the coast.

These colourings lend themselves to many schemes of decoration. The one chosen for this room is cream for the walls, deep oatmeal for the carpet, red for the pelmet and the table edge, more red in cushions and ornaments. The birch chairs are upholstered in nigger brown; the table legs are also painted nigger.

The old county map of Northumberland, framed in black and gilt, has on its back a full description—glass covered, to prevent it becoming begrimed. Many of these county maps may be bought from one of the London shops.

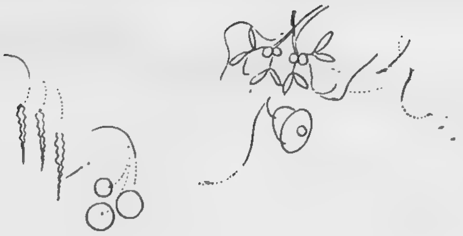
A fire-screen that can alternatively be used as a table is a modern and useful piece of furniture, for all its antique decoration.

The solid wastepaper-basket has an old map of Monmouthshire fixed to it. The coloured and frilled galloon at the top gives it the right quaintness.

The map-tray in the photograph above is a charming piece of craftsmanship, where full play is given to the encircling grain of the wood, which frames the map.

One advantage of having maps about the house is that it gives the children a very special interest in geography.

J. A.



Christmas Shopping

CHRISTMAS shopping, like working for newspapers, or making films, is half fun, half torture.

Though they spend half their lives grumbling about their work, people who work for newspapers or make films, would sooner do those things than any other.

And Christmas shoppers, while hating the crowds, the waiting, the hurried service, the jostling, the noise, the tired feet, can still enjoy the crowds, the waiting, the hurried service, the jostling, the noise, the tired feet.

Choosing and buying things for other people is a pleasure which many of us would like to enjoy at other times of the year, too. Call it self-indulgence if you like. We prefer to think of it as the expression of a generous nature. And at Christmas . . . whoops . . . we can let go.

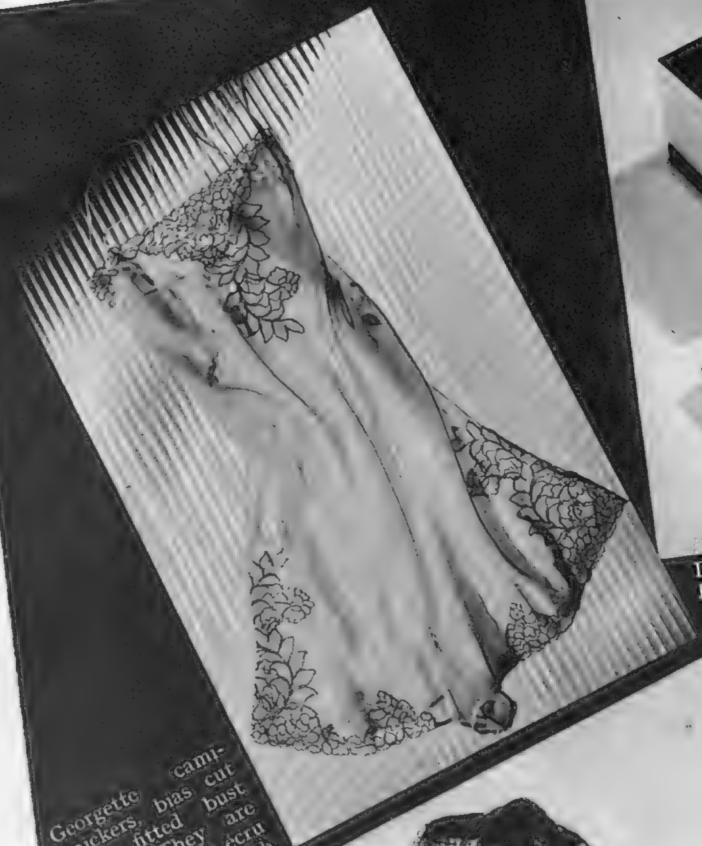
Wise shoppers, of course, started early, away back in November. They have had better choice, less crowded shops, assistants more eager and ready to please. They miss a whole lot of the torture. But probably they miss a lot of the fun.

Last days' shopping is, of course, crazy. But plenty of shoppers have to be crazy. Because, until the last days, they cannot synchronise time, money and energy.

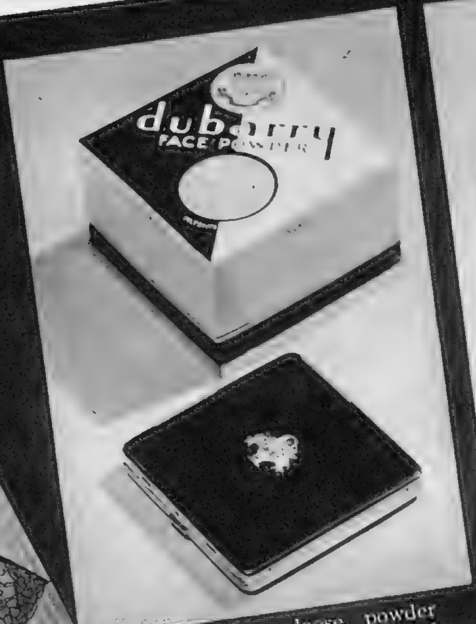
For such as these; for those who live far from good shops; for those who live near good shops yet still cannot decide what to give who, we have assembled and photographed on succeeding pages, an array of gifts which, we hope, will Put Ideas Into Your Heads.

If they are any help to you, that's grand. We have enjoyed doing it anyway, because for us it made Christmas begin so much the sooner.

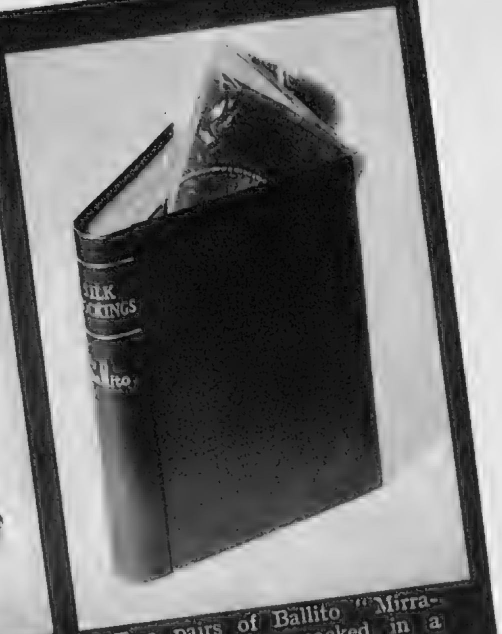
JEAN BURNUP.



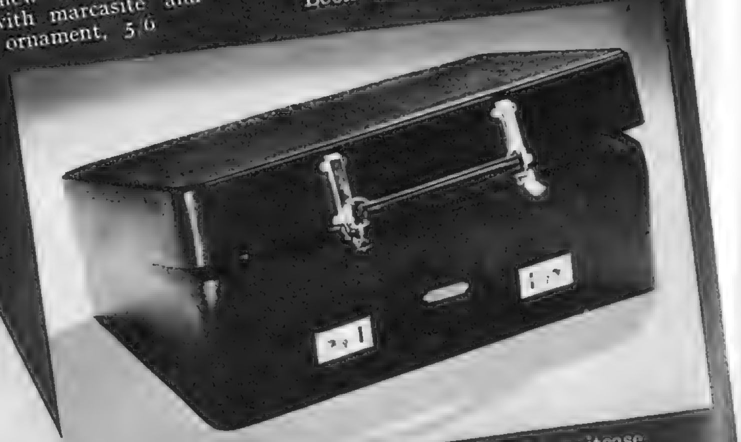
Georgette cami-knickers, bias cut with fitted bust line. They are trimmed with ecru lace outlined with nigger-brown thread, and are made by Wolsey. In all pastel shades, 12/11



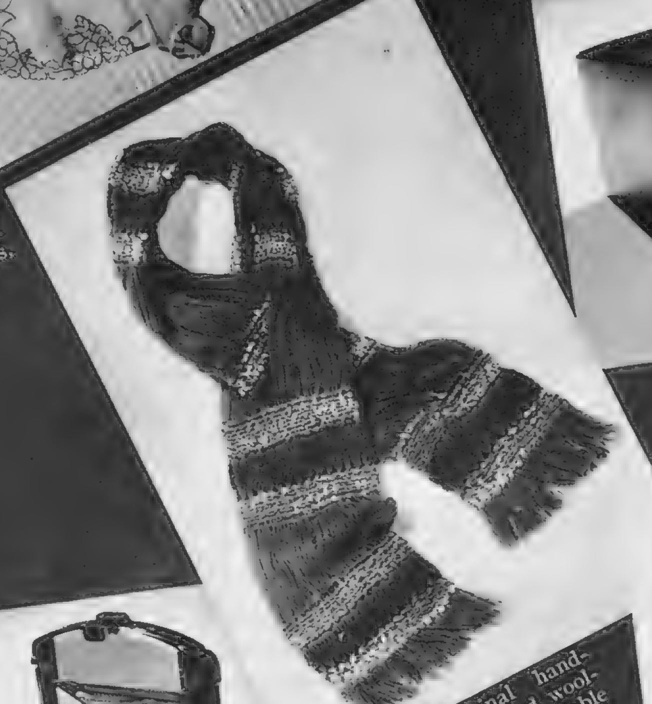
Dubarry's new loose powder Flapjack, with marcasite and enamel ornament, 5/6



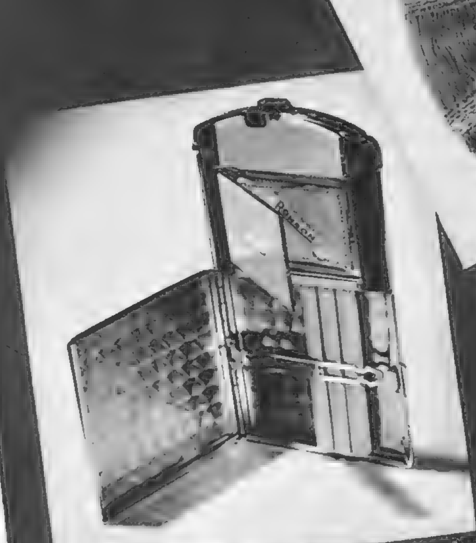
Two pairs of Ballito "Mirra-silk" stockings, packed in a Book-box. 7/11, 9/9 and 13/9



A soft-topped Revelation expanding suitcase in fabric with silk lining. Obtainable in black and various colours. From 30/-



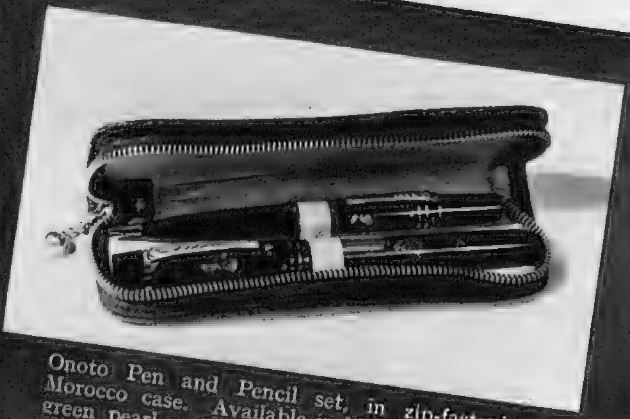
This original hand-woven stranded woollen scarf is obtainable in a variety of attractive colour combinations. Price 15/6. (Woodrow)



"Magnapact" is the name given by Ronson to this useful black and white enamel combined cigarette case, lighter and powder case. Price £3 3s.

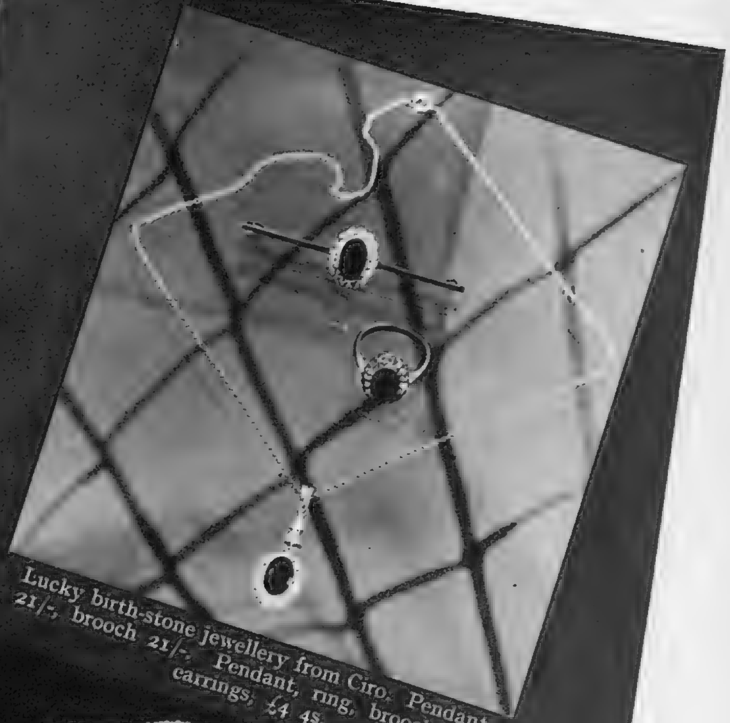
"Mirelle," a stocking of gossamer fineness, and the latest addition to the well-known Aristoc range. Price 6/11 per pair

FEMININE



Onoto Pen and Pencil set, in zip-fastening Morocco case. Available in black, blue pearl, green pearl and wine and black pearl. 33/6

A perfume for every occasion, and you can choose any six from the Coty range. All are fixed to an attractive ivorine stand and contained in a gaily coloured gift box, 25/-



Lucky birth-stone jewellery from Ciro. Pendant 21/-, brooch 21/-. Pendant, ring, brooch and earrings, £4 4s.

This charming gold-patterned lamé evening handbag has a mount and fastener of coral beads. 45/- (Mappin and Webb.)

Cash's lingerie ribbons, inexpensive, lasting and supplied in many lovely shades and a variety of widths. Pretty Christmas gift boxes, as illustrated, range from 1/2 to 2/6

A lovely string of well-matched cultured pearls, fully matured. From Tecla, £6 6s.

KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER
KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER

Kayser "Mir-O-Kleer" sheer silk stockings are knit by a new process designed to eliminate all rings and shadows. From 3/11 to 8/11 a pair

MASCULINE

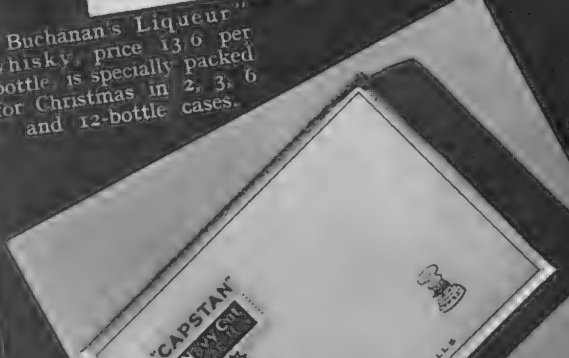
Terry's Anglepoise Lamp assumes any required position at a touch. This domestic model costs 58/6.

Cashmere scarf in various colours with white check. Price 15/6. (Austin Reed.)

"Buchanan's Liqueur" whisky, price 13/6 per bottle, is specially packed for Christmas in 2, 3, 6 and 12-bottle cases.

The Seasons Greetings
Craven 'A'
CIGARETTES

"Ready-to-post" special Christmas packs of Craven "A" cigarettes, price 2/6 for 50.


"CAPSTAN"
NAVY CUT
W.D. & H.O. WILLS

A tin containing 50 Wills' "Capstan" cigarettes, price 2/6. Supplied in special Christmas packing at no extra charge.

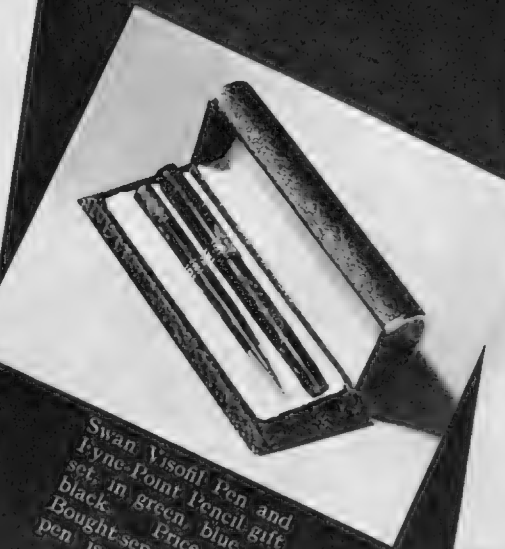
The Ever-Ready "Candlelite," the ideal bedside lamp, can be adapted for continuous lighting or to switch on when lifted. Price 5/-.

"De Reszke"
CIGARETTES

This Greetings pack contains 60 "De Reszke" Minors ready for the post, price 2/-.

SPECIALITE
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
ANGERS

Cointreau, the principal ingredient of "White Lady" and many other cocktails. 18/6 per bottle.



Swan Visofil Pen and Fyne-Point Pencil gift set, in green, blue, or black. Price 28/6. Bought separately, the pen is 21/- and the pencil 7/6.

Haig's "Dimple Scots," in its attractive pinched decanter, is never sold at less than ten years old. Price 13/6 per bottle.

PLAYER'S
No 3
50 Players
"GOLD LEAF"
CIGARETTES
50

Player's No. 3 Virginias in flat pocket tin at 3/4 for 50 and Player's "Gold Leaf," 50 for 2/11, are both established favourites.

K·L·G
K·L·G
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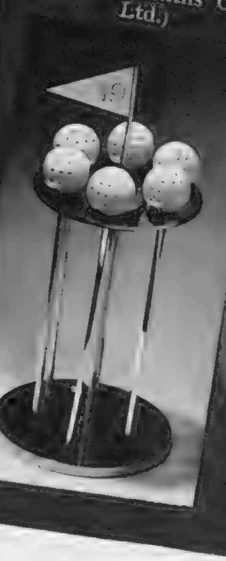
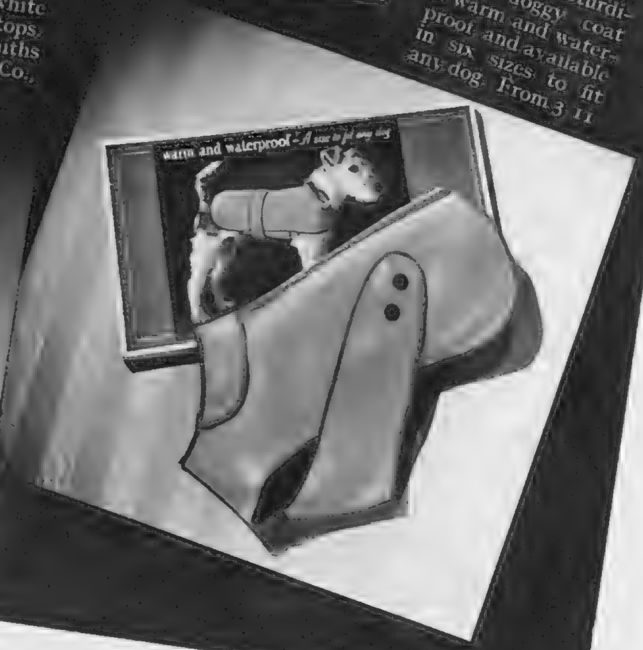
K·L·G

K.L.G. Plugs are put up in special Christmas cartons, and four packed in this way range from 20/-.



These sterling silver cherry-picks in chromium stand have white enamel golf-ball tops. Price £1. (Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.)


warm and waterproof—A size to fit any dog

Kleinert's "Sturdinap" doggy coat is warm and waterproof and available in six sizes to fit any dog. From 3/11

Tattoo Lipstick (4/6) and Tattoo Cream Mascara in a trim pack 2/6, in shades to suit every type.

"4711" Rhinegold Eau de Cologne has the added subtle fragrance of Rhinegold Perfume, 5/3.

Tangee Night Cream (4/6) for cleansing and nourishing, and Tangee Rouge Compact (3/6) for natural loveliness.

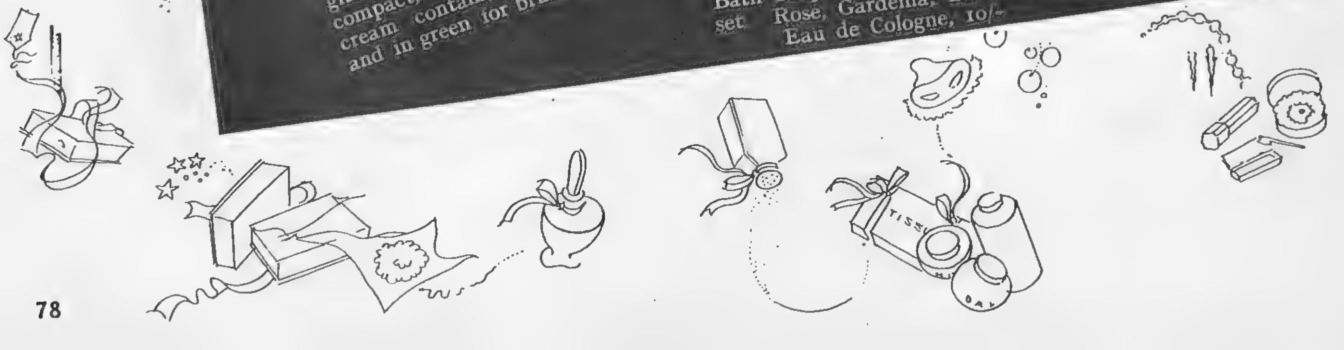
A gift set of Atkinson's "Gold Medal" Eau de Cologne with spray attachment, in a pretty blue and gold casket, 8/9.

Michel Rouge Compact, Lipstick and Mascara, all available in various sizes at prices from 6d.

Houbigant "Quelques Fleurs" gift case, containing powder compact, rouge and lipstick, in cream containers for blondes and in green for brunettes, 11/-

Innoxa's refreshing Tonic Bath Salts, and four tablets of Beauty Bath Soap make a delightful gift set. Rose, Gardenia, Lavender or Eau de Cologne, 10/-

Sin No. 1 is the name given by Ciro's, of pearl fame, to their new alluring perfume, 21/-. (Samples 1/3)



Gift set of Morny's "Gardenia" series —perfume, bath salt tablets, soap, Crème de Jour, complexion and compact powders. Price 18/9.

Toilet Powder and Bath Essence by Floris. Powder 5/6. Bath Essence 27/6, scented with Jasmine.

"Mischief," Saville's new perfume success in chic black and chromium flask packed in an oxydised box. Price 12/6.

Potter and Moore's refreshing Mitcham Lavender Water, smelling salts and powder cream, in a neat coffret. 10/6.

In this pink and blue box Elizabeth Arden has included every necessity for her new flattering and exotic Chinese make-up for evening wear. 42/-.

Cyclax have devised this attractive and practical non-spillable powder-box for travellers. In green and silver. Price 14/6.

Bourjois, always original in their range of Christmas novelties, present a bottle of their popular "Evening in Paris" perfume in an oyster-shell. 1/9.

POND'S
POND'S
POND'S
POND'S TISSUES

Generous supplies of all Pond's well-known beauty aids are contained in this gift set. 4/6.

GLAMOROUS

This "Hotpoint" Turnover Electric Toaster has sides of heat-resisting glass. Price 27/6.

The "Instant" Juice Press gives the maximum amount of clear juice, without pips or pulp, from grapes, oranges, and all soft fruits. Price 20/-.

Tea-cloth and matching napkins of Old Bleach Linen embroidered in a charming floral design. Price 18/6 the set.

Electric coffee percolator. Can be used on light points as well as power. In polished aluminium, 37/6. (General Electric Co.)

Smith's synchronous electric "Lark" alarm, finished in walnut and gilt or chrome and black, costs 32/6.

These graceful tapering "Nell Gwynn" candles, 14" long, are sold in gift sets of four candles with four matching bases, price 5/- and available in many colours.

Celanese Star Satin, a decorative fabric for soft furnishings, is made in many lovely shades. 8/11 per yard.

USEFUL

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

This being the month when any money to burn has to go into Christmas presents, I have gone around looking, in your interests, for good things, but discarding all that I didn't consider really inexpensive. Top price turned out to be two and sixpence, so I didn't do so badly.

First on the list is a hair solution to be used after shampooing that puts brilliance right on to any dull head. And by brilliance I mean glints and sparkle and almost colour.

Any hair shade benefits, from faded fair to drab dark. Even greying hair can be nicely toned up. Until you have seen how you look with bright hair, you'll not realise what your face has been missing. Not only your hair lights up, but your whole personality

It is not a dye. If you don't like the effect—ah, but you will—simply wash it off. They don't mean it to change your colour. All it does is to add glints and renourish fading hair. (*Sixpence.*)

Going out to-night? Well, make up your face beautifully, do your hair, see to your nails and hands, dab on perfume . . . And then go on, and spoil the whole effect by leaving neck, shoulders, arms and back looking raw and unfinished.

A few lucky women have body skin that needs nothing, not even a dust of powder. But most of us need something. Powder? Liquid powder? Well, by the time you take off your coat, it has gone. Or if not, it soon will go against your partner's black coat.

The solution is a powder stick which you rub all over your skin (especially the backs of your upper arms) and smooth in. It doesn't come off as easily as all that. But just in case, you can take the little stick around with you and do repairs. (*One and sixpence.*)

While we're on the question of evening make-up, never, never dream of starting your face without protecting your hair. You can't get a smooth matt look right up to the hair line, without your cleansing cream, rouge, foundation, powder smearing the hair.

Moreover, even if you've just come from the hairdresser's, the hair seems to get un-set, curls straggle in the neck.

You must wear a make-up cap. I have found an excellent one made of latex, feather light, shaped to guard your hair from every assault of dressing and make-up overflow. It is waterproof, so wear it when you take your shower, if you've got a shower. (*Two shillings.*)

By
Mary
Young

Almost the last make-up job is doing your lashes. Even if you are expert enough not to get mascara in your eye, they can be beasts.

Sometimes mascara goes on smoothly, beautifully, with each lash standing out, darkened, with a little life of its own. Other times, alas, far more often, it goes on in a thick smear, lashes joining together in a congealing mass, twisting this way and that.

Don't try to separate them by combing, because they might split. Use, instead a little brush which has its bristles set in circles around a central stem. It is shaped something like a flue brush.

The set of the bristles and the way the brush is used—with a little continual twist of the handle—separates the lashes beautifully, gives them an upward curling turn.

It is also a perfect way of applying grease or eyelash grower at nights. (*Sixpence.*)

If there is a husband in your house it is pretty certain that he gets mildly annoyed seven times a week because the steam from his bath mists his shaving mirror.

All the women article-writers have it that marriages start getting wrecked from little everyday trials. For all you know this may be starting something right under your nose (and your husband's chin). So hurry up and stop it starting.

That shaving-mirror needn't get misted over. Rub it over with a special little cloth which prevents misting, fogging or condensation on any glass surface. Go over the bathroom windows, mirror, kitchen windows, your flapjack mirror, the windscreen of the car. It is quite remarkable. (*Two and sixpence.*)

Here, my proud housekeepers, is something you have been waiting for all your lives. Now . . . take a deep breath . . . it is a concentrated fluid grease solvent, water softener and pine deodoriser . . . But never mind all that. You'll soon be calling it by a pet name of your own, instead.

Water, in which a small quantity of this solvent has been added, dissolves grease and holds dirt, without the use of soap or soda. You use it on practically everything inside and outside the house; the sky's the limit.

In the bath, a couple of tablespoonfuls softens the water. It makes an excellent shampoo, is antiseptic.

Its biggest asset is that you can do any dirty job with it, and it takes care of your hands, keeps them soft and young. (*One shilling a pint tin.*)

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me, with stamped envelope for reply, at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4

Centrepieces

THE centrepiece is naturally the focal point of your table. Lovely napery, glass and beautiful silver lose value if the table's centre is unworthy.

A bowl of flowers, of fruit, or candlesticks are always good-looking, of course. But why not a change? Try some new trick in assembling your flowers, fruit and ornaments. Essay some original disposition of china and glass.

The table accessories photographed on these pages were all chosen from London shops. They give you an idea of what we mean.

Two pottery viking ships reflect their lovely lines in a mirror. They cost 1/6 and 3/6 each.

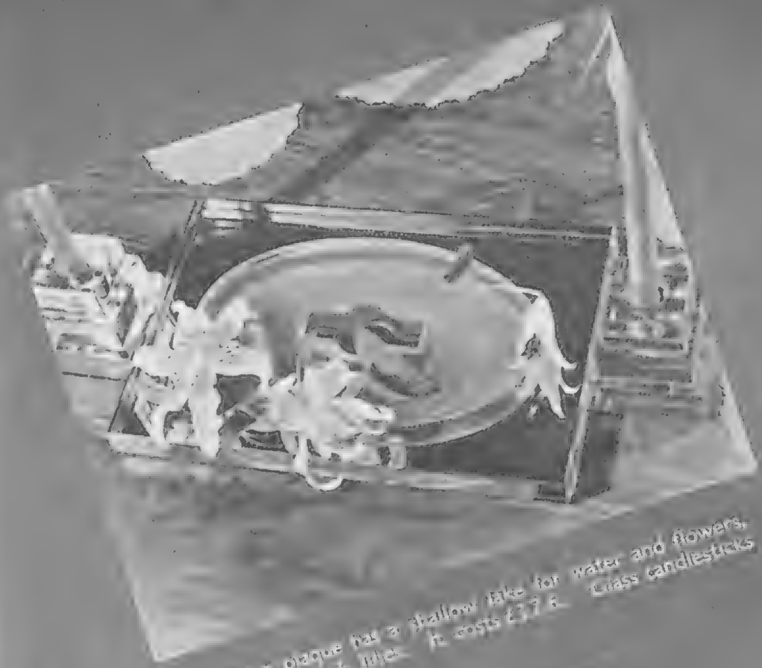
Photographs by Elsie Collins

This tray shines like silver, though actually it is brass. Place a spray of berries on it, or grapes in a nest of leaves, as shown. £2.2.6.

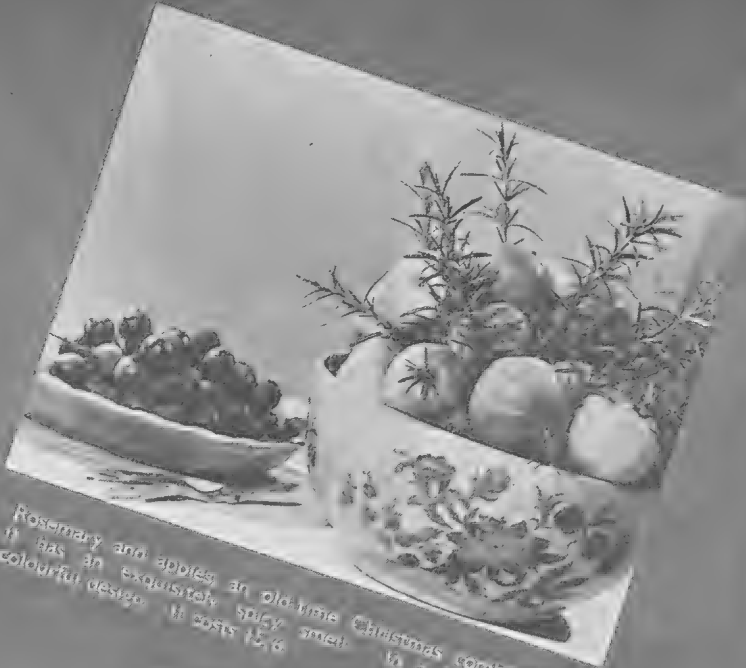
Simple arrangement for a luncheon table. Pêche Melba glasses with flowers, flanking a Moser glass bowl piled with fruit. Bowl £3.9.6.

This fluted glass bowl looks all the lovelier for not being overcrowded. A few violets, lilies of the valley, a couple of orchids emphasise its lines, leave room for the play of light. 11/-. Glass swans to match, 5/- each.

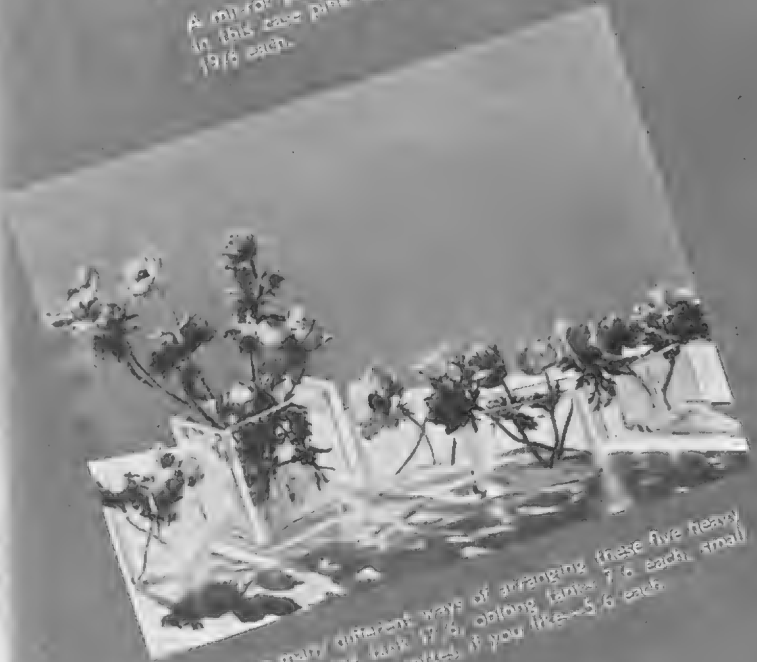
A Spode dessert set is the basis of this arrangement, the fruit bowl being flanked by dessert dishes and pêche Melba glasses, holding anemones. The comport costs £3.5.0; the dishes £1.10.0 each; the pêche Melba glasses 14/9.



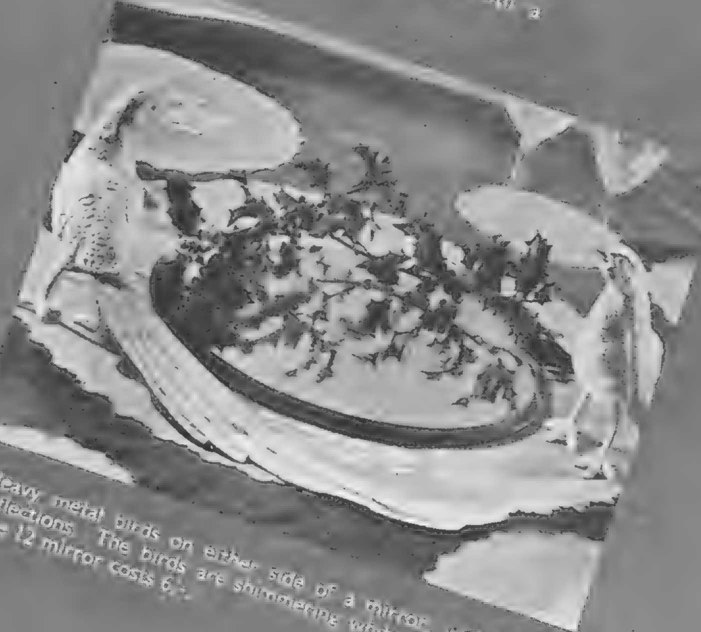
A mirror plaque has a shallow lake for water and flowers, in this case pink lilies. It costs £3.7.6. Glass candlesticks 19/6 each.



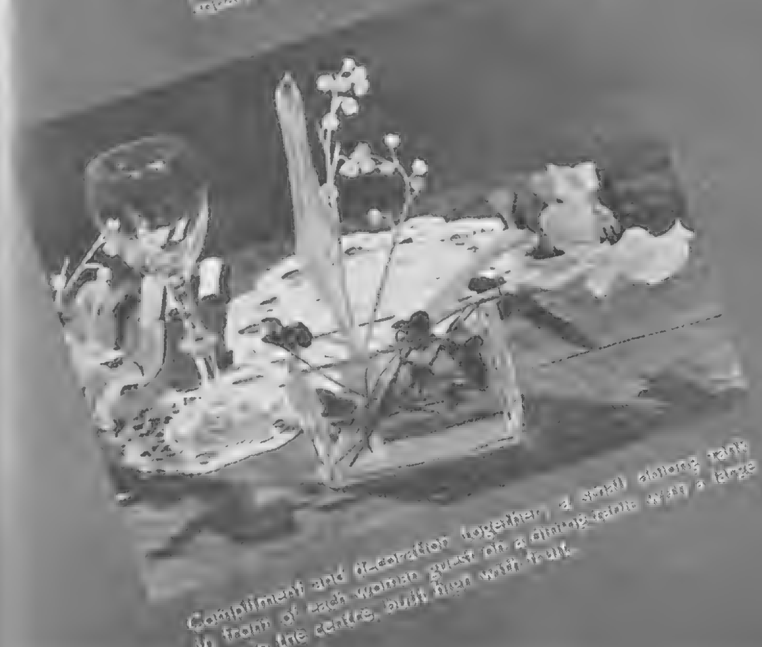
Rosemary and apples, an old-time Christmas combination. It has an exquisitely spicy smell. In a bowl with a colourful design. It costs 15/6.



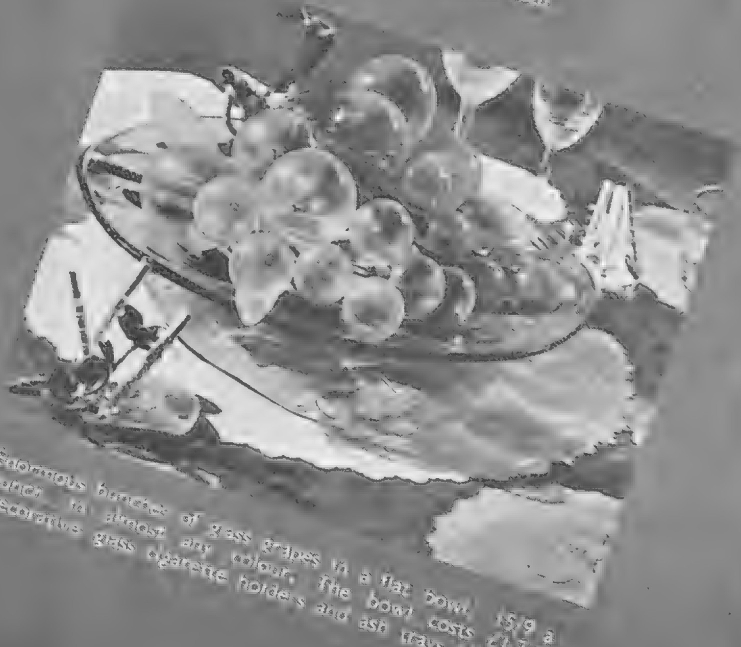
There are many different ways of arranging these five heavy glass vases. Large tank 17/6, oblong tanks 7/6 each, small square tanks—for cigarettes, if you like—5/6 each.



Heavy metal birds on either side of a mirror, with holly reflections. The birds are shimmering white, £1.12.9 each. The 12 mirror costs 6/-.



Compliment and decoration together, a small oblong tank in front of each woman guest on a dining-table with a large tank in the centre, built high with fruit.



Enormous bunches of glass grapes in a flat bowl. 15/9 a bunch in almost any colour. The bowl costs £1.7.6. Decorative glass cigarette holders and ash trays 6/3 each.

By Winifred Lewis

Original staircase. Metal rails, coloured silver and warm pink. Doris Howard Robertson

INFORMATION

There never was a dream house that didn't have a thatched roof, but thatch has disadvantages. The first of these is that thatch—good thatch—is expensive. Moreover, good thatchers are not easy to find. Again, thatch is picturesque, but it's not permanent—and *what* the insurance companies say about it! But you can have your dream house, thatch and all, and no drawbacks. The people who make roofing tiles have now produced a tile that looks exactly like thatch and behaves exactly like tiles.

Talking of tiles, the new asbestos tiling is well worth knowing about. Probably the only reason why you haven't had a coloured tile floor in your scullery, or a tile surround in your kitchen, or even a gaily coloured and hygienic tiled pantry, is that you can't afford tiles. But asbestos tiles are cheaper. Their colouring is soft and pretty, mottled and plain. Whenever you say "tiles," say "asbestos."

Silence, while we tell you about a rubber floor that makes no noise. With flooring like this you can, positively, walk on air. The appearance is similar to that of other rubber floors. There are many shades of colour. Have it mottled or marbled, plain or worked into a modern design. The feel of it is like walking on Turkey carpets. Not just one Turkey carpet, but many.

Some more news about floors. How many times have you wished that plain carpets were not so sensitive to marks? How many times have you turned aside from the beige carpet you prefer and taken the drab one you don't for this very reason? Well, all that is past. The best plain carpet is now specially treated not to show footmarks. If you spill the ink bottle over it or tramp over it in your gardening boots—well, that's different, but ordinary traffic marks don't show. The carpet costs a little more, but it lasts.

Fashions in furnishing woods change. It used to be oak in the dining-room and mahogany in the bedroom, with an occasional outbreak of walnut in the parlour. Now there are a variety of different woods to choose from—all beautiful, many original, and some of them cheap. One of the latest is Black Bean. Charming reddish brown in colour, strong grain. Looks charming with a colour scheme of cream and rust with accents of green. Other woods in favour

Glass is news for table settings. An exquisite suite. Venetian origin

(Left) Flat roofs are favoured. A wind-proof loggia and camouflaged chimney-pots

Favoured furnishing woods are Black Bean and sycamore. A bed recess panelled in sycamore. Bedside fittings to match

BUREAU

Modern "period" scheme. Off-white walls. White marble floor with black skirting. Clever lighting

are Australian maple; silky oak. Sycamore is first favourite as a decorative combination with the woods just mentioned.

Fashion furnishing note. Bentwood furniture has a place in most really modern schemes. The origin of this furniture is Swedish. An example is seen in the white arch-shape table in the picture at the bottom of this page. Chairs and tables of this cleverly moulded timber give colour, emphasis and originality to simple schemes. Moreover, it is practical and cheap.

War on the old bogy, polishing silver. There is a new process which can be applied to your silver and silver-plated heirlooms which makes its permanently bright. They call it rhodium plating. Much of the new silver is already treated in this way; so don't be fobbed off with anything less.

Silica Gel is a preparation destined to make life simpler for home-makers. It plays an important part in the air-conditioning plants we hope some day to afford, and it has also a simpler function. Contained in a scientifically designed covering, you can place it in cupboards, cake-tins, or drawers that are suspected of dampness, and the magic crystals absorb the damp and leave the dry.

Glass for the table is news. Glass plates decorated in colour. Candlesticks and exquisite centrepieces are bringing back elegance to meal-time settings. Glass early-morning tea-sets are among the most charming of novelties; and the rumour goes that glass afternoon tea sets are on the way.

Bentwood furniture is favoured. An effective white arch-shape table. Doris Howard Robertson

Scrap the old-fashioned range, tile the recess that remains, and fit a modern cooker. Cupboards at each side of the chimney breast, a modern sink, and this kitchen is brought up to date

This was once a scullery. Cream-tiled walls, porcelain shelves and a tiled floor have converted it to a cool, clean pantry

RECONSTRUCTED

It is one thing to design the perfect kitchen for a new house, but it is another thing altogether to reconstruct an out-of-date one, more especially where faults lie in architectural blunders.

All the same, astonishing changes can be wrought in the old-fashioned kitchen merely by altering the lay-out, adding some modern fittings and substituting something more stimulating for a drab scheme of decoration.

First impressions of the old-fashioned kitchen often suggest disorder and dirt. This is due not actually to neglect but to the effect of shabby walls, discoloured with steam, splashed with grease and, frequently, crumbling.

An old kitchen range may add to the general effect of decay, and a general air of untidiness is emphasised by utensils strewn listlessly about—overflows from the inadequate cupboard space.

The reconstruction of a kitchen like this is a fairly big undertaking, though naturally the cost depends upon the extent of the alterations.

Tiling the walls, or part of them, is one step in the direction of improvement. Asbestos tiles are the least expensive and can be had in some delightful colour effects.

Where the kitchen range is to be scrapped, the space left after the removal can be tiled and used to accommodate a modern coke boiler or a gas cooker.

An alternative to tiling for the walls is cellulose paint, which has a hard finish and outlasts other types of painted surface. It is, however, a luxury, the paint itself being more expensive than ordinary varieties; besides which it requires to be sprayed on—a process only undertaken by a first-class decorator.

New flooring or a modern floor covering does everything to improve the appearance and add to the comfort of the old-fashioned kitchen. A neat floor gives a solid basis to a scheme of decoration and, if of the type that is easily kept clean, is a vital factor in the elimination of drudgery.

Except in a scullery where water is often splashed on to the floor, or in a pantry where they are required for coolness, tiles are not the best choice for the kitchen floor. Rubber or jointless composition are both good and not expensive. They can, moreover, be laid over old flooring with complete success.

To reconstruct a kitchen without including a modern sink is merely to toy with improvements. In thinking of modern labour-saving sinks, thoughts naturally turn to untarnishable metal ones which, hitherto, have been objects of admiration and envy, but somewhat beyond the average means.

Now, however, after much experimentation, a firm of manufacturers have produced a Monel metal sink at a price not so far removed from that of a good porcelain.

Besides being stainless and practically greaseproof, these sinks have another almost unbelievable virtue. They won't break china.

At a demonstration by the manufacturers china was tossed into the sink from a distance of a yard and only once in about fifty times did the china break.

To replace an old-fashioned sink with one of these and to build cupboards underneath and around it is to give a new lease of life to any kitchen. Simple cupboard fitments under the sink itself and the draining boards provide accommodation for cleaning utensils, saucepans, vegetable racks and all the practical paraphernalia that have such a habit of strewing themselves about. They can cost a lot or a little.

Fitted cupboards are salvation to the old-fashioned kitchen. They can be built into recesses or ranged along the walls, as in the room photographed on the opposite page, where cupboards cover two sides of the room.

Cupboards for brooms, china, utensils, kitchen linen, silver and glass are simple enough to construct. A good carpenter will erect them at a comparatively low cost and, provided they are painted to

(Right) This is the new Monel metal, untarnishable, greaseproof sink. Its greatest virtue is that it practically refuses to break china. Moreover it is now obtainable at a reasonable cost

The fitted cupboards below and the glass-fronted dresser on the left have made this once drab kitchen efficient and neat. The woodwork is painted cream to tone with the walls and outlined with bright green

KITCHENS

match the walls, they appear to occupy a quite negligible space.

The important thing about cleverly constructed cupboards is that they eliminate furniture. In the small kitchen this is an advantage, because "elbow room" is absolutely essential to comfort and efficiency.

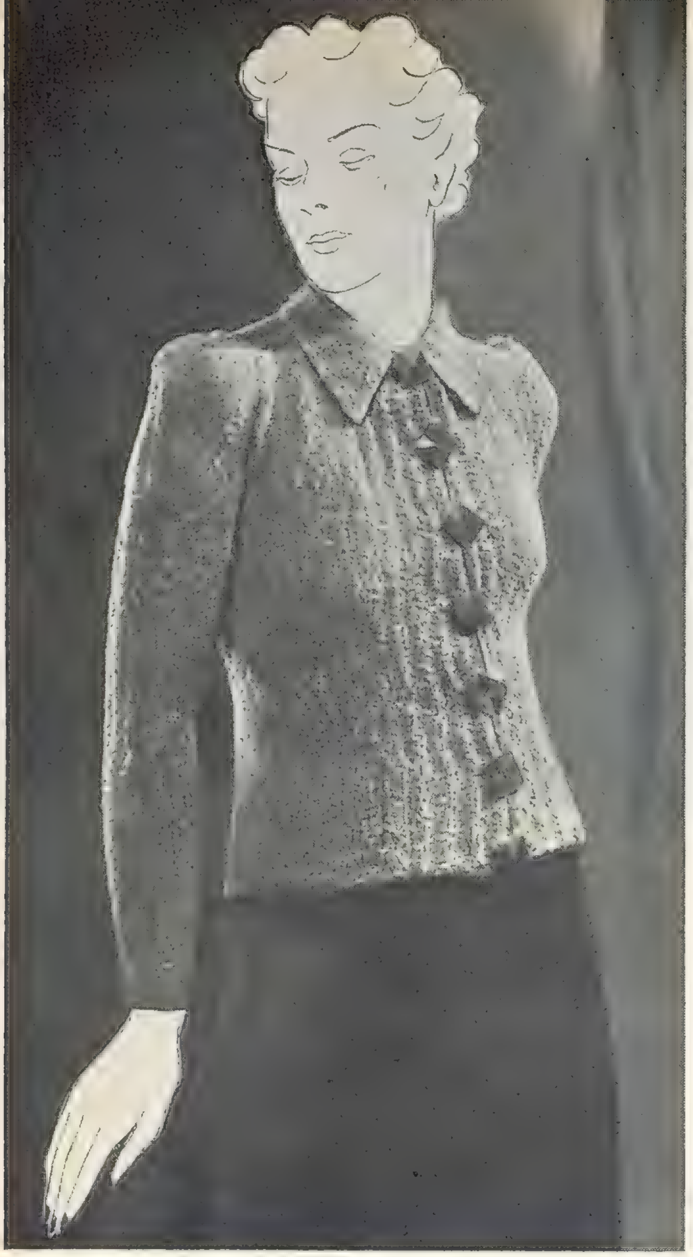
One picture here shows an interesting reconstruction of a rather dark scullery which was too small to be of much practical use and involved a great deal of walking to and from the kitchen for water.

An entrance to the garden was made in the kitchen and the one-time scullery was tiled throughout and transformed into a spacious and practical pantry. The sink remained—a useful feature in a pantry—but another more modern one was built into the kitchen. A recess in the pantry which had once proved a very unsatisfactory home for the gas cooker, now houses the refrigerator with good tempered ease and tiled shelves all round the walls make space for preserves, unperishable foods and, on another side, rows of brightly polished utensils.

This was, of course, a fairly ambitious reconstruction, but the owners of old and well-beloved houses find themselves handsomely repaid for expense and trouble involved in conferring the utilities of to-day upon the qualities of yesterday.

In the rush of buying Christmas specialities don't overlook the all-the-year-round essentials of an efficient store cupboard. The group below may jog your memory. Here are Robertson's Mince Meat and Ginger Marmalade; Vita Grape Juice, a health drink with valuable tonic properties; a tea-caddy tin filled with a new assortment of Carr's sweet biscuits and a Scottie tin of Carr's popular shortbread; two bottles of Burgoyne's Empire Wines, a Sauterne and a Graves, from South Africa; a Chivers' Christmas Pudding; a box of Batger's Chinese Figs; a tin of Brand's Essence of Chicken, light, nourishing, and supplied with a key opener; a packet of Bird's Vanilla flavoured blancmange; a packet of Horner's Real Cream Cheese; a packet of Hugon's "Atora" Shredded Beef Suet; a packet of "Milket," Chivers' new fruit-juice product; a bottle of "Green Label" Sliced Mango Chutney; a selection of Smedley's canned vegetables and bottled fruits

VITA
GRAPE JUICE
Stellen
SAUTERNES
Stellen
GRAVES
CARR'S "Scottie"
Smedley's
Home Grown
English Vegetables
SMEDLEY'S
CHINESE FIGS
BIRDS
ATORA



We suggest Miladi "Ingletwist" for this good-looking, high-shouldered, easy to make jumper-coat. Not that you are a careless knitter, but just in case, the knots, bumps and knobs woven into this attractive wool hide all and look most effective

YOU WILL NEED:

12 ozs. of Miladi "Ingletwist
1 pair of Stratnoid Knitting Pins No. 5
1 pair ,, ,, ,, No. 9
7 Buttons 1 Belt

MEASUREMENTS:

From shoulder to lower edge, 21 in.
Across back underarm, 17 in.
Across front, 10½ in.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 23 in.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. Knit; P. Purl; St. Stitch; Sts. Stitches;
Dec. Decrease; Inc. Increase; Tog. Together;
Beg. Beginning; Pat. Pattern.
Knit into the backs of all cast-on stitches.

JUMPER-COAT

BACK:

With No. 5 pins cast on 69 sts. Knit into back of first row. Work as follows:

*K. 2, P. 2. Repeat from * to last st. P. 1. Repeat this row for 5 rows (always ending with odd stitch and starting each row with K. 2. P. 2).

Now change to the following pat.:

1st row: K. 23. (K. 2. P. 2 for 22 sts. P. 1), K. 23.

2nd row: P. 23. (K. 2. P. 2 for 22 sts. P. 1.), K. 23.

Continue in pat. until 7 in. from start of work. Change to No. 9 pins and work for 3 in. Change back to No. 5 pins and continue until work measures 14½ in. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row, until 49 sts. remain. Work on these 49 sts. for 6½ in.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off 19 sts. for the back of the neck.

RIGHT FRONT:

With No. 5 pins cast on 53 sts. Work 2 rows as for the lower edge of back, then make a buttonhole. Rib. 3, cast off 6, rib to end. Next row, rib back, cast on 6 sts., rib 3. Work 2 more rows, then work as follows:

1st row: 29 sts. in rib (as for centre panel of back). K. 34.

2nd row: P. 34. 29 sts. in rib. Continue in this pat., making buttonholes 2½ in. apart.

When work measures 7 in. from start change to No. 9 pins. Work for 3 in. Change back to No. 5 pins and continue until work measures 14½ in. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, then K. 2 tog. at beg. of every armhole end row until 43 sts. Work for 5 in. on these 43 sts.

SHAPE NECK:

Cast off 20 sts. at neck. Continue on the remaining 23 sts. for 1½ in., decreasing at the same time one stitch every row at neck edge until 15 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER:

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT:

Work as right front with border at opposite edge and omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES:

With No. 9 pins cast on 35 sts. Rib as for panel for back for 2½ in.

Work as follows: (Right side facing.)

1st row: K. 10 sts. Rib centre 15 sts. K. 10 sts.

2nd row: P. 10 sts. Rib 15 sts. K. 10 sts.

Continue these 2 rows for 1 in., then inc. one st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 53 sts., then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 8 sts. remain.

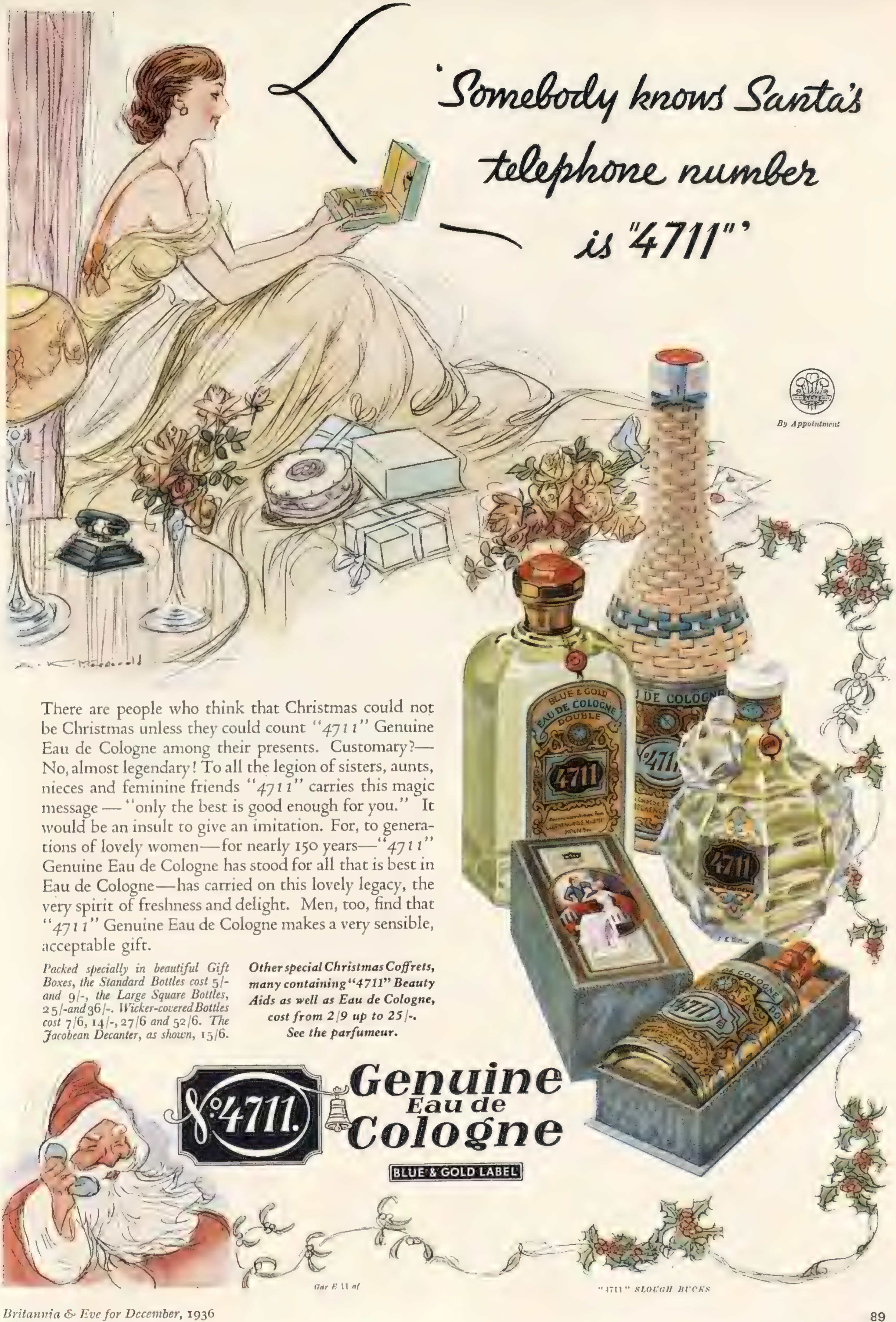
Cast off.

COLLAR:

With No. 9 pins cast on 75 sts. Work in rib for 3 in., at the same time increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP:

Sew up all seams. Sew in the sleeves, making two small pleats at the top of shoulder. Sew on collar and work buttonholes. Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Sew on buttons.



'Somebody knows Santa's telephone number is "4711"'

By Appointment

There are people who think that Christmas could not be Christmas unless they could count "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne among their presents. Customary?—No, almost legendary! To all the legion of sisters, aunts, nieces and feminine friends "*4711*" carries this magic message — "only the best is good enough for you." It would be an insult to give an imitation. For, to generations of lovely women—for nearly 150 years—"*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne has stood for all that is best in Eau de Cologne—has carried on this lovely legacy, the very spirit of freshness and delight. Men, too, find that "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne makes a very sensible, acceptable gift.

Packed specially in beautiful Gift Boxes, the Standard Bottles cost 5/- and 9/-, the Large Square Bottles, 25/-and 36/-. Wicker-covered Bottles cost 7/6, 14/-, 27/6 and 52/6. The Jacobean Decanter, as shown, 15/6.

Other special Christmas Coffrets, many containing "4711" Beauty Aids as well as Eau de Cologne, cost from 2/9 up to 25/-. See the parfumeur.

No. 4711.

Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Gar E 11 af

"4711" SLOUGH BUCKS

Luscious FRESHNESS

HOW APPETISING!

Smedley's
Fruits
RASPBERRIES

Smedley's Raspberries from Scotland

SMEDLEY'S
GARDEN PEAS

Smedley's English Garden Peas. Unrivalled for fresh spring flavour

Smedley's
Home Grown
Fruits

Smedley's Damsons from Worcester

SMEDLEY'S,
CANNERS, WISBECH, ENGLAND

Do you know the secret of the delicious freshness and natural flavour of Smedley's fruits and vegetables? Here it is: they are grown in the finest orchards and gardens in the best districts in England and Scotland; they are picked at the peak of perfection when bursting with nourishment; they are canned instantly by the exclusive Smedley process and thus retain all the *natural* goodness, *natural* flavour and entrancing aroma which are absent from ordinary canned foods. Get in a stock to-day. Choose from this appetising list. Smedley's peas (3 sizes), Macedoines, Young Spring Carrots, Celery Hearts, New Potatoes, Spinach, Asparagus, etc., and Smedley's Raspberries, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Loganberries, Blackcurrants, Cherries, Damsons, Plums, etc. Remember, you can enjoy Smedley products all the year round because they are always in season. But insist on Smedley's.

ORDER
Smedley's

"FRESHER THAN FRESH" ENGLISH-GROWN GARDEN PRODUCE

MENU

Celery Surprise

Stuffed Goose

Risolées Potatoes

Tomato Salad

Plum Pudding

Brandy Butter

Mince Pies

Dessert

TRADITIONAL DINNER

ALTHOUGH no one could possibly want to interfere with the principal delights of an English Christmas dinner—bird, pudding, mince-pies, holly and mistletoe—there are always one or two little details which can be imposed giving a touch of personality to the meal.

Let me assume that you are being thoroughly old-fashioned, serving your Christmas dinner in the traditional manner at mid-day. You will have, of course, a fine bird, with all its gala trimmings, but why not try something other than turkey by way of a change?

Nothing could be better than a plump goose with a good, rich stuffing. With this I would serve only one vegetable—potatoes, either baked or *risolées*—and after, by itself, a crisp refreshing salad which will clear the palate and revive your interest in the pudding.

The beginning of the meal, too, should be carefully considered, for I think it is a bad plan to start right away with the rather rich and heavy bird.

What you want is something light and spicy, just a bite of an amusing hors d'œuvre dish which will whet your appetites for the good things to come.

Here, then, is my plan for Christmas dinner:

CELERY SURPRISE. This is an unusual way of serving celery and makes an excellent appetiser. First of all remove the outside leaves of the celery, leaving just a firm heart and cutting off all the top leaves. Wash the celery well in cold water and dry it.

Pound together in equal proportions smoked cod's roe and butter, adding a good squeeze of lemon-juice and a dash of Cayenne pepper.

Work to a very smooth paste and use this to stuff in between the sticks of the celery, taking care not to break them off. Press them together again and tie the loose end with a thin piece of string. Just before serving remove the string and cut the celery into pieces about two inches long.

STUFFED GOOSE. The time for cooking a large bird depends to a certain extent on the stuffing. A goose stuffed in the following manner should cook for about twenty-five minutes to the pound. As you are using prunes for the stuffing, they should be large ones of the best quality and should soak in water for twenty-four hours.

Have ready a sufficient quantity of sausage-meat and add to it two onions very finely chopped and browned in butter. Mix well and fry for a minute or two. See that the mixture is well seasoned and bind it with the yolk of an egg.

Now take the prunes (about a dozen), dry them well, slit them with a sharp-pointed knife, remove the stones and stuff them with a little of the prepared stuffing, after which you mix them with the rest, using the whole thing to stuff the bird. Spread pork fat all over the goose and roast it in the usual way, basting frequently.

RISOLEÉS POTATOES. Choose small round potatoes of even size, peel and wash them in cold water and dry them well. Put a good piece of butter (the size of a large egg for a pound of potatoes) in a thick, flat pan; when it begins to foam, put in the potatoes and cover the pan. Let the potatoes cook very slowly, shaking the pan occasionally and turning the potatoes so that they are brown all over.

The potatoes can be left waiting, which is an advantage, but you must have a really thick pan and only one layer of potatoes quite flat on the bottom.

TOMATO SALAD. Again you want evenly sized round tomatoes, rather on the large size. Cut off a small piece at the top and scoop out all the flesh. Remove as many of the seeds as possible and chop the rest, adding the same quantity of shredded pineapple and a little finely shredded lettuce.

(*Continued on page* 118)

HELP-YOURSELF-FOOD

By A. H. Adair

COCKTAIL VARIETIES
BY
HUNTLEY & PALMERS

An array of Easy-to-eat food and drinks. You will recognise in the foreground a dish of Peek Frean's "Twiglets," those crunchy little with-cocktail delicacies, and a box of Huntley & Palmer's appetising cocktail biscuits. Those two gold-foiled bottles up at the top left are Gaymer's Sparkling Pommetta, a champagne cider which costs you 2/4 a bottle

ON this page I am giving a few recipes which will be useful for evening parties throughout the winter season. They are mostly intended for informal occasions on which there would be just a buffet supper. But they would do also for the kind of party where there is a constant supply of plates filled with odds and ends, both sweet and savoury.

EGG SALAD. Cut hard-boiled eggs in two, remove the yolks and put them in a bowl. Pound them up and add prepared mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar, and mix well.

Now add, drop by drop, sufficient olive oil to make a thick sauce. Meanwhile chop the whites of the eggs very finely and mix with the prepared yolks. See that the eggs are well seasoned, spread on dry biscuits or fingers of toast, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. A few pickled walnuts could be added or a little Worcester sauce.

SALADE DE VOLAILLE. A good way of using up some of the cold bird which still remains.

Cut the flesh into pieces, carefully trimming it and removing all skin, bones and gristle. Chop the remaining good parts and put it in a salad bowl with the same quantity of cold cooked rice as you have of poultry, add also the same quantity of tomatoes, having peeled them, removed the pips and cut into small pieces.

Mix well together and season with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard. Mix again and garnish with a few stoned olives. You can also put round a few leaves of crisp lettuce, well washed and dried and dusted with salt and pepper.

CONSOMMÉ AU FROMAGE. A good cup of really hot soup is always welcome on a cold night, and is a great success at a late party. In this case you can make the stock with the carcase of whatever bird you have had, adding onions, tomatoes, outside leaves of celery, salt, pepper, a bouquet of thyme, parsley, and a bay leaf tied together, and cold water.

Bring to the boil, skim and simmer for at least an hour and a half. Strain the soup into a clean saucepan, bring to the boil and throw in a lightly beaten white of egg. This will collect all the scum and sediment so that you can strain off a perfectly clear *consommé*.

Heat it when required and serve in bowls or cups with a little grated cheese.

STUFFED DATES. Put the yolks of four eggs in a bowl or small saucepan and stand this in a larger one containing boiling water. Add, little by little, four ounces of castor sugar, whipping all the time, and when this makes a smooth ribbon, work in four ounces of flour.

Now add slowly, and whipping all the time, a pint of hot milk which you have boiled with a vanilla pod. Stir this slowly over the fire until thick; remove, and let it cool.

Add four ounces of crushed almonds and enough castor sugar to make the mixture quite stiff and rather brittle. When it is cold, use to stuff dates (you must choose large firm ones) which you have slit and stoned.

"POACHED EGGS ON TOAST." Take some pieces of plain sponge cake about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut to the size and shape of a slice of toast. Spread unevenly in the middle some sweetened whipped cream and place half an apricot on top.

CHOCOLATE CAKE. Put a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate (plain, of course) in a thick saucepan and stir it over a low fire until melted. Remove from the fire and mix in the yolks of four eggs, four ounces of castor sugar, and half that amount of melted butter.

Work well together and then add, little by little, two ounces of flour. Mix well and fold in, as you would for a *soufflé*, the whites of the eggs well whipped.

Butter a flat cake-tin and pour in the mixture. Cook for twelve minutes in a quick oven and turn the cake into another cake-tin, also well buttered. Cook for another twelve minutes and turn out, sprinkling the top with castor sugar.

ORANGEADE WITH A DASH. Strain the juice of six oranges into a jug and add a tumblerful of cold water, half a tumblerful of whisky and six teaspoonfuls of soft sugar. Let this stand on ice for an hour, and just before serving splash in sufficient cold soda-water.

(*Continued on page* 118)

Perfumes...

Indispensable to feminine charm.
Dainty gifts always
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16/6 and 30/-

DEMI JOUR
HOUBIGANT

PARFUM
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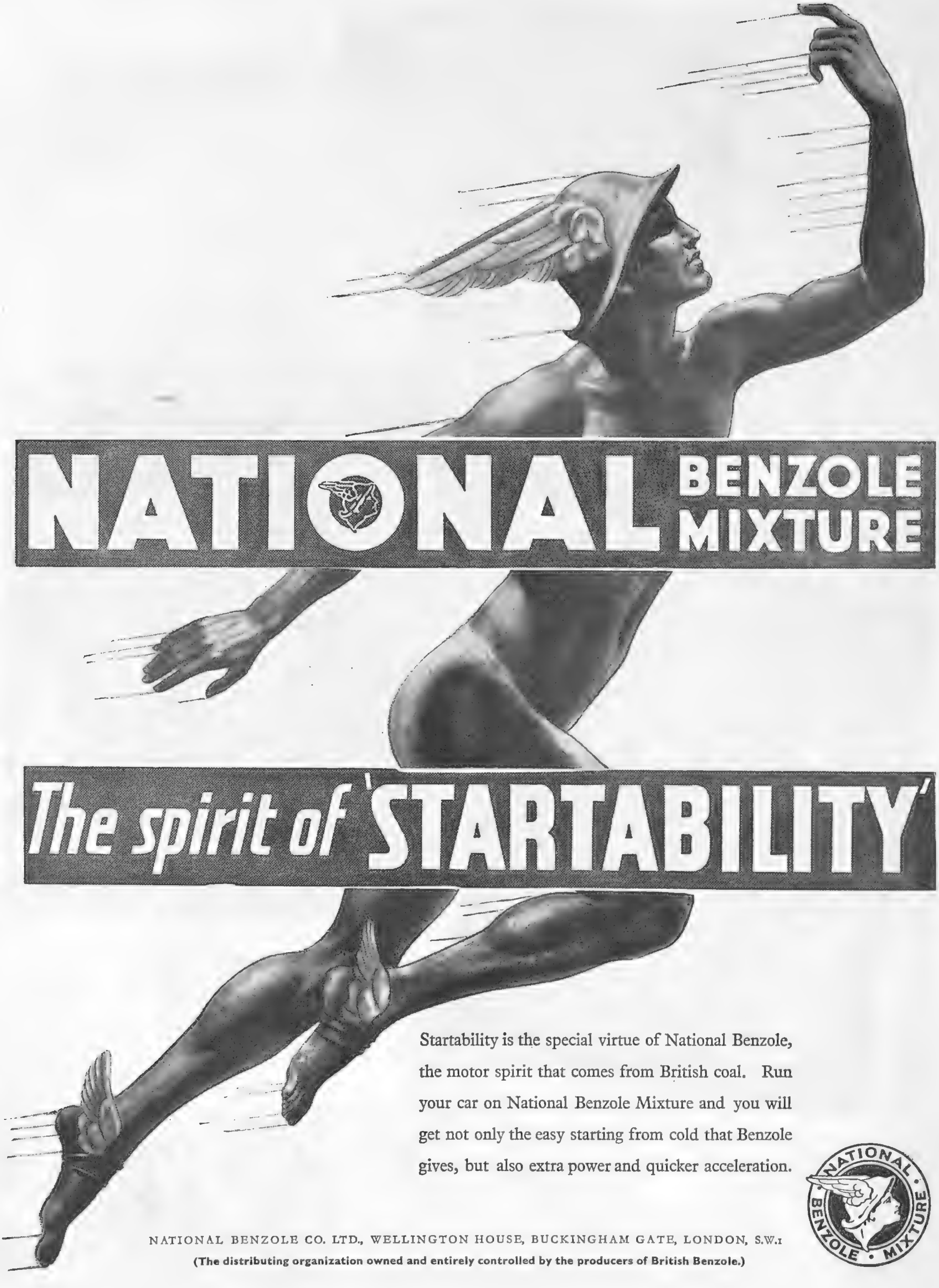
NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE
The spirit of 'STARTABILITY'

Startability is the special virtue of National Benzole, the motor spirit that comes from British coal. Run your car on National Benzole Mixture and you will get not only the easy starting from cold that Benzole gives, but also extra power and quicker acceleration.

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(The distributing organization owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole.)

THE new "V-8" Ford (£16 10s. tax) is a compact, but decidedly good-looking car. It is very similar to the big "V-8," and has a performance of the same high quality, but is considerably more economical in running costs

Fine Performance Moderate Tax

The New "V-8" Ford

By The Earl of Cardigan

The "V-8" Ford in brief

Engine: Eight cylinders in "V" formation; remarkable acceleration.

Performance: Second gear, 55 m.p.h.; top gear, 75 m.p.h.

Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, third and top synchro-mesh.

Springing: By Ford transverse system.

Steering: Accurate; geared rather low.

Brakes: Light and efficient.

Coachwork: Roomy; will seat six.

Price: Four-door saloon £210.

I WONDER if the ordinary motorist can recall the sensation created by the original "V-8" Ford when it was first introduced? It would not be too much, I think, to say that it was greeted with astonishment, as being the fastest and most powerful car that had ever—up to that time—come on the market at so low a price. I myself, in these pages, used up any number of superlatives in describing it.

There was only one thing to limit its popularity—namely the large tax which was incurred by the dimensions of the engine. Hence a demand arose for a more economical "V-8"—a car capable of giving a similar quality of performance, but which would bear less heavily in upkeep costs on the motorist's pocket.

In due course a smaller "V-8" engine was developed, and this year we have an entirely new Ford "V-8" car which incurs only a £16 10s. tax. Without any question, it is a remarkable proposition. It has its full share of the power and speed for which the "V-8" type is famous; it costs only £210 to buy, and it compares well in economy with any other car of medium power.

When driving this new Ford, one is impressed first of all by its acceleration, which is very fine indeed. The maximum speed is a good 75 m.p.h., and a cruising pace of 60 m.p.h. can be maintained without any sense of effort. Flexibility is a very well marked feature. Thus in second gear (there are three ratios, of which two are synchro-mesh), the car has a speed range extending from about 2 to some 55 m.p.h. At neither extreme is there any trace of vibration or stress.

Road-holding is good: indeed, I am of the opinion that this car is steadier at speed than any Ford model which I have driven previously. I have not been able to discover why this should be so, for conventional Ford design, with the road springs set transversely, has been followed as usual. It may be that the spring leaves are stiffer, or the shock-absorbers more efficient. At any rate, I am convinced that superior road-holding has somehow been achieved.

The steering is geared rather low, and has not a great deal of self-centring action. It is, however, light to operate, and here again the car seems to handle in a more accurate and definite manner, giving the driver greater confidence at speed. The brakes act powerfully and well, and complete the sense of assurance that this Ford is at all times perfectly responsive to the various controls.

The driving position is comfortable, and the single front seat is of such width that three fairly slim people can sit abreast without overcrowding. For two adults and a child, the space is ample. Thus, while being rather more compactly built than most cars, the Ford can be regarded as a potential six-seater, and therefore roomier than the majority of its competitors.

Why, I wonder, is the single front seat not more widely adopted? One does not usually carry three people in front; but one may wish to do so on certain occasions. With two bucket seats this is impossible, whereas with the single seat it is simply a matter of "squeezing up" to a certain extent. The space is available, should one choose to utilise it.

At the back, the Ford likewise provides ample accommodation. At first sight, there does not appear to be very much knee-room; but actually, thanks to clever planning, there is quite as much as the tallest person is likely to need. The only seating criticism that I can make is that the driver is placed where he can see neither of his front wings. The novice may find this an inconvenience.

To return to the chassis, the bonnet is unusual in that it hinges from the rear end, the mascot in front serving as a locking device. The side pieces may be easily detached, so that the engine is readily accessible. When examined, it is at once apparent how the "V" formation makes for compactness. There are eight cylinders there; but the amount of space occupied is hardly greater than that required for the four cylinders of a normal 10 h.p. car.

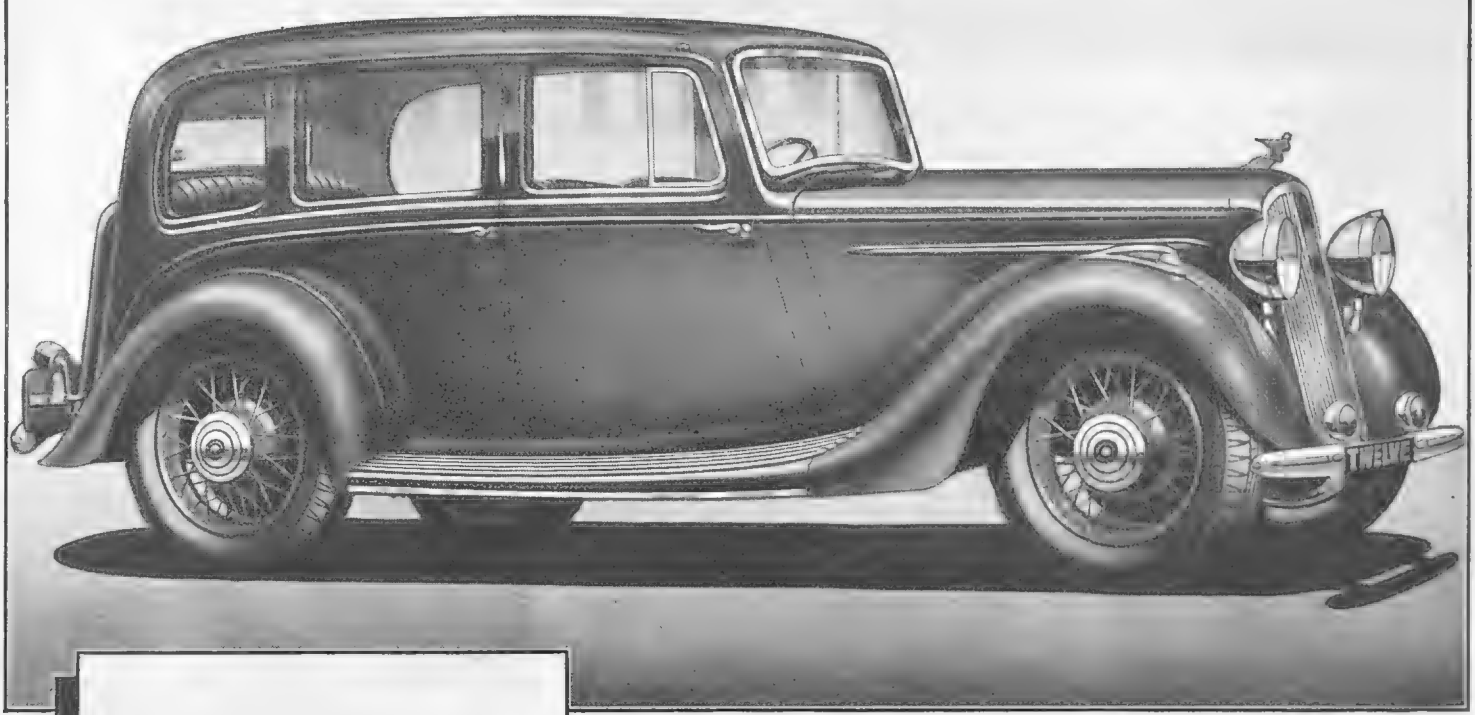
One technical point. Those who have eyes for such things will see that the valve gear is placed between the two banks of cylinders, and may wonder how the tappets can be got at for adjustment. I raised this point recently, and learned that the tappets are of special type, designed to require no adjustment except at long intervals, when the engine in any case is bound to be "taken down."

The price of the complete car is sufficiently remarkable to be mentioned a second time. With the four-door saloon body it is only £210—and it is difficult to imagine more outstanding value.

THE engine, with its cylinders arranged in "V" formation, is unusually compact. Although extremely powerful, it occupies no more space than the average 10 or 12 h.p. unit

THE driving position is comfortable, and the front seat, which utilises the whole width of the car, is roomy enough for three people to sit abreast—a decided advantage

Today's most distinguished "TWELVE"



SOME OF THE FEATURES!

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SALOON REDUCED TO

£258

VOGUE SALOON £298

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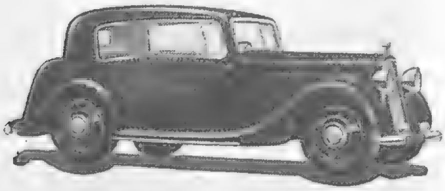
Now substantially lower in price the Humber Quality "Twelve" is equipped with the same care and craftsmanship, distinguished by the same impeccable coachwork as the more expensive Humbers. It offers Humber comfort, performance and style in a car of moderate cost and rating.

VOGUE SALOON



Inspired by Molyneux . . . built by Humber . . . for those who want something different, the Vogue Saloon offers an inimitable artistry of line. Coachwork designed in collaboration with Molyneux of London and Paris.

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QUALITY "TWELVE"

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

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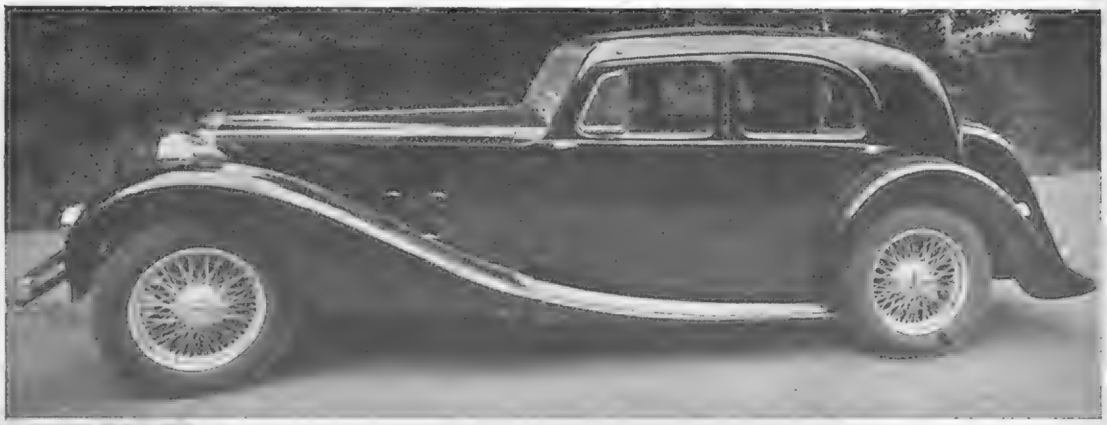
A Sports Car of Refined Type

The Two-litre M.G.

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE new two-litre M.G. has been built on a generous scale. No part of it has been cramped to create a "compact" effect, and thus the accommodation for four passengers is ample

THERE is plenty of room at the back, and although there are four doors, the front seats can nevertheless be folded forward. There are occasions when this is a real asset

THE two-litre M.G. is a car which is likely to cause something of a stir. Previous M.G. enthusiasts are bound to study it with interest, for—while its performance is thoroughly in keeping with the sporting reputation which its makers have built up—it is clearly a more refined and luxurious proposition than any of the preceding M.G. models.

Those who have not previously owned or driven M.G. cars may find themselves unexpectedly attracted by this new "two-litre." Through hearing of so many racing successes, such people will have been inclined to connect the name of M.G. with speed rather than with any other quality. That this has become a misconception will be very evident in any examination of the car now under review.

In the first place, this two-litre M.G. is of generous size. It has little outwardly in common with the "compact" type of sports car, which all too often proves to be deficient in passenger space. The coachwork can fairly be described as roomy, its appointments are luxurious, and there are a number of novel and convenient features.

One very good point is that, although the saloon model has four doors, the backs of the front seats are nevertheless made to tilt forward. This is bound to be a great asset whenever an owner wishes to get any bulky object in or out of the car. Another good arrangement is that, when a door is opened, it stays open until it is closed again. It does not swing back irritatingly of its own accord.

On the road one finds a further respect in which the new M.G. caters for the tastes of a very wide public. It can be driven vigorously, with the gearbox freely used to take advantage of the high "revving" capacity of the engine. On the other hand, it can equally well be driven quite quietly, so that it just potters along in top gear like any ordinary family saloon. It will run just as pleasantly in either case.

The engine is a six-cylinder overhead-valve unit of approximately 18 h.p. It turns over exceedingly smoothly, and is also remarkably silent. Here again we have "luxury" characteristics; but the rate of acceleration is definitely that of a sports car. Also, the range of speed which the engine can cover is something quite out of the ordinary. It will "tick over" comfortably at about 300 r.p.m.; (*Continued on page* 101)

THE engine, which is fitted with twin carburettors, achieves a remarkable degree of efficiency. The tool kit is handily placed, and a good point is that chassis lubrication nipples are grouped accessibly together

THE arrangement of instruments is very neat, and among them is a "rev-counter." The short, stiff gear lever is well placed, and has a satisfactorily positive action

The Two-litre M.G. in Brief.

Engine: Six cylinders, overhead valves, twin carburettors, 17·7 h.p. Capable of a smooth 5,500 r.p.m.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, synchro-mesh third and top.

Performance: Third gear, 65/70 m.p.h.; top gear, 85/90 m.p.h.

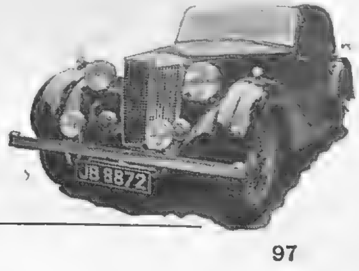
Springing: Comfortable, relatively soft.

Brakes: Excellent, hydraulic type.

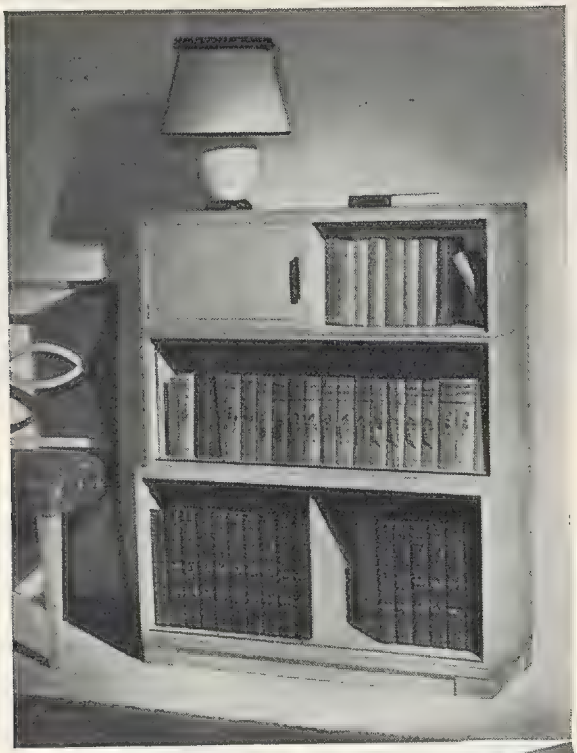
Steering: Good, adjustable column, spring-spoked wheel.

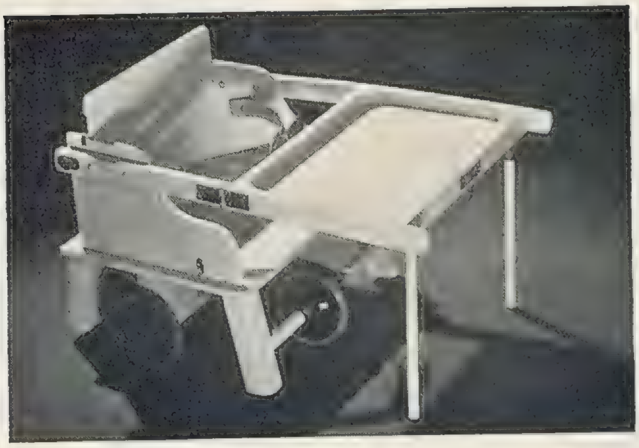
Coachwork: Comfortable, well appointed.

Price: Saloon model, £389.



CHRISTMAS MISCELLANY





The "Little Buffer" wheel baby chair allows any growing baby to get around by himself in comfort and safety. Prices from 17/6, food trays from 5/- extra

Minty Neo-Craft Sectional Bookcases look good and protect your books from dust, as they are fronted with sliding plate-glass panels. The oak stack illustrated costs £6.5.0, and sections can, of course, be added from time to time as required. Minty chairs and settees, upholstered in a wide range of modern tapestries, are equally good value

PLASTICINE
DERLAND

Harbutt's Plasticine will provide endless amusement and occupation for wet days in nursery and schoolroom during the Christmas holidays. Grown-ups like it too. The Elfin Wonderland Set illustrated above costs 2/6.

Vono folding tables are obtainable in various styles and sizes from 13/9. Folding tables and folding chairs are available singly or in sets, and whether for bridge, writing, sewing or picnics (fold it up and put it in the car) there is always a use for a Vono

Singer's Electric Portable Sewing Machine is provided with a green fibre case, the latter fitted with a drawer for cottons, etc. The lamp which is fitted to this machine (you can see it jutting out at the back) throws its light directly on to your work. Price complete, £14.2.0

The "Hindelife" Hair Brush, all pure bristle mounted on a rubber cushion, is the perfect hair invigorator. Handled or military shapes are available at 2/11, 3/11 and 5/11, the two latter priced models being provided with a cleaner

for the Christmas Tea!

Make the tea hour festive too. Huntley and Palmers Biscuits are gay, tempting, *delicious!* They are great favourites on Christmas Day or any day.

Special Tins
2/6
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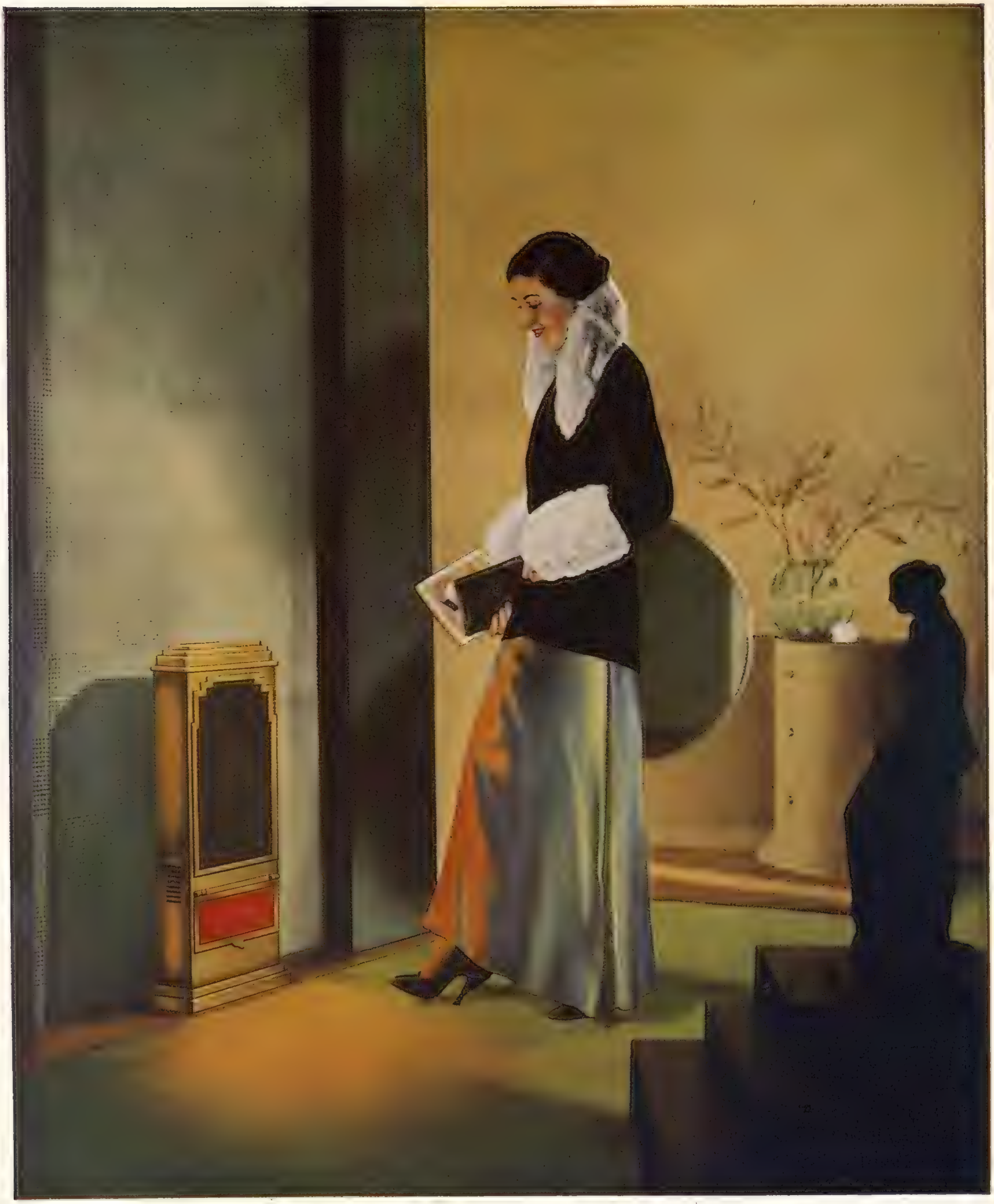
OR BY WEIGHT
2/3 per lb.

AFTERNOON TEA BISCUITS

made by **HUNTLEY & PALMERS**

SO YOU KNOW THEY'RE THE BEST



“MODERNE” Model, finished Shaded Gold (as illustrated), £5 0s. 0d. Other models at prices from 70s.

NEATER HEATING

FLAVELS
of LEAMINGTON

The secret of “Neater Heating” (the RADIANT-PANEL Gas Heater) is the *plain, black, radiant panel.* Obtainable from all Gas Companies. For list in full colours please write to *The Fireplace Galleries,* 38 WELBECK STREET, W.1

A Sports Car *of* Refined Type

(*Continued from page* 97)

but is capable, when accelerated to the full extent, of reaching the uncommonly high figure of 5,500 r.p.m. A few years ago this would have been almost unthinkable for an ordinary motor car!

With such an engine, it is not surprising that the top-gear performance ranges from a mere walking pace up to 85 m.p.h. or even more. At 60 m.p.h., although the "revs" are already fairly high, the car is running really easily and well "within itself." Third gear is a high ratio, in which a maximum speed of 65 or 70 m.p.h. is available.

The gearbox is of course a four-speed unit, in which third and top are synchro-mesh ratios. The gear lever is short and rigid, and is conveniently placed where the hand falls naturally upon it.

The springing is extremely comfortable, and the steering is very light to operate. The usual sports-car tendency to stiffen the springing and gear up the steering has deliberately been resisted. If anything, I am inclined to think that the present type of springing is a little on the soft side, and that for speed work it could be more rigid. There is little doubt, however, that the degree of comfort achieved at medium speeds will win the approval of the average passenger.

The braking is thoroughly efficient, and works on the hydraulic principle. Besides acting very powerfully, it also responds in an admirably progressive manner to the pressure of the driver's foot on the pedal. This is an invariable virtue of the hydraulic type of brake, which in this case is assisted by a "racing" hand lever operating separately on the rear wheels.

The hydraulic system is also used to operate the in-built jacks with which the chassis is fitted. There are many other good points to be noted. For example, the steering column can be instantly adjusted for length, so that the wheel is in the right place for any individual. Again, the electric petrol pump is duplicated, so that one fairly common cause of trouble with the modern car is virtually eliminated.

The chassis lubrication system is an excellent one, being likewise almost immune from potential troubles. There are a number of oil nipples; but these are all grouped together in a convenient position under the bonnet. Altogether, there can be few cars of any type which are better or more sensibly equipped. The saloon model is decidedly moderate in price, being listed at £389.

END

A Child for Christmas

(*Continued from page* 11)

carbon copy, but I sent it up to a fellow I know who is editor of one of those magazines."

Three days later there came a little note from the beautiful house full of beautiful things where Ingram Brown's mother lived in a state of extreme luxury and comfort.

For the first time in all the years they had stroked and petted and cosseted each other, and protected each other from outside criticism and advice, she wrote and asked them to lunch on Christmas Day, and she added, in her special note to Sonia Entwhistle, "Please bring your little niece. It will be delightful to have a child in the house for Christmas."

MARGIE'S manners were delightful. They were easy and pleasant and courteous, but she spoke the truth like the good daughter of a good Quaker.

She had never been taught to do anything else.

It was not an obtrusive truth. That was what made it so deadly. It had a quality of inevitability. You couldn't question that it was what the child honestly thought without hurt or malice. She was curiously without the self-dramatisation that affects so many little girls of her age.

Over the cocktails, ice cold, perfectly served, that preceded what was to be a perfectly served Christmas lunch, Burt Stokes said with an odd laugh:

"I say, it is an absolute scream, isn't it? You know that magazine! Well, damn it all, they took that detective story. They pay, too, these rags! They paid me twenty-five pounds."

He was shamefaced, and yet he was elated.

After a while he added, like a millionaire who grumbles at another windfall:

"They've asked me for more."

With the exception of that soft hermit crab Ingram Brown, the whole group lived in a state of economy that bordered on penury. Burt Stokes subsisted on a tiny income and never sold. Mary Wheelcock could manage to keep herself by the aid of a yearly contract with the woman's page. Sonia Entwhistle was a dilettante attracted by the voice and noise of the arts, her artistic snobbery soothed and petted by living in this mediæval nest. She alone of the gathering was quite unworried by debts. Her investments were clever, gilt-edged trustee stock, constantly supervised by an astute family lawyer.

Ingram Brown had a small private income left him by his father. In addition he had sold five or six of the less obtrusively violent surrealist efforts at small exhibitions. Had he disciplined himself, he could have sold more. He liked going blah with bits of material and paper and cotton wool. He liked the large expansive sense of infantile freedom it gave him to play wildly with unusual materials. The results had nothing to do with his subconscious or his conscious. He was briefly giving himself an undisciplined party without much meaning for himself, and little for anyone else, and protecting it with a large, expansive word—art. He liked making a mud puddle of his mind.

Now as they sat in the enchanting sitting-room that overlooked the bay, after a most excellent lunch, Margie suddenly spoke. She addressed him.

"When are you going to marry Mary?" she said. "And can I be bridesmaid? I've never been anybody's bridesmaid, but I shall be—and I shall be a godmother and a mother quite soon."

A queer, fixed look of terror came into old Mrs. Brown's eyes. The child had pulled into the open a whole situation that she had tacitly and forcibly ignored for seven long relentless years. For seven years she had chloroformed her son with the good scents of the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Mary went white.

"Why do you kiss Mary in corners when there's anyone about, Mr. Brown? Mummie doesn't do that to Daddie, and Gladys kisses her young man in the kitchen at home, and Mr. Lawrence and his young lady, who come to dinner sometimes, they sit with their arms around each other. Are you engaged?"

It was there. The curtains were dragged back from the scene that they knew had always lain behind it. They were forced to look. Mary Wheelcock looked and she saw a panorama of seven emotional wasted years, of snatched and furtive love-making, of sick dismay that her lover was of such soft scented clay.

The room was terribly quiet, full of evoked drama.

"It's a funny way of going on," said Margie.

And suddenly Mary Wheelcock spoke. She looked at old Mrs. Brown, and there was no defiance and no defence in her attitude. It was quiet and impersonal. It was as if she had been walking in quiet anguish in their midst for seven years, looking for something, and they had known she was looking and never

(*Continued on page* 102)

"I wonder why"

says Father Christmas.

VONO
FOLDING TABLE

"I wonder why so many people are giving Vono Tables this Christmas! There must be *something* about them that ordinary folding tables haven't got. Bless my whiskers!—they're very easy to carry, too . . . ."

A Vono Table makes an ideal present, no matter for whom. Vono Tables are made in various finishes to tone with any colour scheme. They are easy to carry, simple as ABC to operate, English made and by no means expensive. Give—and get—a VONO.

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Velvet top (best quality mohair) 30/-
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TEETH LOOK 40

because she used a
HALF WAY *dentifrice*

Half way dental care is simply gambling with your teeth. Even in youth, soft spongy gums are the warning of disaster ahead—lost teeth, dental ruin.

There is no excuse for taking this chance. You *can* use a dentifrice that whitens your teeth and *Safeguards Your Gums* at the same time. Forhans brand dentifrice was perfected by a famous dental surgeon for this *Double* protection.

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Over 40 styles. 30 guaranteed materials in hundreds of colours.
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stopped to ask what it was she sought, or what she suffered in the seeking. She had been a part of their general concerted, combined, shared defence mechanism.

Now they knew that she had found it in herself.

"Yes, it's silly," she said. "One goes on being young in one's hopes and thoughts so long after one is really old. That is a mistake that women make. I belong to the North, to Scotland. I'm going back. I heard a month or two ago that the sub-editress wasn't doing her stuff. The old one died, you know. They would be very glad to have me back. I used to know my job so well. They train them better up North than anywhere else. Why, all the people on the street down here who are any good were trained up North. It's the best kindergarten in the world. I'm going back!"

And suddenly, quite suddenly, Brown spoke. He did not look at his mother. For the first time he looked at things not through her eyes, but away from her.

"I'm going with you," he said. "We'll get married. We'll live in Edinburgh, that place that poets rave about. Do you remember Rebecca West's 'The Judge,' and the description of Edinburgh? Well, it isn't like that. It's hard and cold and grey really most times, but it's like a rock where you've lived, with a painted sunset. We'll get married, Mary. We'll get a special licence and we'll get married next week, and I'll go with you to Scotland. It will be good for you and good for me, where we will both work. There is a group of painters up there I'd like to meet. They haven't been spoilt by the fashion of the South, the mesh of London fancies and foibles."

His mother called out "You can't!"

He said, "I've been in love with Mary for a long time. I haven't played fair with her. It's been a craven, half-hearted, shrinking courtship. I've been ashamed of it thousands of times. But I liked my bedroom here, and the good food, and the good wine, and the central heating, and the car always at my disposal, and the gardens to work in, and having my clothes pressed and laid out; and the cheques you used to give me for my birthday and Christmas. I've liked that a lot. Every time I've thought of leaving it I've been terrified."

"Haven't you ever left your mother?" said Margie suddenly.

"No," he answered.

She looked at him, wide-eyed.

"Oh," she said, "and you're so big, so old. I *am* surprised."

MARGIE thanked the old lady very prettily for a lovely time when she went. She tucked her hand in Sonia Entwhistle's and they walked through the cobbled streets, and that lady was curiously silent. A fairy tale of the spirit was broken up. She was no longer a patron of the arts, fluttering with delicate sensibility, treading mediæval cobbles in comradeship with all intellectual and spiritual things. She was a disturbed woman.

There came to her, in a sudden warm flash of honesty, the mental picture of the Trocadero on a crowded night, of the fog and fun of a Lyons corner house, the stuffy excitement of a London cinema, the thrill of preliminary orchestration before a Queen's Hall promenade. She thought of people that her sister still knew and kept in touch with. People who had been woven into her own youth. Business people who said healthily of books, "He's wonderful, you know. He sells thousands." "Oh, isn't it a sweet picture! Everybody's buying it!" "Oh, I do like that! You see it so often." "You know, I must have one of those, everybody's getting them." "Oh, let's go and see it! The papers say it's so good." "Oh, I love to sit and watch people! I went for a walk in the park, dear, this morning. It was lovely. I do think the way they keep the flowers is wonderful!"

The lights were burning behind the old latticed windows. Hermit crabs, living in the shell of the past, were busy existing through Christmas Day among their antique furniture.

Sonia Entwhistle looked down at her niece and spoke brusquely.

"Have you enjoyed your Christmas Day, Margie?"

"Yes, thank you, Auntie. I would have liked crackers and a Christmas tree, but still, I suppose crackers would make a mess on the floor for an old lady like that, and she'd probably be afraid of a Christmas tree catching on fire. I suppose they never have a pantomime down here?"

"No, of course not; there isn't a theatre."

"I don't think Christmas is really Christmas without a pantomime, do you?" said Margie. "I mean, not really."

"Would you like to go to a pantomime?" said Sonia Entwhistle.

"Oh, I'd love it!"

"I'll take you. We'll go and see 'Cinderella.' I'm coming up to town, I think, for a week or two. One needs a change."

"Will you stay with us, Auntie?"

"I may," said Sonia Entwhistle, and a healthy breeze blew through her mind and bore on it the thoughts of dress gossip and personality gossip and sex gossip with her sister, and the linking up of old relationships and old interests.

"Margie," she said. "I don't think I care for you in that coloured jersey. It's not your colour. You're growing out of it, too," she added firmly. "I shall have to knit you another in green."

"Oh, can you knit?"

"Of course I can knit," said Sonia Entwhistle. "I used to be very good indeed at it!"

END

Sailors' Christmas

(*Continued from page* 19)

catching the down train at Fenchurch Street."

"Iquique!" remarks the Mud Pilot reflectively. "Ah! Well do I remember the Christmas I spent in Iquique! It was my first after I went to sea, and the wonder was it wasn't my last as well...

"YOU often hear old shellbacks say it's unlucky for women to go to sea. But I, for one, don't believe it's true. And what's more, I can prove it isn't.

"This particular Christmas I'm speaking of when I was in Iquique, I was in a little barque owned by Thomas, of Liverpool, and you won't need telling that she was run on economical lines. Well, it was Christmas Eve, and we boys were all looking forward to a day ashore. Not that there's anything much to do in Iquique, if you're not partial to 'Aguadiente'; still, there were places where one could buy eats of a sort, and anything would be a change after our particular brand of hard tack and salt horse.

"The glass had been going down steadily for a day or two, and by Christmas Eve it had started to blow a norther. The crew had all gone ashore in the morning, and there was no one left on board but us boys, the steward and cook, and the Old Man, a Welshman named Price, who had his wife with him. Mrs. Price was a fat woman—oh, a very fat woman she was—sixteen stone she was, I should think, if she was an ounce. I don't think ever I saw such a fat woman.

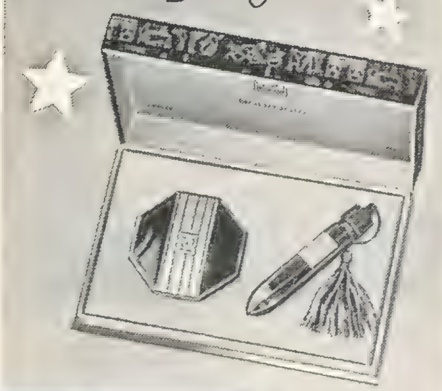
"It wasn't very long, as you'll readily believe, before the whole bay was like a boiling pot, and you could hardly see the shore for the spray that hung in the air like a mist. You remember the way the ships used to lie in the tiers at Iquique, moored with two cables bow and stern. We were the last in the tier, and there was a big Glasgow vessel—one of Law's Shires, I think she was—lay next to us. It wasn't very long before her anchor started to drag, and after a bit she came driving down right on top of us. Next thing she got her yards somehow locked in ours, and there we were grappled as fast as two ships in one of Nelson's battles.

"It was just touch and go whether she would roll us clean

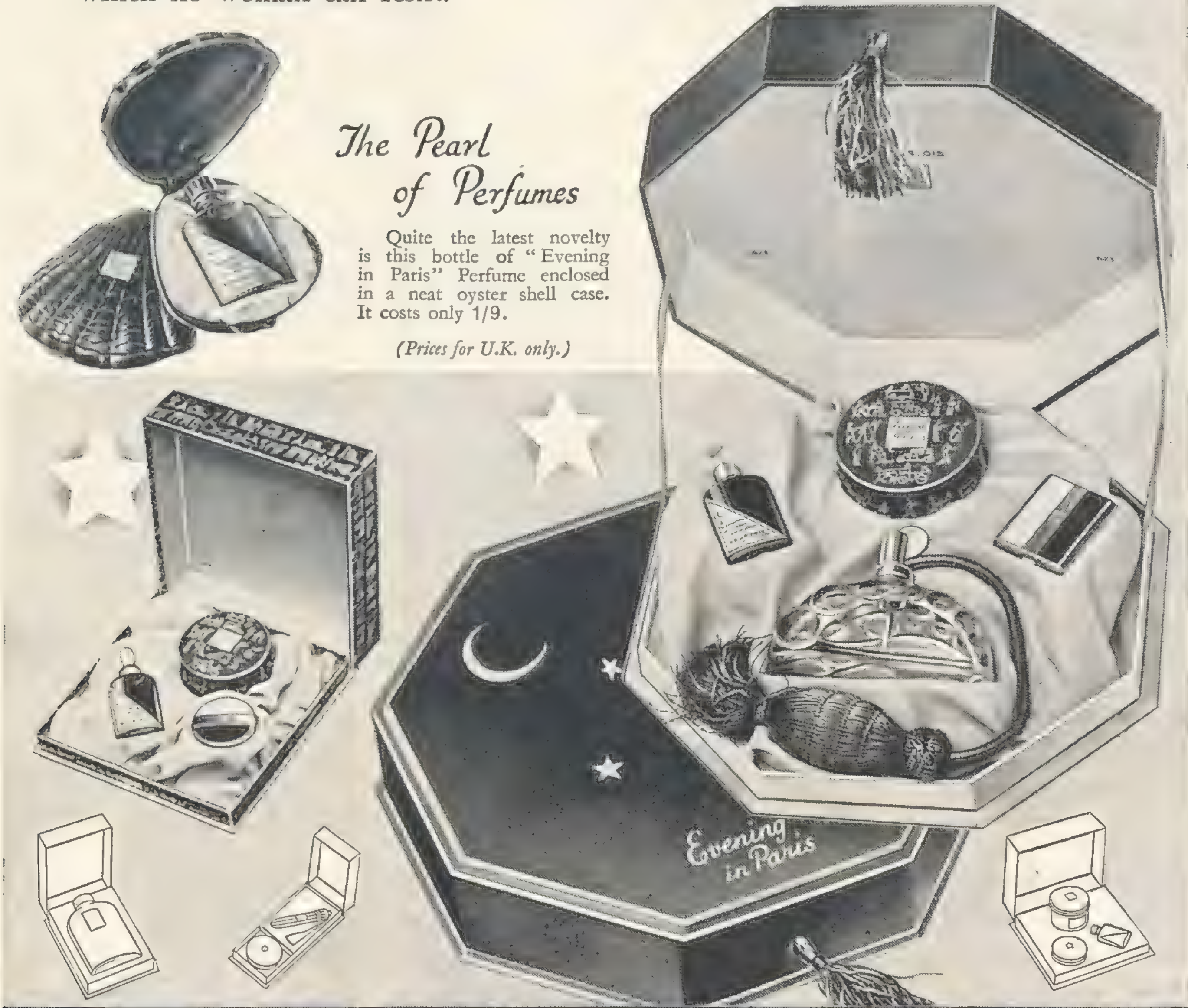
(*Continued on page* 104)

EVENING IN PARIS

The Best of Christmas Gifts...



The "Evening in Paris" Christmas Coffrets are lovelier than ever! Whether you pay 2/- or 35/- (there are many prices in between) your gift will carry distinction, elegance and that subtly implied compliment to her charm which no woman can resist.



The Pearl of Perfumes

Quite the latest novelty is this bottle of "Evening in Paris" Perfume enclosed in a neat oyster shell case. It costs only 1/9.

(Prices for U.K. only.)

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Allenburys DIET

OF ALL CHEMISTS IN TINS 2/1, 4/-, 7/6.

Allenburys Diet is a great boon to those whose vital energy is depleted by illness. During the attack it will be found very nourishing and digestible and when convalescence is in progress, its composition of milk, wheat and Vitamin D assist greatly to restore energy and vitality.

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MUCH MORE THAN MILK ALONE CAN GIVE

over inside the next few seconds. The cook and the steward and most of our half-deck shinned up the shrouds like greased lightning and got on board the other ship, and the skipper's wife, hearing all the row and confusion on deck, came tumbling up in the very deuce of a hurry.

"The Old Man started yelling to me from the shrouds: 'Pass the missus up to me, my lad. Pass the missus up to me!'

"Pass the missus up! Well, I was sixteen years old last birthday, and small for my age, and the skipper's missus, as I've mentioned, was one of the most monumental women it's ever been my luck to see. How we managed it I couldn't say, but between us we did get that great lump of a female up and over the rail of the Glasgow vessel.

"And I tell you, that saved us!

"Believe me or believe me not, as soon as ever she landed on deck, the Glasgow ship's rail went down and ours lifted, and the yards slipped free, and the ship that had been right on top of us just slid away and went tearing away into the mist and out of sight like the Flying Dutchman.

"And there was I, the only living soul left on board us!

"'Well,' thinks I, 'this is lively, this is. But anyhow, here goes for a decent Christmas dinner—if it's to be my last meal on earth!'

"Away I went to the pantry. The cook had got what he called a 'duff' boiling in the galley for the half-deck, but I didn't bother with that. I knew our Doctor's duffs too well—and I tell you, it was grand!

"The table was ready laid in the saloon for supper, and I sat down in the Old Man's armchair at the head of it, and put away the best meal I had all the years I was in sail. I had ham, and I had tinned tongue; I had cold plum pudding, and I had preserved ginger. I had jam, and I had fancy biscuits, I had sherry, and I had port. I don't deny that it felt a bit eerie, sitting there in that empty ship by myself, and I couldn't quite get rid of the feeling that the skipper was going to come in suddenly and lay hold of me by my ear. But I stuck it out and did justice to everything, and when I'd finished I turned in on the chartroom settee and slept the sleep of the just, or the full—put it how you like. Oh yes, our cables held all right; and they picked up the other ship safe and sound. And that's why I've never believed in that notion about a woman being a hoodoo."

"THE worst Christmas I remember," said the Harwich man, "was one when we ran short of provisions—and, worst of all, of tobacco. We lived for a week or two on precious little but the sweepings of the bread-room, and those were mostly composed of the weevils that had fallen out of the bread. Still, as we pointed out to each other, the weevils had all been originally bread, so why grumble?

"I've been in hungry ships since, and I've been in ships short of water. But for a real right-down unhappy ship, give me one that's run out of tobacco. You can hardly realise what a pipe or a chew means to a sailorman till you've been through an experience of the kind yourself. A hungry sailorman'll tighten up his belt and make the best of it. But when it comes to going without baccy, he's done. We had a good shantying crowd that trip, one of the best I've ever sailed with; but the work was all done in dead silence, with never so much as a 'Heave-ho!' It was ghastly! I believe another week of it would have meant a bloody mutiny.

"However, by good luck we fell in with a Yankee ship somewhere in the horse latitudes, and gave the signal 'Short of provisions—and tobacco.'

"That Yank was a white man. He loaded our boat with bread and beef, and enough baccy to allowance all hands till we made a port; and you should have heard that crew of ours cheer. What's more, you should have heard them sing out on the braces as we squared away again. Yes, it's a wonderful thing to a seaman, is his baccy. And to show you how hard-pressed we were, our bosun had some sort of tropical fish that he'd cured and varnished with tobacco juice. So one day he smoked its skin and made a dinner of the rest!"

"I SPENT a Christmas Day once," put in the Cinque Ports man, "off the Horn with a crazy sail-carrying skipper that ran his ship till he nearly ran her under. We were pooped again and again, but still he wouldn't take a rag off her; and he did it once too often. A great thundering sea just sat right down on the top of her and washed her out fore and aft, bust out the front of the poop, took the galley overboard, stove and all, and worst of all, carried our pig that we'd killed for Christmas and hung in the main rigging, to Davy Jones. That was a Christmas, and no mistake!"

"It's not often," the Choice Pilot observes, "that anyone has occasion to complain of the heat off Cape Stiff. But that was what happened to me when I went third mate of the *River Dee*, bound for the West Coast with coals by way of the Horn. Everything went along quite comfortably until we sighted the Ramirees, about the twentieth of December it was, and that morning the mate asked me to open up the forehatch for some rope he wanted. You can imagine my feelings when the hatch cover was lifted, and out poured a dense cloud of black smoke. The cargo was on fire!

"The starboard watch had just gone below, but we roused them out at once, and all hands went to work, some digging out the coal and chucking it overboard, while the rest formed a bucket chain and poured water into the hold for all they were worth.

"The smoke was so dense and the heat so overpowering, we could only stand five-minute spells of it. However, we stuck it for a couple of hours, when, as things only seemed to be getting worse instead of better, we decided to call a halt.

"All this time the weather was bitterly cold and blowing a gale, the thermometer down to forty or thereabout, and continual showers of sleet and snow. You know the story of the hobo who spent a cold night in a limekiln. He said he never was so hot in his life and he never was so cold. Well, I guess I know just how that fellow felt. The deck was getting so hot in places you could hardly bear your hand on it; smoke was coming through everywhere; the men couldn't sleep in the forecastle for it; and the poop was nearly as bad. We seemed to have poured about half the Southern Ocean into that old ship, and the only effect was that she belched forth more steam and smoke than ever.

"The only chance seemed to be to try to make some place where we could anchor and have a last shot at getting the fire under and, if everything else failed, get ashore in the boats. Accordingly, we ran her into a little cove near the False Cape Horn, let the anchors go, and started in. We plugged up all the swing-ports and scupper-holes so that her decks would hold the water, then we rigged out buckets from the yardarms and hoisted water inboard as fast as we could, which we tipped on the deck. Holes had been bored in the planks to let it get through to the cargo, and two of us worked away at the head pump and let that flood the deck as well. We kept it up till there was nearly eighteen inches of water in the hold, but the cargo still burned away as merrily as ever. It was plain that the only course was to scuttle her.

"So scuttle her we did, but it wasn't until the water was right up to the main hatch and there was three feet of it in the cabin that the fire gave us best.

"We stood and looked at each other. We just couldn't believe that fire was out. There we were, as dirty and smoke-blackened a crowd of piratical-looking ruffians as you could wish to see; there was the ship, sitting in the water with the tide lapping halfway up the poop; there was the dismal, dreary Cape Horn landscape! What a sight! There was a gale blowing right off the Antarctic icecap. There wasn't a spark of fire or a dry rag to be had.

"And just then somebody said:—

"'A merry Christmas!'..."

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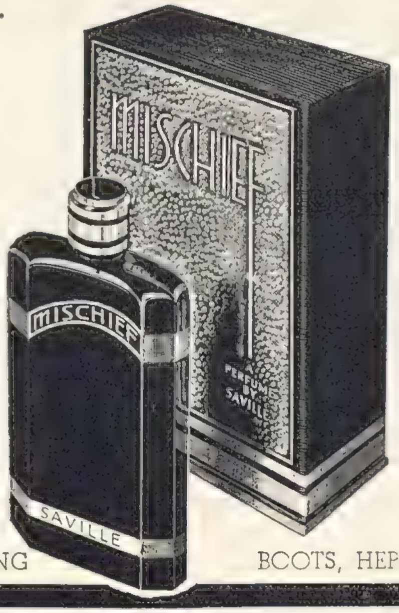

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PETER SCOTT & CO., LTD., (Dept 91),
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Above Rubies *(Continued from page 17)*

"'Yes, Mum!' Jeannie would gladly have gone with her mistress to the world's end, though to-night she would have preferred staying home to play with the kitten.

"'They did teach about God at the Orphanage, didn't they?' Miss Manners' heart sank at the thought of propounding the fatherhood of the Almighty to nobody's daughter if the ground had not first been tilled.

"'Oh, yes, Mum!' Jeannie's tone was one of being on intimate terms with her Maker. 'Which art in Heaven. He's good and kind. Like you!'

"'Run and get ready!' Miss Manners turned sharply on her heel to hide her trembling lips, and in a trice blinked the world clear again. But that evening she did not worship. She had no time for that. For she was busy storming the throne of Grace with importunate prayers.

"'Don't let her ever see me any differently,' she begged the Almighty. 'Don't ever let me fail her.'

"The Vicar with whom she discussed Jeannie's devotional training volunteered to take the girl into his own Bible class. But in spite of all his teaching the God to Whom Jeannie said her prayers had the face of a maiden lady.

"With good food and regular hours of sleep Jeannie blossomed into something of a beauty. By the time she was nineteen she could have had a different sweetheart every day of the week, and Miss Manners began to watch the situation with maternal anxiety.

"She would never stand between Jeannie and the happiness she herself had missed. But she couldn't lose Jeannie, either. She could not face that now, not at her age. Jeannie and the husband, the village carpenter, by the way, must come and live in her house.

"But while all this was still in the air a bolt out of the blue descended on Miss Manners in the person of Doon, her sister Agatha's youngest daughter. She was a sophisticated girl, just a little older than Jeannie, modern to the finger-tips, with the added precocity induced by a couple of seasons in India.

"She arrived at the villa in a dead heat with the letter announcing her arrival.

"'I'm so dreadfully sorry to descend on you like this,' she drawled, preening at herself in the hall glass. 'I thought Mummy had written to you ages ago. I do hope I'm not going to be a crashing bother!'

"It might have been Agatha herself speaking—Agatha with whom Miss Manners had blown bubbles and read *Don Juan*, but whom she had not seen for more than twenty years.

"'My dear, dear child!' Time and Jeannie together had rubbed off most of Miss Manners' angles. 'I can't tell you how delighted I am to see you! Bother indeed! It's the greatest pleasure! Jeannie! Jeannie!' She fluttered to the door, for it had become second nature to her to call on Jeannie whatever happened. 'Jeannie! Miss Agatha's daughter, my niece, has come to stay with us.'

"'Yes, Mum!' Jeannie dimpled into a delighted smile. On the 'love-me-love-my dog' principle all Miss Manners' friends were Jeannie's.

"'Doon, my dear.' Doon was looking round the queer old-maidish little room, out of the window, anywhere but at the servant girl standing in the doorway with the same bright yellow hair, fair skin and dark eyes as herself.

"'Doon, my dear! This is my little Jeannie!'

"The remains of Doon's eyebrows shot up in pretty perplexity. 'Your Jeannie? O-oh!' She gave a short affected laugh. 'I see! You mean your maid!'

"With a curt nod she turned away, for in her world maids did not need to be noticed nor treated as though they were of the same flesh and blood as herself.

"Maids were never supposed to feel tired, nor to have headaches nor colds. Maids did not need courtesy, nor companionship, nor leisure.

"Doon certainly never let Jeannie be idle. There was always a pile of silk and chiffon underclothes to be rinsed through soap suds after being worn once, or stockings to be darned.

"'They're no trouble,' Doon explained to Miss Manners, who was vaguely uncomfortable about giving Jeannie extra work.

"'My maid has every afternoon free,' Miss Manners used to boast to her cronies when Jeannie, pretty as paint, brought in the tea things at five o'clock. That couldn't be said truthfully now, since after washing up lunch—late because Doon had kept it waiting twenty minutes—Jeannie spent the afternoon setting Doon's room to rights, washing Doon's things, pressing something which Doon wanted specially that evening.

"Torn between loyalty to her Jeannie on the one hand and to the daughter of her little Agatha on the other, Miss Manners tried to speak to Doon about it.

"'My dear!' She was very nervous. 'I wonder whether you could get out of your room a little earlier. I mean to say—of course—it makes things difficult for Jeannie.'

"'I'm so sorry!' Doon's sweetness was icy. "'I'd no idea I was being so troublesome. I can easily make arrangements to go to friends who don't mind that sort of thing, but Mummy said. . .'

"Agatha's daughter moving from her aunt's house! Agatha's little girl going to friends who could make her more comfortable! The very thought cut Miss Manners to the quick.

"'I shouldn't care for you to do that, my dear. I only thought perhaps. . .'

"'Of course I'll get up, if you wish it.' Doon flicked the ash from her cigarette on to the floor. 'But I'm such a bad sleeper that I often don't close my eyes till it's light.'

"It was a transparent fiction, but it worked.

"'My dear! I didn't know that. Of course you must rest when you can. I'll explain to Jeannie.'

"Miss Manners need not have worried herself. Doon had no intention of leaving. But on the other hand she would not have buried herself for three months in a dull country town with a maiden aunt without an ulterior motive. Colonel Meadows, who had a 'place' not far away, had both brought and kept her here.

"Doon had met him last cold weather in Calcutta—a middle-aged but wealthy widower. He had been distinctly taken by Doon—he had a weak spot for golden hair, by the way, but in the end, for some reason or other, he left India without coming to the point.

"Dear Agatha, bless her heart, didn't believe in failing for lack of trying, especially when eligible men were as rare as snow in summer. Marriages might be made in heaven, but a little terrestrial help never hurt.

"'I've a sister living in your part of the world,' she had written to Colonel Meadows. 'She is so very anxious to see Doon that I think perhaps I'll let her spend the summer with her aunt. Do please take pity on the child now and again. It would be a real kindness.'

"It was easy enough to hoodwink Miss Manners. Dear Agatha! Dear Doon! Dear Jeannie! And dear Colonel Meadows, too—so kind, so attentive. There was room in her heart now for all of them.

"It wasn't so easy to deceive Jeannie. Love sharpened her wits and made her eyes keen, fierce, protective; love for her mistress coupled with detestation for Doon. It's always unsafe to take risks with nobody's daughter, since it is impossible to say what and whose blood flows in her veins. So Doon never guessed how the hands of the serving maid itched to choke the life out of her white throat when she talked slightingly of her aunt. Doon never knew that burning contempt the other girl had for the lies just cunning enough to fob off Miss Manners. If she had known Doon would not have cared,

(Continued on page 108)

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and how superbly it is expressed by this softly swathed gown created in 'Celanese' black velvet.

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—Others do!

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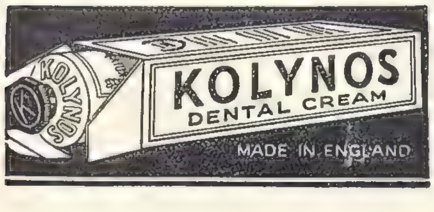


for she was tasting the heady wine of first love. She was playing with fire in the person of young Billy Wason, the Colonel's nephew, who, if he lived as long as Methuselah, would never be half such a man as his uncle.

"But youth called to youth! There was the glamour of romance, the enchantment of stolen fruit, the excitement of a glimpse of the forbidden land.

"'I just ran out to post. I didn't want to bother Jeannie,' Doon coming in breathless and with a heightened colour told her aunt.

"The little bit of consideration pleased Miss Manners, whereas Jeannie knew that the yellow clay on Doon's heels came from Cut Throat Copse, where Doon had been for the past hours in Billy Wason's arms.

"It was Jeannie who deliberately, though with her eyes shut, cut her finger and then fainted at the sight of blood, as she knew she would do the day Wason's car broke down and Doon was so terribly late for tea with Colonel Meadows. In the confusion Doon slipped in and vowed afterwards she'd been in the garden all the time.

"'You promised to call me, Jeannie!' Doon was prettily reproachful with the Colonel's eyes fixed on her admiringly, for he liked a pale woman so long as she was healthy. But though she accepted the Colonel's courteous wooing and the gifts which came in its train, the warm pressure of Billy's arms around her and the feel of his passionate kisses on her lips were tremendously exciting until what started as a game, developed into bitter earnest, for Doon fell in love honestly and up to the hilt. It wasn't salad love, nor calf love, nor any imaginary attraction of youth. It was love.

"'What shall I do?' she wailed, her cheeks stained with tears, for to-morrow her engagement to the gallant Colonel was to be announced.

"Billy saw no particular problem. It all seemed simple as daylight to him. 'Cut him out, of course.' His face was as white as his collar in the moonlight. 'You love me and I love you. Where's the difficulty?'

"Doon, however, only sobbed her heart out, for it was out of the question to marry a poor man.

"'Very well! Then it's good-bye! My leave's up on Tuesday.'

"They clung together in the copse in a last passionate embrace, then crept down to the road by the side of which Billy had left the car. They drove home in silence, parted without a word, and Doon slipped into the garden on tiptoe and round to the back. She dared not ask Jeannie to leave a kitchen window unlatched. But it was comparatively easy with the aid of the flat-topped dustbin to scramble on to the porch, slide up the bathroom window and creep in. She had done it half a dozen times before, without anyone's being the wiser. So who could have foreseen that to-night, when she was doing it for the last time, P.C. Stubbings would have been patrolling Acacia Avenue, which was at right angles to Miss Manners' garden, or that he would have thrown the light of his bullseye on the first floor window, catching Doon like an airman's enemy searchlights.

"During the next five minutes Doon lived an eternity. As she tore off her clothes and feverishly rumpled the bed there was a loud knock on the front door. She heard her aunt come out on to the landing, heard Jeannie leave her room and run downstairs, then, remembering her frequent claims to be a light sleeper, she slipped on her dressing-gown and tiptoed to the head of the stairs.

"The little hall was full of men's voices. Colonel Meadows was explaining in his clear precise voice that his friend, John Greig, happened to be driving home, and seeing P.C. Stubbings on the doorstep they had stopped. The constable's Essex drawl confirmed this, and then Doon's heart missed a beat for she caught sight of Billy Wason, grave as a hanging judge.

"'I saw 'un on the roof,' P.C. Stubbings asseverated loudly. 'I flashed my bull's-eye on to 'un, just as 'un disappeared in at the little window at the back.'

"'Oh, dear!' Miss Manners put her hand to her throat, quite as much upset by all these men in her house as by any burglar. 'Doon, my dear! Where are you? There's a burglar upstairs.'

"'You go into the sitting-room, Miss Manners, and please don't upset yourself.'

"The Colonel's 'women and children first' manner would have soothed a riot. 'May Greig and I go up? Bill, you cut round to the back.'

"'That's where 'e come from!' The constable's mind moved slowly, and he added as if by an afterthought, 'I saw 'er clear as clear—the 'ussy!'

"The Colonel whipped round as though shot in the back, but breeding tells, and it was at young Wason he looked. The lad's face was livid and shining with cold sweat.

"Miss Manners sat down heavily on the hall chair, and aged five years in as many seconds. She looked at Doon, whose big, dark eyes were dilated with fear. 'I didn't! I didn't!' she stammered.

"Jeannie clasped and unclasped her hands convulsively. She had eyes for no one but her mistress, whose fingers were fumbling with her lips, and down whose cheeks slow, difficult tears were stealing. All the stiffening had gone out of her. She was just a bent, tired little old woman, shamed for ever in a narrow society where she had held her head high.

"'I'll say good-night, Miss Manners!' Colonel Meadows was as stiff as a ramrod.

"Her only answer was to burst into tears, her thin body shaking with sobs. 'Oh, Doon! Doon!'

"Jeannie couldn't bear it. She stepped quickly forward to Miss Manners, just as she would have done if some danger had threatened her. 'If you please, Mum,' she swallowed twice, 'it wasn't Miss Doon. It was me that met Mr. Wason in the lane.'

"Colonel Meadows drew a long breath and looked at Doon's face, pale still but triumphant, and from her to Jeannie, whose attention was focused on Miss Manners. John Greig glanced at Doon's feet. In her confusion she had slipped on her walking shoes with yellow mud on the heels. Jeannie had on felt slippers bought at the last church bazaar. It wasn't his business, however, so he held his tongue.

"P.C. Stubbings was apparently less reticent; although he vowed he never said a word to anyone, the news was all round the village next morning.

"For Jeannie's own sake Miss Manners sent her away. Not long afterwards she died—Miss Manners, that is to say—so Jeannie never saw her again.

"Well," John Greig finished his coffee, which was now quite cold, and stood up, "what have you to say to that?"

Like the Doon in the story Travers hadn't much use for servants. "Almost human, he used to say. Still!" He picked up his change and handed the waiter a ten-shilling note. "It was hard luck on Jeannie. It just proves that virtue doesn't pay in this wicked world, doesn't it?"

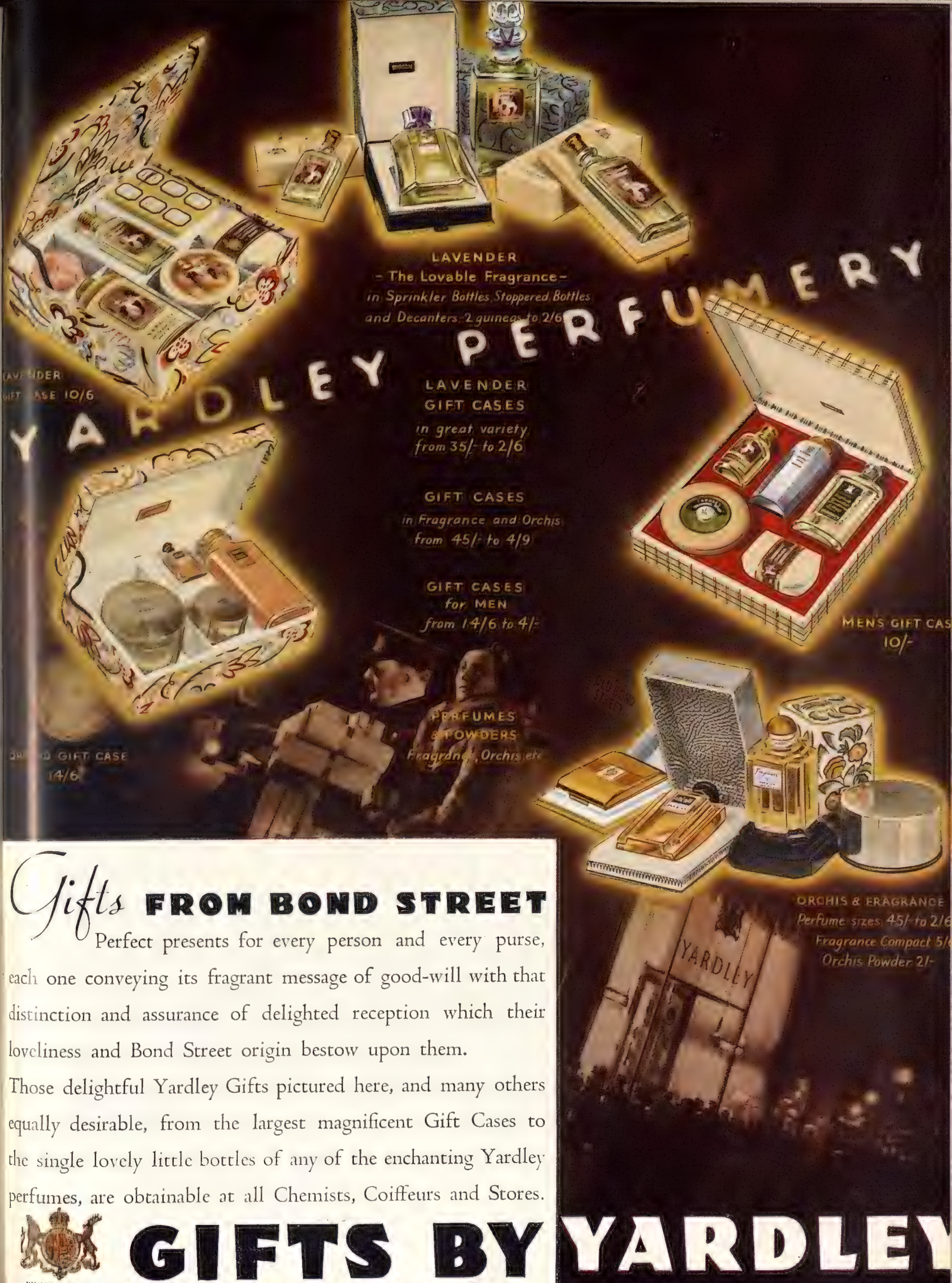
"On this occasion"—Greig took his hat and coat from the attendant—"things worked out rather strangely. Doon's engagement was never announced. Meadows went abroad alone, and young Wason hadn't any use for someone who couldn't face the music."

"That's a dashed smart woman." Travers was staring at the yellow-haired woman in charge of the tobacconist's kiosk in the vestibule. "I wonder if she dyes her hair?"

John Greig was silent. Refusing to throw pearls before swine he kept the cream of the story to himself, and did not go on to say that John Meadows's elder brother died and he came into the title; he grew tired of living alone and married one of the types of women he had always admired.

But instead of telling that to Travers he stepped across to the kiosk and bought some cigarettes he didn't need, for being a merciful man at heart he wanted to distract Doon's attention while Jeannie, wife of Lord Wivenhoe, passed out to the waiting Rolls—with the blood-red ruby on her finger.

END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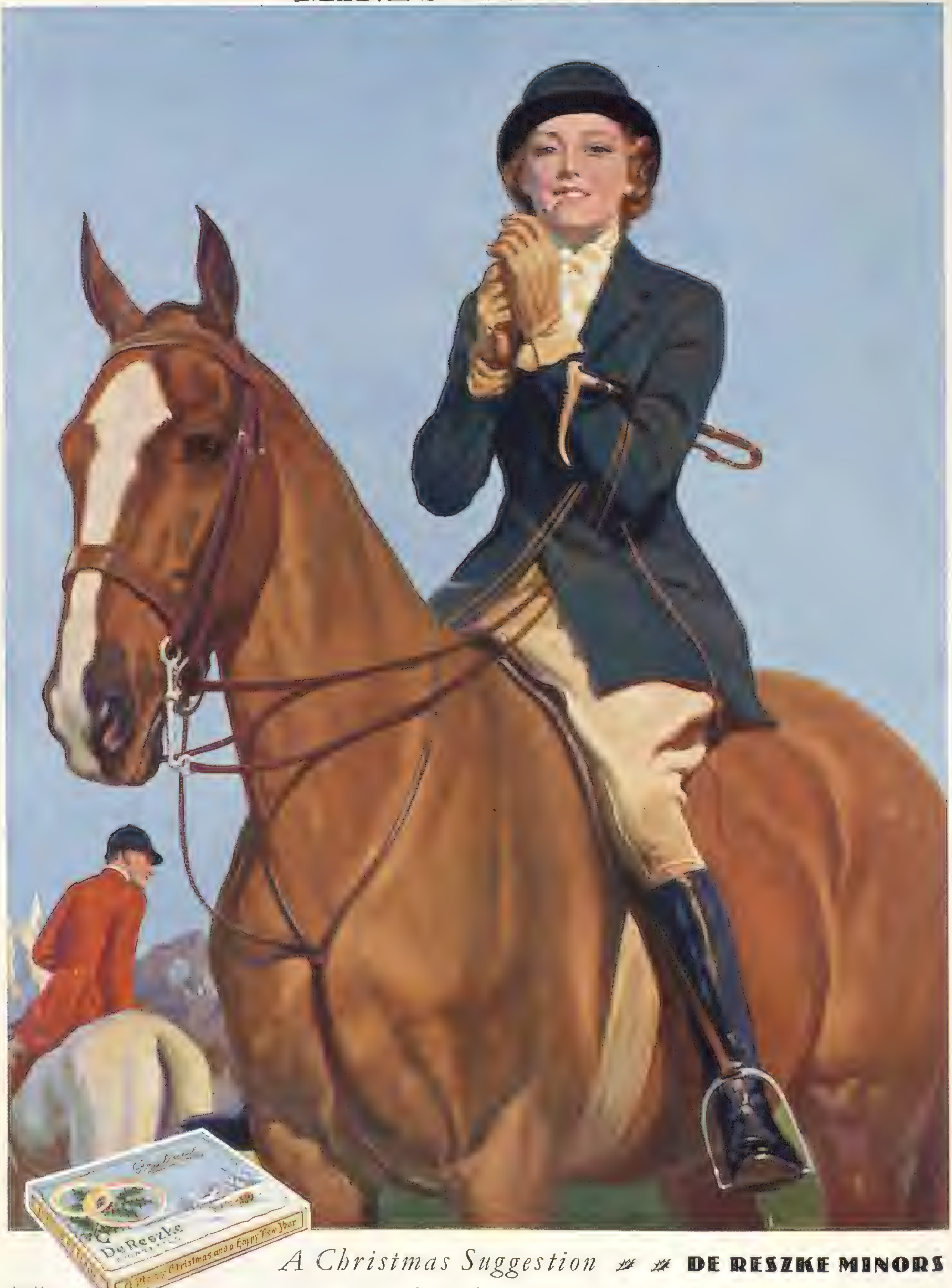
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My Next Twenty Years

(*Continued from page* 39)

when I was 48. This requires a certain amount of moral courage, but I have always had a passion for domesticity, which twenty-three years spent partly as a professional soldier and partly as a world traveller have made impossible hitherto. Also any lingering doubts I had about the wisdom of attaching myself to the other end of the ball and chain were dispelled by the sight of the miserable old men who mope about golf clubs because they have no proper homes.

I believe I would marry for a third time rather than face a life of loneliness, interspersed by the undignified rôle of sugar daddy to a series of graceless cuties. For that is what happens to nearly every man of fifty who has not got someone to keep him out of mischief and whose virility has not been permanently impaired.

Marrying late in life makes the children problem complicated. For children do matter. To have children is the greatest thing that can happen to anyone. But at fifty it is a case of "So little time—so much to do," as the black Emperor of Haiti and Cecil Rhodes kept muttering to themselves. I would like to live to see a son give promise of doing something in the world. But if he didn't I should not worry; I should remember that when I was thirty I was out of work and almost unemployable. That was just after the war, when we all loved and laughed and drank and spent our gratuities.

I don't want another war. I had two visits to the front line and two bullets taken out of me in the last one. The bullets were both fired at the same time. I don't believe anyone really enjoyed that war. I saw only one man with the born fox-hunter's grin on his face during the whole of the hostilities. Now, if another war breaks out, what are we old soldiers going to do? Any man of fifty who is fit enough to play two rounds of golf a day can go and fight in the front line if he wants to. Maybe not at the start of a war, unless he is a very determined fellow. In 1914 we had two Company Commanders in the front line, one of fifty with white hair, and one in an advanced state of consumption, who had not been near the regiment for a year. If another war breaks out I suppose those of us who are well enough to play golf will have to say we are well enough to fight. I think one is justified, however, in voting even for the Communist party, if they are pledged to preserve peace, against a Government that wants to open hostilities.

THOUGH I have an order in for a 1937 1½ litre sports car, I realise that from fifty onwards is the slowing down time. Speed will no longer take all precedence over comfort. Older people cannot move as fast as young ones; they cannot do the same things that young ones do. A man of fifty may still ride as well to hounds as he did at twenty. That famous Beaufort sportsman, Bill Harford, broke his neck jumping a four-year-old over a gate. He was 74 at the time, but he was an exceptional man. A lot of people have never been able to ride four-year-olds at all, and only a small proportion of those who hunt can say they have jumped a five-barred gate.

Thirty is about the age limit for Rugby football and boxing. Golf, which used to be considered an old man's game, is now given over entirely to young people; in the last international match between England and America, eighty per cent. of the players were twenty-five years old or less. It is curious that this should be so, as the game demands experience, concentration, and slow, measured play. At forty I had a handicap of scratch; to-day it is 5; I wonder what it will be in ten years' time; I would like to keep in single figures as long as I can swing a club. Coming home after a match the other day, defeated, irritated, and depressed, I stopped at a roadside "pub" for a glass of beer. A retired naval officer, who I dare say was about sixty, was in the bar; he was a cheerful, apple-cheeked old gentleman and said he was waiting for a bus to take him into Worthing to see the film, "Mutiny on the Bounty." He was having a glass of port and was all set to enjoy his afternoon. He said: "Wasn't it lovely out this morning—the autumn nip in the air—the dew on the grass—the red berries glistening in the sun—it was good to be alive."

A happy, contented old man; he had not spent the day tripping over heather looking for his ball and whirling a niblick round his body like an angry Dervish. Why play a game that makes one hate a lovely shrub like heather!

I can remember, in the days of horse-drawn vehicles, driving out to Maida Vale in the small hours of the morning in a hansom cab. Cloppety-clop all down Bond Street and the Edgware Road—the smell of the horse, the jingling of the harness—a couple of gold sovereigns in my pocket and a lovely girl by my side. Then the motor-car came. And now? Listen to the plans of a friend of ours when we asked him whether he would like a house in the country. "Yes," he said, "but of course one would have to consider the future. The house must be a long way from other houses; it must have a field that would make a good landing-ground; in future everyone who came to stay would arrive in their own aeroplane."

I should like to be able to fly a machine. I believe in twenty years' time most men of fifty will be able to fly in the same way that they now drive cars. I have not yet had a flying lesson, because I think that if one starts that sort of thing one should go on with it, and I am not yet prepared to try to bring a machine travelling obliquely towards the ground at sixty miles an hour to an orderly stop. Speed is the deterrent to all who wish to learn to fly. One can learn to ride a bicycle, with someone running alongside holding the machine; a beginner can drive his car at ten or fifteen miles an hour until he is master of the controls; but in the air everything must be done at speed.

Elderly people can neither think nor act as fast as young ones; they are not always so cool and collected when they have things to do that require physical precision. As I write the news has come that Miss Pam Barton, aged 19, has just won the United States Golf Championship in a thirty-six-holes final. With J. D. A. Langley in the final of the English Championship for 1936, at the age of 18, the banner "YOUTH WILL BE SERVED" is flying more gaily than ever. I played young Langley in the first round of the English Championship. I am convinced the "veteran" class of golfers are finished for the big events.

But we older people have compensations to make up for being pushed outside the ring of glorious active youth. We are not bewildered by the machinery of life as we used to be. We have learnt how the wheels go round. We are more philosophical, more leisurely, though still capable of plenty of enterprise if the occasion demands. There is the case of Mr. Winston Churchill, who, when he was a middle-aged Cabinet Minister, suddenly decided to throw up his big position and salary and rejoin the army as a regimental officer. The time was mid-winter. Mr. Churchill had been accustomed to a sedentary life in a well-warmed office. He hung up his fur coat and funny hat, got into khaki, and joined a Guards regiment in the front line in Flanders. It is the best thing that has ever been done by a politician in the whole history of British politics.

All this talk about special dieting and avoiding violent exercise for fear of hardening the arteries makes me tired. Mr. Jorrocks laid down the maxim that "fox-hunters can eat anythink." A man who has just got a set of false teeth ought to avoid treacle tart; otherwise Mr. Jorrocks is right.

Between forty and fifty is a dangerous age for those who are apt to drink too much. Older men cannot stop drinking as easily as young ones;

(*Continued on page* 112)

BY APPOINTMENT
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ORANGE JUICE
SHREDDED PEEL
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Ingredients

8 ozs. flour — ½ lb. 'Golden Shred'
4 ozs. suet — 1 egg
Pinch of salt — 3 ozs. bread crumbs
1 teaspoonful baking powder

Method

Make a suet paste with suet, flour, salt and baking powder. Mix 'Golden Shred', egg and bread crumbs together. Roll out the pastry, cut in rounds, place in greased pudding basin, spreading mixture between each layer. Cover with greased paper and steam two hours. Serve with custard sauce.

1 lb. jar 6½D.
2 lb. jar 1/-

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A Correspondent writes:—

"I have found Phosferine invaluable for Rheumatism and Influenza. It is really excellent for Rheumatism and has given me great relief. I tried Phosferine years ago when I felt very ill with Influenza, and I had marvellous results from it, and since then have recommended it a lot, especially as it fortifies one with vigour to endure hard winter weather. In my experience, Phosferine is far and away the leading medicine for a general all round tonic."

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once they are on the downhill slope they gather speed. Seabrook's autobiography, *Asylum*, illustrates this. The author tells us that he had reached a point where he was drinking so heavily that he had himself certified insane and put in a lunatic asylum for a year. The cure worked. I remember a party in Paris that began with three bottles of champagne before breakfast between two of us. We then went out and made a tour of the cafés of Montparnasse; I suppose we had lunch somewhere, but my next lucid moment was waking up and finding it pitch dark. I was lying on a bed, fully dressed, with my collar and tie undone. As my vision cleared I saw, sitting by the window, a Viennese artist who occasionally did illustrations for my stories. I asked her what she was doing in my room. She said: "You are not in your room. I do not know at what hotel you stay. I find you wandering in the street and I bring you to my apartment so that you may not be robbed or arrested by the police." Now, was that a dignified way for a middle-aged, seriously minded man to wake up!

One must be one's age at fifty. I hope I shall never become one of those cantankerous old men who can find nothing good in modern youth. I find the young men of to-day well mannered, enterprising, and intelligent; they work harder than my generation did. I look forward to watching the careers of a few I know and to seeing them achieve success. The editor of a great London daily paper once wrote to me in answer to my letter of thanks for something he had done: "You do not know what a pleasure it is to us old fellows to be able to give a young 'un a chance." It will be the privilege of those of my age during the years to come to hold out a tactful, helping hand at times. At the moment I don't quite know whom I can help, or in what capacity, but it is a nice idea.

In my army days I served for a time in a battalion where the senior officers believed in keeping the young ones in their place. We were not encouraged to talk unless spoken to, and one did not ask a field officer to pass the marmalade at breakfast; one got up, walking delicately round his chair, and fetched it. I can remember thinking what dreadful old men those elderly Captains and Majors were; they inspired me with no respect at all. Then I went to a battalion on the China station where, except for the Colonel, no difference was made between ranks and ages. That was a happy battalion, and that is the way I would like things to be between myself and the younger generations. What is the use of throwing one's weight about because one is older than someone else? In some African tribes they take the old folk out and leave them on the banks to be eaten by crocodiles!

I sometimes wonder whether I shall mind when I know that I am really old. It may be such a realisation will never come, for it is so true that as long as the heart is young nothing else matters. The old people that I know seem very happy; their delight in a game of bridge, or being shown flowers in a garden, or being taken to a cinema, is one of the sweetest, most unaffected things anyone could wish to be brought in contact with. I hope I shall keep my zest for life in the way these old folk have done. I hope not to become cantankerous, or selfish, or garrulous—though garrulousness is inevitable I fear. A young man asked me the other day if I knew the three signs of old age. I said that I did not.

He described the signs in this order—"Refusing to be helped on with your coat. Leaving buttons undone. Dribbling." It seems to me when one has got to that stage, the time for the crocodiles has come. But we don't all get as bad as that.

END

After Waterloo

(*Continued from page* 63)

to Porsel, on the left—the flower of the French Army "in serried ranks assembled" to do honour to the sovereign of the country which had brought the era of French conquest to a close.

What must have been the thoughts of Louis Napoleon as he rode along inspecting his troops? Here, on the same spot, encamped on the same turf, had been the army of his uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte, waiting to invade England. Napoleon Bonaparte had waited for the seas to subside so that his legions could sail across the narrow stretch of water. Louis Napoleon waited for the Channel tide to rise so that the yacht carrying Queen Victoria might ride safely into the harbour and allow her and the royal party to make a peaceful invasion of French soil.

Louis Napoleon was a fatalist, and those who knew him best closely watched his face as he rode between the ranks of his troops, his eyes fixed on the yacht that was now slowly moving into the harbour. Sir Richard Wallace notes that the Emperor's face gave no index to his innermost feelings. His face was like a bronze mask. Guns thundered a salute as the Emperor of the French went to meet the Queen of the English.

In those days there was no maritime station at Boulogne, so a regiment of lancers and a regiment of dragoons lined the road from the landing stage to the railway station. On the bridge over the River Liane were three hundred bearded sappers, wearing leather aprons and shouldering their axes. They were lined up three deep. The Emperor rode his horse down to the foot of the gangway and then dismounted and stood by the side of his charger. As the yacht made fast, Louis Napoleon walked across the gangway upholstered in purple velvet, boarded the yacht, bowed and kissed the Queen's hand, and then offered her his arm to escort her to the shore. Behind the Emperor and Queen Victoria there walked the Prince Consort and the royal children. There was a white satin-lined barouche waiting for the Queen and the Prince. The Emperor rode on the right of the carriage to the station. Sir Richard Wallace walked, and on his way he met a soldier with one arm and a sailor with one leg. They were watching the procession with a cynical expression. Sir Richard asked them what they thought of it. "It's funny that we should have fought like dogs to reach this. If the Old 'Un (Napoleon Bonaparte) came back to-day, he would be jolly angry."

Despite the Emperor's organisation, there were delays, and the royal train did not leave Boulogne until three o'clock, an hour and a half behind the schedule. The Queen should have reached the capital in the daylight, but it was dark, although not dark enough for the illuminations which had been arranged all along the newly opened Boulevard de Strasbourg to the Madeleine. The Northern Station had been newly opened, but the surrounding slums had not been cleared away, so a special railway track was laid connecting the Northern Station with the Strasbourg Station, which is now known as the Eastern Station. The Queen had been pressed to drive to St. Cloud in a closed carriage, for fear that some of the populace might try to revenge Waterloo, but the Queen refused and insisted on an open carriage. In a flash she conquered the hearts of the Parisians.

Thousands and thousands of people were wedged in along the whole of the route from the station to the Bois de Boulogne. One side of the route was lined with troops of the Regular Army, the other side by the National Guard. Every house was decorated; the Avenue des Champs Elysées had a few Venetian masts so as not to hide the beauty of the trees. Paris never attempts to gild the lily when decorating her magnificent avenues and streets. To honour the Queen, the management of the Opera had erected a magnificent triumphal arch between the Rue de Richelieu and what is now the Rue Drouot.

(*Continued on page* 114)

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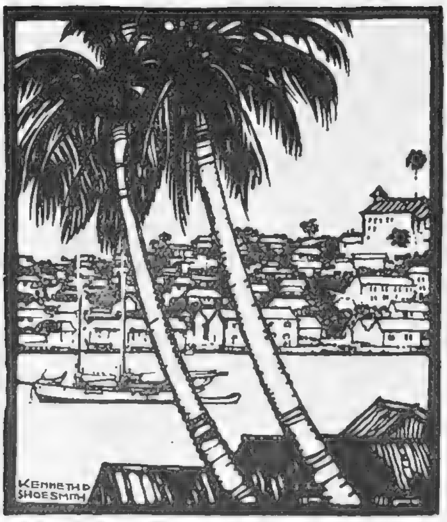

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The drive to St. Cloud was a veritable triumphant procession. The carriage lamps were lit, and that did not help the people to see the face of the Queen, and all the people saw was a bowing figure. That evening, and throughout the royal visit, there was never a cry of "Vive l'Angleterre!" but there were many shouts of "Vive la Reine!"

The Emperor had had a truly French and delicate attention. He had given orders that the private apartments the Queen was to occupy at St. Cloud were to be made as much like those at Windsor Castle as possible. As a witty Parisian remarked: "*Waterloo est arrangé, pas vengé.*" The boudoir of Marie Antoinette was difficult to transform, so the mural paintings and the ceiling had been restored by famous artists. Valuable pictures were borrowed from the Louvre to hang in the reception and dining rooms. Officers and men of crack regiments in full uniform were on duty.

THE Queen's dislike of a "Continental Sunday" was known, so that on the day following her Majesty's arrival there was only a private concert given after dinner. On the Monday the Queen paid her first visit to the Exhibition, where she spent some hours, and several French artists were presented to her. After leaving the Exhibition the Queen drove about Paris and visited the Sainte Chapelle. Everywhere her Majesty was greeted with respect, but with no enthusiasm. Albion was still considered perfidious; but now, although there was no enthusiasm, respect was growing. At three on that Monday afternoon the whole of the Diplomatic Corps was received by the Queen at the Elysée. At five the Queen drove back to St. Cloud, always in an open carriage.

That night the company of the Comédie Française played Alexandre Dumas' *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr* at St. Cloud. Her Majesty had already seen the play in London and had requested that it should be presented at St. Cloud. Dumas was not present, but the day after the performance, Sir Richard Wallace met him in the Chaussée d'Antin. Dumas, with his characteristic great guffaw, said to Sir Richard: "The play is like its author; the better one knows it, the better one likes it." Dumas had intended to ask for an audience, but he was too shy.

On Tuesday, August 21st, Queen Victoria went to Versailles. In the evening, she was present at a gala performance at the Opéra, and the next day the Queen visited the Industrial section of the Exhibition, and in the evening there was a performance of *Le Fils de Famille*.

On August 23rd, her Majesty spent several hours at the Louvre, and at night the Queen attended a ball given in her honour by the Municipality of Paris. The decorations and flowers for this entertainment cost £1,500, a tremendous figure for those days. Sir Richard Wallace notes in his diary: "I remember one little incident which caused a flutter of surprise among the Court ladies, who, even at that time, had already left off dancing in the pretty old-fashioned way, and merely walked through their quadrilles. The royal matron of thirty-five, with a goodly family growing up around her, executed every step as her dancing master had taught her, and with none of the listlessness that was supposed to be the 'correct thing.' I was standing close to Canrobert, who had been recalled to resume his functions near the Emperor. After watching the Queen for a minute or so, he turned round to the lady on his arm. 'Forsooth, she dances like her soldiers fight. D'you want it? Well, here you are; and always correct.' There never was a greater admirer of the English soldier than Canrobert."

THE next day the Queen visited the Exhibition for the third time, and there was a military review on the Champs de Mars. Queen Victoria inspected the flower of the new French Army, troops that were still regarded as being the best in Europe. After the review, Queen Victoria undertook the most difficult function of her visit to Paris. She visited the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The tomb had been begun nine years previously, but it was unfinished—and, indeed, it was not inaugurated until nearly six years later. The Governor of the Invalides was the late King of Westphalia, Jerome Bonaparte. It was natural that he should be the keeper of his brother's tomb, but it was unnatural to expect that the last survivor of the elder Bonapartes, who had fought at Waterloo, should receive in state, even forty years later, the Queen of the nation which, in the opinion of many thousands of Frenchmen, had tortured Napoleon Bonaparte to death. A fortnight before the Queen arrived in Paris, Jerome Bonaparte was ordered by his doctor to the seaside on account of his health, so he went to Havre, where he remained until after the Queen had left France.

Nevertheless, it was not considered correct that the Deputy-Governor should receive the Queen at the tomb. Marshal Vaillant, one of the finest soldiers of France, was sounded as to whether he would undertake the functions. He refused, saying: "When the Other One (Napoleon Bonaparte) gave fêtes and theatrical performances, it was in the enemy capitals, and not at home. It was they who paid the costs."

DESPITE all the difficulties Queen Victoria went to Napoleon's tomb, and there was no pomp or display. Queen Victoria visited the Château de Neuilly and the commemorative chapel erected on the spot where the Duc d'Orléans met with his fatal accident. Here, again, the Queen had a very difficult part to play, visiting the scenes of sorrow of a dynasty which rivalled the one of her host.

On the following Saturday a splendid fête was arranged at Versailles. In the morning the Queen went to St. Germain, which no English sovereign had visited since James II lived there. At night, the former royal residence at Versailles was brilliantly illuminated. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, with the Emperor and Empress, entered by the Marble Court, which had been decorated with wonderful flowers. Thick purple carpets covered the marble staircase, and the balustrades were hidden with flowers. The Cent Gardes and the Guides de l'Impératrice were on duty. Queen Victoria was given the apartments that had belonged to Marie Antoinette.

The boudoir was upholstered in light blue, and there were festoons of roses along the walls. Priceless Dresden groups were distributed everywhere. The toilet service was of Sèvres. The dressing-rooms had garlands and garlands of violets.

The ball took place in the Galerie des Glaces, where many years later the Treaty of Versailles was signed. Sir Richard Wallace notes that for the occasion of this royal fête the Empress had had the Galerie transformed into a copy of a famous print: "Une Fête Sous Louis Quinze." There were more garlands of roses, drooping from the ceiling and linking up the forty lustres which, together with the candelabra on the walls, contained no fewer than three thousand wax candles. In each of the four corners of the Galerie was an orchestra on a very high platform and surrounded by a network of gilt wire.

When ten o'clock struck, the gardens of Versailles all of a sudden blazed with rockets and Chinese candles. Then came the fireworks, with the *grande finale*, a set piece representing Windsor Castle. Then came the ball.

It opened with Queen Victoria dancing with the Emperor, and the Empress with the Prince Consort. The Fête at Versailles was the apotheosis of Queen Victoria's visit. The next day, Sunday, the Queen rested, and on Monday her Majesty left for England.

Ten days in Paris, forty years after Waterloo. The Queen arrived among a people still thirsting for vengeance. She left a nation again conquered, but this time it was a conquest of tact, charm and grace.

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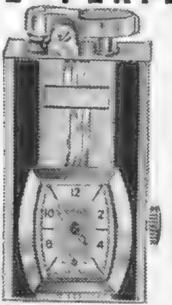

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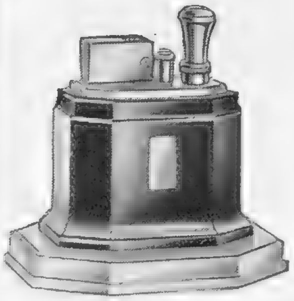

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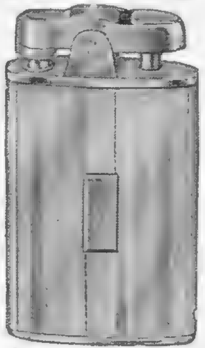

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Father Divine

(Continued from page 21)

top floor half a dozen secretaries, black and white, clicked at expensive typewriters, transcribed dictaphone letters, speeches.

By 1934 Divine had fifteen such "Heavens" in New York alone, and was buying up property right and left. Most big provincial cities now possess one or more Heavens apiece, and the Father is still expanding. Each of his New York Heavens costs Father Divine about £300 a month in rent alone, and his food bill for the thousands of free meals which he gives every day must cost him thousands of dollars a week. Since his early days in Sayville Father Divine has blossomed into an apparent millionaire. He has a fleet of gaudily-coloured Rolls-Royces in which he drives from meeting to meeting and occasionally to court to answer a charge. His own motor-coaches carry devotees by the thousand to meetings and rallies. His own newspaper is gathering a huge circulation. Lately he has bought a big, red, 200 m.p.h. airplane which bears him on tours round the continent. Yet, though authorities estimate that he spends at least 1,000,000 dollars a year, and probably twice as much, Father Divine has no ascertainable source of income.

New York first began to puzzle over the mystery of Father Divine's income when he appeared fairly recently at Harlem Police Court. The charge was a mild one, that of keeping a lodging-house in his Heaven without a licence, and obviously was brought only as an excuse for a general probe into the Father's methods.

THOUGH the day was rainy and cold, a crowd of several thousand negroes gathered round the court hours before Divine was due. Singing negro spirituals and hymns, dancing in the puddles, crying "Peace! The Father is God!" they kept the police on tiptoe until the arrival of Divine. He drove up, accompanied by Mother Divine and his lawyer, in a huge, claret-coloured Rolls-Royce. While mounted cops cleared a lane through his clutching, hysterical supporters, he stalked unsmilingly to the court entrance, sheltering under a great purple umbrella.

The hearing was simple. To the purely technical charge Divine pleaded ignorance, prefacing each sentence with his now famous slogan "Peace! It's wonderful!" Again sentence was postponed, the magistrate fixing bail for Divine and Mother Divine at 250 dollars each. Quite unperturbed, Divine reached into his trouser pocket and brought out a thick wad of green 500-dollar notes. He peeled off one of them and handed it to a policeman.

The magistrate's eyes started: "Let me look at that," he demanded, "I don't see many lately." Then: "Bail amended to 500 dollars each. You might as well pay it as you have it." Complaisantly Divine flipped over another bill.

"Where does all this come from?" he was asked. "Collections, donations, legacy?"

Divine's smile faded into gravity. "Peace!" he answered gravely, "Heaven provides. I have the key to the treasures of the earth. What is needed, I receive, but not from any man. Peace!" And with that, despite further questions, the Court had to be content.

THROUGH his drenched but cheering supporters Father Divine drove away in his big saloon, to return a few weeks later when the case came up again at the Special Sessions. By this time the authorities had discovered some disconcerting statistics about the size of Divine's army of supporters, and the vast crowds which again surrounded the court confirmed their decision that, against such a volume of public opinion, discretion rather than valour was needed. A verdict of "Not guilty" was pronounced, and again Divine went out triumphant to the frenzy of his followers. What an opposite verdict would have produced is doubtful; minor riots at the least. For, as one burly negro in the crowd shouted: "If they'd found the Father guilty in there, we'd sure have torn that courthouse to pieces with our own hands. Yes, sir!"

Since then the courts have seen Father Divine no more. But that has not been the fault of the Federal Income Tax authorities, who for years have kept their best investigators on the scent for the source of Father Divine's huge income. That he spends vast sums they know, but they cannot tax expenditure. First they must prove a source of income; and the existence of any human source Father Divine still firmly denies.

Wherever Father Divine is discussed to-day—and that is in every drawing-room, club and bar of America—theories are put forward. Some suggest a legacy from an eccentric, sociological or merely whimsical millionaire; others talk of huge subsidies from two wealthy spinsters; pointing to the Father's admittedly Left politics, a few wiseacres argue for secret shipments of Moscow gold; cynics accuse the Father of discouraging his supporters from taking out life insurance by the promise of eternal existence and appropriating the premiums to himself.

But the income-tax sleuths have tested out these and a dozen other theories and each time have bumped their heads against a stone wall. Every attempt to trap the Father has failed. Anonymous donations sent by detectives have been returned to the Income Tax offices with a note stating: "Father Divine accepts no contributions from men. Heaven provides."

And every day the Father's money pours out in a green flood to feed the hungry and house the homeless.

A visit to headquarters in Harlem is enough to convince any sceptic of the tremendous influence Divine wields over his supporters. Reports of his sermons or addresses show them to be an almost meaningless hotch-potch of religious and social exhortations which any schoolboy could have written, peppered with sudden Biblical texts and bursts of singing and ejaculations. It is the astounding personality of this neat little negro which nightly works his supporters, black and white, into an hysterical orgy of excitement and devotion which welds them to him with steel bands of unquestioning faith and obedience. No dictator has ever forged himself so uncritical and blindly enthusiastic an army.

ATTRACTED equally by the promise of free turkey dinners and the religious orgies beloved of most negroes, the black population flocks to "Heaven" in its hundreds every night. The cheering, singing and dancing as they file into the great hall can be heard three blocks away. In the centre of the refectory is a big horseshoe table at which sits the Father, surrounded by his Angels, Good Dream, Joyous Energy, Love Patience Job.

As the meal begins, in an indescribable Babel of clattering plates and uncontrolled negro voices, the crowd begins to work itself up into a religious ecstasy. Bursts of singing break out. Here a fat negro mother lays down her knife, leaps on a chair, shouts: "Praise the Father. He's God!" In one corner two devotion-drunk negroes climb on to the table, scattering the dishes, dance a wild, syncopated rhythm and subside to finish their meal. A blowsy, whisky-sodden white woman suddenly screams, flings herself, grovelling, on the floor, shrieks: "He has saved me. Blessed is the Father!"

The meal ends, and a negro jazz band takes up its place on a dais, bursts into jazz hymns and spirituals. The congregation heave to and fro in time to the music; the Father himself beats time, jigs on his feet, breaks into snatches of song.

But when Divine later rises to address his followers, a reverent hush cloaks the big hall. The speech is commonplace enough. A New Day has dawned, he says (chorus echoes "A New Day"). Those who believe will never die. Those who believe will be cured of their ailments, of their vices. Work hard, he says, honour God,

(Continued on page 118)

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VICTOR WORKS, BROAD GREEN, LIVERPOOL 14

harm no one . . . In a few moments he has finished, and again hysterical pandemonium breaks out.

Now a dozen people, two or three whites among them, are on their feet, testifying to the miracles the Father has performed. One woman he has cured of barrenness; another of drug-taking; another of drink. A white man of the labourer class swears that he was bedridden with rheumatism for 18 years, can now dance (and demonstrates the change). Others claim relief from diseases of every sort. Father Divine listens smilingly, while tough negro navvies, waddling black grandmothers, "poor white trash" and prim white clerks shout and dance and prostrate themselves before him.

OVER his head hang blazing banners. "Every tongue, language, nation must bow! Father Divine is God!"; "He is God. If you keep his sayings you will never see Death!"

Certainly millions of people believe that Divine can work miracles, cure disease, even prevent death. Recently this faith was solidified by an extraordinary coincidence. One of Father Divine's speeches had been misreported by a daily paper. His secretary, who had taken a verbatim note of the address, sent it with a request for correction to the paper. Rudely, the request was refused. Divine said nothing. But next day the proprietor died in his bed . . . Harlem exploded into a foam of excitement and faith. Thousands of doubters flocked to Divine's banner.

At first authority ignored Divine, laughed at his power, but of late politicians have fawned on the little ex-pastor, striven to buy the vast block of votes he controls. Mayor La Guardia himself, a strong man and honest, has paid tribute to Divine. Recently he attended a mass meeting of 5,000 which had gathered in a Harlem dance hall to listen to the Father. For several minutes he stood in astonishment watching the scene, as Divine seated himself, surrounded by his Angels, on the platform. He listened to the threatening power in the voices, shouting: "He's God! Father, I surrender!" Then he too mounted the platform doubtfully. As he sat down Divine rose, delivered his usual speech and then broke into a jerky syncopated dance—resembling in his light flannel suit, bright red tie and black and white shoes, a negro tap-dancer.

It was almost too much for La Guardia, but when the time came he managed to mumble his set speech. "Peace, Father Divine!" he blurted. "Peace to you all." A vast approving roar, "Peace!" went up from dark throats. La Guardia, encouraged, went on. He had come to give Father Divine his support, no matter what he wanted. He was cleaning up the city and wanted Divine's help and advice. He promised never to discriminate on colour lines.

The speech won frenzied approval. But it didn't influence Divine any more than the visit a few days later of La Guardia's chief political opponent—any more than the political deputations which have fawned on him before this Presidential election.

WHICH way will Divine's vast political power eventually take him? Certainly towards the Left. Already he has shown himself strongly anti-capitalist. The co-operative farms and stores which he has started for his followers have made him a sick headache to American Big Business. His newspaper gives considerable support to the Communistic movement, in U.S. and Russia. His disciples often march in red parades through the city.

Already the Government fear his power. What will happen, they ask, if the whole 12,000,000 American negroes flock to his side? With such an army, swollen by millions of whites as well, he would become the most important man in America, able to dictate to Presidents.

Father Divine's slogan is still "Peace." But any day now it may be swapped for that of Power. Will the doubtful God ever become the concrete Dictator? That is what sober Americans are asking.

END

Traditional Dinner (*Continued from page 91*)

Mix well together and dress with a plain dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, adding just a little prepared mustard. Mix again and fill the tomato cases, serving one for each person in individual salad plates with a little bed of lettuce leaves underneath.

BRANDY BUTTER. Squeeze with your hand three or four ounces of butter until it is quite soft; then work in, little by little, the same quantity of castor sugar. (New Zealand butter is excellent and economical, both for cooking and for the table.) Mix well and then work in, drop by drop, a pudding-spoonful of brandy. Work together in a cool place and keep the butter in a cold place (not on ice) until it is required.

Help-Yourself Food (*Continued from page 92*)

WHITE WINE CUP. Put a quart bottle of dry white wine into a jug with a port-glassful of brandy and one of Benedictine, a slice of orange and one of lemon, also some cucumber peel. Stand the jug, covered, on ice for one hour and then strain it into a clean jug. At the last minute splash in half a syphon of cold soda-water and sweeten to taste.

CHRISTMAS PUNCH. Put into a bowl the juice of six limes or lemons, a few cloves and lumps of sugar; add half a pint of Jamaica rum, a good glass of a sweet liqueur, and let this soak for half an hour. When wanted, add sufficient boiling water, stir well and taste to see if it is sweet enough.

Five Ladies Dine at Home (*Continued from page 71*)

in Lady Ratendone's St. John's Wood dining-room—her new house has the delightfully sentimental name Regency Row—are a labour of love, for the hostess has quilted them in peach-pink satin to tone with the exciting carpet that was specially woven in tones of peach, nigger brown, blue and green. She keeps a silver-bound note-book and pencil always by her place at table—so that any bright ideas about the house or food can be noted down.

When she and Lord Ratendone dine in alone by the candlelight from nine candles in a white painted candelabrum discovered near Westminster Cathedral one day, they have roast saddle of lamb for choice, and hot chocolate soufflé with plenty of thick cream.

Lady Morvyth Benson has a Danish cook who makes marvellous salads, grills meat to perfection and knows about a dozen ways of cooking sole—none of them fattening ones. So Major Con and Lady Morvyth cut out puddings and sweets and potatoes in their home menus altogether.

She has cocktails and short drinks served from the built-in bar in the corner of her white and orange dining-room in orange glasses. Silver is replaced by white pottery in this small Marylebone mews flat. Even the handles of the knives and forks are of old English pottery, condiment sets *en suite*.

Pottery candlesticks hold orange candles to match the polka dotted curtains, and china is all either white, brown or orange. Fireproof dishes are brown, table mats oyster linen, and table napkins the same.

Host and hostess sit on unpolished oaken chairs with rush seats and at a table that can be scrubbed daily in true kitchen fashion. It's all very simple and pleasant.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON *will be yours—if you make it a* SPRY XMAS!

The richest, lightest cake . . . the tenderest, most delicious mince pies . . . the plumpest, most tempting Xmas pudding you ever made

Promise yourself that your Christmas cooking this year will be the finest you've ever tasted. You can make it so—with a tin of Spry and the Spry Cookery Book to help! Spry is ready-creamed—as smooth as whipped cream. That is why it makes cooking so much easier and gives such grand results.

Just see how quickly it creams with the sugar when you are making that Christmas cake. And see what a difference it makes to the finished cake. How big and well-risen it is—how light and scrumptious and how moist it keeps.

When it comes to the pudding, Spry is just as big a help. It mixes in so thoroughly and easily. The result is a fine well-risen pudding, as light and digestible as you could wish.

As for pastry, you'll never be satisfied with old-fashioned coarse-grained fats once you've used ready-creamed Spry. Spry is so easy mixing, so light and smooth itself, that it just naturally gives you the most feathery-light, golden-brown pastry you ever baked. That means mince pies that make your eyes sparkle and mincemeat with a really fruity flavour.

For better Christmas cooking, for better cooking every day of the year, use this pure all-vegetable fat—Spry. It always stays pure and fresh in its hygienic tin. It is economical in use—you need less Spry in your usual recipes. And, very important, it makes everything more digestible. Ask for Spry at *your* dealers.

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One fat for ALL cooking

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Send off this coupon today, with 3d in stamps to cover postage and packing, to The Spry Kitchen (Dept. C 48), Messrs. R. S. Hudson Ltd., Bebington, Cheshire. *Your envelope should be sealed and bear a 1½d stamp.*

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(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

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WHY HIDE YOUR HANDS?

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For overcoming the effects of weather and exposure, removing any roughness and redness, Crème Shalimar is the Winter necessity.

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FOR SMOOTH WHITE HANDS

CRÈME SHALIMAR
FOR SOFT WHITE HANDS
TUBES 6d AND 1/3

DUBARRY, 81 Brompton Road, LONDON, S.W.3

From Chemists and Stores.

"X" is for Xmas

(*Continued from page* 13)

that we should switch Christmas from December to March. But nobody really knows when Jesus was born. The only mention in Scripture gives no date clue, and covers over 28 words in a paragraph in the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke:

> "She brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

Beyond this our knowledge is as legendary as the mistletoe myth. Imagination did not begin to record for the human eye the scene of the birth until more than a thousand years later. Most of our mind pictures of the birth of Christ derive from the old masters of painting, and such pictures (reproduced endlessly by mechanical processes) as Giovanni's "Adoration of the Magi" and Mantegna's "Adoration of the Shepherds," and the "Nativity" of David or Ricci. How far did the old painters approach to the actual scene? We can only guess by using our own contemporary imaginations. We have no more to go on than they had: a stable, animals probably, Joseph, Mary, the sacred Infant.

In all three forms used by the old painters, the "Nativity" and the two "Adorations," the infant is almost always nude, although St. Luke, writing 15 or 16 centuries before the painters started to spread bright colour on canvas, speaks of "swaddling clothes." David, a commonsense Fleming, does introduce the swaddling clothes in a basket ready for use, while Joseph, instead of being asleep or averting awestruck eyes, has clearly been making the cradle comfortable with wisps of hay and wheat straw. The German painters, realists again, and no strangers to weather rigours, usually provide the infant with a shield from the cold—in the "Nativity" in the Kleinberger Galleries the nude infant is protected from the tile floor by a fold of Mary's cloak. El Greco paints a highly dramatic spectacle occurring in what appears to be a heavy Spanish thunderstorm.

For the snow tradition we have to go to popular Christmas carols.

"Good King Wenceslas looked out
 On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
 Deep and crisp and even."

Incidentally, when the waits strike up "Good King Wenceslas" and await our largesse, it might be an idea to remind them that the day set aside for the commemoration of Stephen, first of the Christian martyrs, is December 26, not the 25th.

We could not, anyway, move the date, or change the customs, of our Christmas without disorganising the entire economic system and practically disrupting the social system. If Christmas were cancelled this year, possibly while savants tried to fix the real date of the birth of Jesus, Christendom would be shaken to its foundations. The whole trade and financial machine would be thrown out of gear. A new slump might start.

For a London or Riviera season, the Motor Show, the Coronation, a new fur or dress fashion—things that can be translated into terms of millions of pounds and tens of thousands of jobs—are minor affairs compared to the vast Christmas season. Here we have not merely local or national spending, but world spending. What economists call "V," velocity of money, reaches its highest point at Christmas time. In every central bank in Christendom the credit basis has to be enlarged to carry the extra demand from the banks. The note issue rises. In terms of trade turnover, Christmas might be expressed by the colossal figure £1,000,000,000—or even more. Regarded simply from the view-point of production and consumption, with all the etceteras of transport, insurance, banking, advertising, and so on, it is the world's biggest single business. No other event or occasion can approach it. Whole industries depend upon it. Tens of millions of wage-earners save the whole year for it, either individually or co-operatively in "slate clubs" and the like; and the aggregate sum of all this saving spread over 12 months is "blued," if not on, at least for, a single day, Christmas.

Gift-giving introduces in its most exciting form our mathematical symbol of *x*, the unknown quantity. This is one of the most important items in the Christmas psychology. Any psychologist will tell you that it adds immensely to the stimuli of the nervous system which produce "that Christmas feeling." True, one's pleasurable anticipation may be damped when one opens the box of ties one's wife has chosen, or sees one figure instead of two or three on the cheque from the rich uncle to his favourite married niece: but that is by the way.

And in any case the givers and receivers of gifts are only one section of some hundreds of millions of human beings who are kept guessing throughout Christendom by this Christmas-gift giving custom. In hundreds of thousands of shops executives have been wondering. For them the Christmas *x* resolves itself into attempts to foresee how much people have got, how they are feeling this Christmas, how much they are likely to spend, and what they are likely to be "going for." There are fashions in Christmas gifts. Large mistakes can be made, with sad results to profits, by laying in stocks of cheap lines when folk are going in for something better, and *vice versa*; while a failure to gauge the demand, with the result that thousands of potential buyers go elsewhere, or an error in child psychology, resulting in a big order for a new toy the kids somehow don't take to, can blast a reputation.

It is estimated that in Britain some £50,000,000 was spent by 45,000,000 people on Christmas gifts last year; in America, nearer £300,000,000; in Europe, probably £80,000,000; in all Christendom, possibly £600,000,000. This year these figures may rise 25 per cent., reflecting world recovery. In Britain certainly all the key men who have to plan ahead, and gauge Christmas demand, are anticipating the biggest Christmas on record.

Whence springs the custom of exchanging gifts at this season? There is no warrant for it in Scripture; but it does take us back 1,937 years, to the adoration at the cradle of Christ of the wise men of the East.

The second chapter of St. Matthew gives a brief—and the only—description of the Adoration. But the tradition of the three wise men was not founded until the fourth century after Christ. The three are first pictured as of different ages in an Eastern MS. of about A.D. 550—which is as far removed from the Bethlehem birth as we are from the English time which saw Wat Tyler's mob behead the Archbishop of Canterbury. And the names of the three wise men, Melchior, Gasper, and Balthazar, are not mentioned in Scripture at all, but first appear in a Greek MS. of the sixth century.

The gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh (symbolising the divine kingdom, the divinity of the Son of Man, and the fact that He had a link with mankind in that He, too, must die) have their origin in a passage attributed to Bede.

But it is a happy, a human thought; and so we exchange gifts—while decorating our rooms with sprigs and boughs of evergreens, a kindly but quite pagan gesture, a throw-back to the customs of the older festival of this season (no canned foods, refrigerators, grain silos, railways, steamships, and motor-trucks then), when men propitiated the spirits of the woods, and the sylvan gods and goddesses, by giving them warm shelter in winter, hoping for reciprocity when (*Continued on page* 122)

Beautify their home with "Nell Gwynn" candles
"Your very charming gift"

Gift-boxes of "Nell Gwynn" Candles are welcomed in every home of taste. Hues and shapes suit every period and style of decoration—from Elizabethan to Chromium-plate. Enchanting candlesticks included in some of the boxes. Beautiful long-lasting candles in all. "Nell Gwynn" Candles are a compliment to the taste as well as the common sense of both recipient and donor, for they are long-lasting, faultless, do not crack or scratch, whilst their slow, clean burning gives a lovely quality of light to illumine your friendships. The Gift Set illustrated here costs five shillings and includes four candles with candlesticks complete.

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SOLID-DYED DECORATIVE **CANDLES**

Thirty-eight long-lived colours
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SOLD ONLY IN BOXES (never loose)
FROM 9d. TO 5/6
J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD. (Candlemakers from 1642) LONDON, S.E.1
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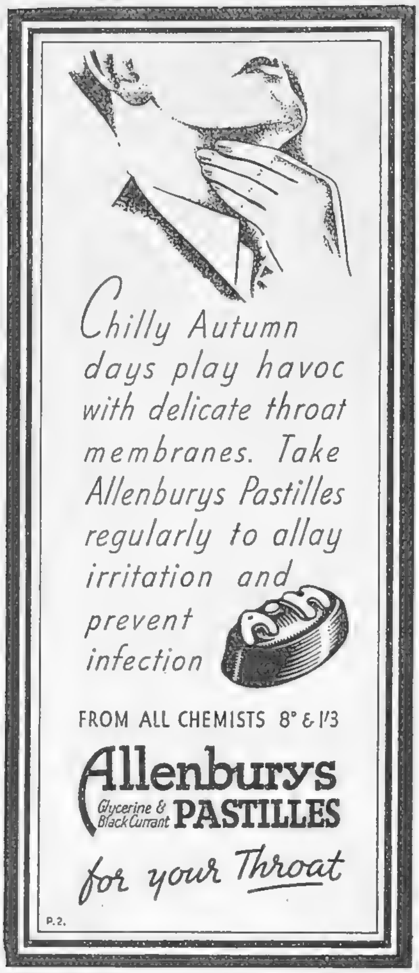
Chilly Autumn days play havoc with delicate throat membranes. Take Allenburys Pastilles regularly to allay irritation and prevent infection
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3
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Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
for your Throat
P.2.

WOMEN OF TO-DAY!... Life *should* be like this...

To be no more handicapped than a man by any of the regular natural functionings of the human body..... hasn't that always been the envious ambition of women? It is an ambition which is achieved by many of the young women of to-day, and is *achievable by all healthy women.* You must read the new book which holds out a brave new vision of what life can be like, and *should* be like, for women. The book is called 'Women of To-day'; it is written by a Woman Doctor, *and is free.* Send your name and address on a postcard to: Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S/1C, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5, and a copy will be sent you by return under plain cover.

The book is not an advertisement. But it is published by the makers of the most modern type of sanitary towel, who hold that woman's health and freedom are closely influenced by the type of sanitary protection she uses regularly. If, along with the book, you would also like samples of these towels, send stamps or a postal order for 1/3.

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THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12,
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the seasons of sowing, germination, growth, and harvesting came along.

For the big stores, the Christmas season is easily the year's biggest. The "take" is huge. A big city store employing 6,000 people will take on from 1,000 to 2,000 extra workers to deal with the Christmas rush; a country-town grocer will take on an extra man and boy. Food sales rise 30 per cent., toy sales 250 per cent., tobacco sales 25 per cent., sales of wines and spirits 300 per cent. More nuts, almonds, raisins, muscatels are sold in a week than are normally sold in three months. Factories which have been working steadily all the year producing crackers and boxes for crackers dispose of a nine-months output in a single week. The turkey population is almost wiped out at one swoop.

This is the sort of thing that happens in all the countries of Christendom. There are variations of detail, of course. The turkey is the British and American Christmas dish. Among the Germans and Scandinavians the roast goose substitutes. There is a great intake of stuffed eels in Italy, of bouillabaisse in Roumania, of veal in Australia, of savoury lamb in Mexico, and of roast beef—the tradition being for the four-footed animal as the worthy foundation of a feast—throughout Europe generally, roast beef being a decided luxury in Europe, where living standards are lower than in the richer Anglo-Saxon countries.

But in every land communications have their period of greatest strain, and the general staffs at headquarters have to start guessing weeks and months in advance, and planning in order to be ready for the great rush. What happens in the central post office in the world's biggest city highlights the world picture.

In a normal day 6,500,000 letters are posted throughout London, city of eight millions, and handled at the G.P.O. But on December 23, 1935, 15,000,000 were posted; and this year the mail handlers are planning to handle 17,000,000, an all-time record.

The average daily number of parcels posted in London is 161,000; delivered, 85,000. But over 600,000 parcels were posted each day on December 20 and 21, 1935, and 353,000 on December 23. During the 20 days which the G.P.O. men reckon cover the "Christmas season" 4,500,000 parcels were posted last year, and 3,000,000 delivered; and a million parcel bags had to be handled at the rail depots.

Special trains have to be run during Christmas week solely for Post Office purposes. The normal motor mail-van services are supplemented by 1,200 additional vans in London alone. 12,000 extra men are taken on in London; 70,000 throughout the country.

The Central Telegraph Office handled 325,000 telegrams last Christmas Eve, and 89,000 telephone telegrams on Christmas Day. A normal night number of trunk telephone calls between 5 p.m. and midnight is 1,500; on Christmas Eve last year the number of shilling calls jumped to 10,000. All these are records, and show heavy increases (60 per cent., 103 per cent., 400 per cent.) on the Christmas 1934 figures. Records will be broken again this year, although what the figures will be remains one of the Christmas 1936 riddles.

This is a one-city picture. Translate it into whole-country terms, and thence into whole-of-Christendom terms, with special emphasis on America, where the British figures are multiplied ten-fold in letters, and fifty-fold in 'phone calls, and you get a cross-section of the gift and greeting side of Christmas, and all that it means in economic activity.

The postmen earn their Christmas boxes—although postmen and post offices were not among the phenomena of the age which saw the original Christmas box. This actually was a box with a slit in it for coins. One dropped coins into the box as and when one had a small one to spare; and at Christmas the box was opened, and largesse distributed to servants, begging friars, and the like. Now the range of recipients has increased—it would be larger still if one included all those who expect a Christmas box, but don't get it. Here is the Christmas box list of the tenant of a flat in a Mayfair block. Two day porters and night porter, £1 apiece. Letter postman, 5s. Milkman, dustman, store delivery man, parcel postman, 2s. 6d. apiece. Baker's delivery man, paper boy, laundry delivery man, window cleaner, 2s. apiece. Half a dozen miscellaneous expectants, overlooked until they draw attention to their hopes, anything from 1s. to 2s. apiece.

It has been estimated that over £2,000,000 of the grand total of Christmas expenditure in this country represents the spending of sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns handed out as Christmas boxes.

No one gives a Christmas box to the officials at Somerset House who keep check of the marriage and birth registrations. But they deserve one, for Christmas provides them with their heaviest season's work—although it is work deferred. The peak seasons for marriages are spring and early summer. But it is an error to regard these as the romantic months. Each marriage represents the consummation of a romance begun usually anything from three to six months earlier. If the investigation into Christmas aforementioned were undertaken, it would probably disclose that Christmas time is the sowing season for the April-June marriage crop, and that a bumper Christmas season had a marked effect upon the ultimate crop.

It is a rational conclusion. This is a time when the unmarried sons and daughters are at home, in the bosom of their families. It is an auspicious meeting time. Christmas Eve and Boxing Day are great party days, especially in country houses and county society. Indeed, in some counties the Christmas Eve fun is so hectic that, if the participants were not well exercised, and breathing country instead of town air, Christmas Day would be a sad time of heartburn and hangovers instead of the second gay day of a three-day festival.

It is a time also when domesticity is at its most attractive, and romantic influences at their most insidious—especially if the Christmas days are frosty. Families are in good humour, there is plenty to drink, and the food is exceptional. It is cosy round the fireside. Every cottage window after dusk, and every chimney in the early morn, suggests the magic of marriage and a home for two. At no other season does one get such a dangerously alluring combination of influences playing upon the unmarried person. The mere telling of ghost stories around the flickering log fire has been known to establish intimacy and break down crusted-bachelor resistances.

There is always much talk of ghosts at Christmas-time; and any number of people, women especially, hear phantom footsteps behind them as they go to their room down the old panelled corridor, or, awakening with a start in the four-poster bed, glimpse a transparent white wraith with a rusty dagger stuck in its chest and an indescribable expression on its skeleton face . . .

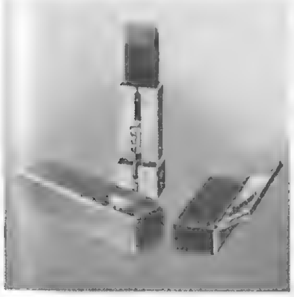
Probably the haunting of Christmas—the eve of Christmas seems to be more thickly thronged with ghosts than Christmas Day itself—is linked to some ancestral memory of pagan ceremonies. After all, long before Augustine arrived here with the Christian message, the Druids were cutting the mistletoe with a golden sickle, and making their congregations shiver with mind-pictures of invisible deities and spirits of earth, air and water, who might at any moment take tangible and terrible shape. But part of the explanation may be found in the well-known effect of rich viands on the digestion, and the repercussions of a disturbed digestive apparatus on the subconscious mind in the nocturnal hours.

The fact remains that for some reason the advent of the Christmas season is the signal for the ghosts to start walking. On the evidence of the newspapers, the present season looks like producing quite a boom in ghosts. Catherine Howard has been seen flitting down the painted corridors of Hampton Court

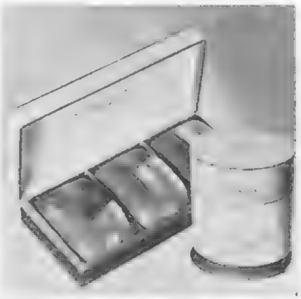
(Continued on page 124)

LOVELY LADY GETS FIRMLY PRACTICAL

Well, not too practical—just practical enough to give a fillip of common sense to the one thing she adores—giving de luxe and compelling presents, done up in new and entertaining ways. Where to find that combination of two major themes? That one's easy. Go straight to Elizabeth Arden (or any of the many smart shops in which her things are sold), list in one hand, foolish gold pencil in the other and check the items off one by one. Here are five suggestions. The Gift Leaflet shows you many more. Send for it.

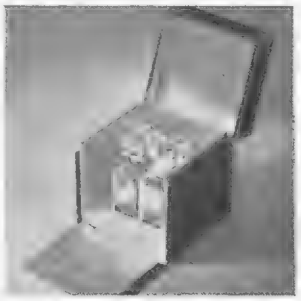


● The Mirror Lipstick, the newest Elizabeth Arden success; the mirror flips up as you pull out the stick. Single, plain gilt, 7/6. Jewelled, 12/6. Double, jewelled, one end for day, the other for evening, 42/-.



● Three cakes of superfine hand soap exquisitely packed in effective gift box, 10/6. Dusting powder, in a sifter topped box to match, 7/6. Delicately scented with Blue Grass, Jasmine, Rose Geranium or Ambre perfume.

● Black leather beauty box, lined in white, mirror lid, complete with eight essential preparations and a full-sized box of Ardena Powder, 50/-. In coloured leathers, 63/-. Other beauty boxes, 16/6, 21/-, 60/-, 4 gns., 6½ gns.



● Twin perfume sets in your choice of any two of the famous Elizabeth Arden fragrances, with the exception of Night and Day, 21/-. Single flacons of these exquisite scents may also be had, and as attractively packed, 12/6.

● Fine eau de cologne in cleverly designed 'hand-fitting' bottle with sprinkler and black enamel top, 8/6. Snowdrift dusting powder, with a chubby cake of pink soap tied on the top with pink satin ribbon, 6/6.

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Larola softens, smooths, whitens and heals—and *restores natural beauty.* The absolute purity of Larola makes it an ideal preparation for baby's toilet.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

“The Art of Massage.”
How to remove wrinkles & furrows.
How to remove crowsfeet from the sides of the eyes.
Just a few minutes daily massage with Larola. Send for booklet—**“The Cult of Beauty.”** Post free on request.

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SIX for 6D. 12 for 1/-
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE
Camelia
Soluble
SANITARY TOWELS
Rounded Ends for complete concealment

on her way to appeal to her King to spare her head, and Anne Boleyn has been glimpsed minus her head in the haunted gallery. The Sandringham Nun has been heard sighing, the Lambton Worm has turned around the hill by Lambton Castle, the Golden Boy is back in Corby Castle, Bishop Roger has been stalking the ruins of Sherborne Castle, Earl Beardie is prowling the Glamis vault again, the lady in black is floating about Rufford Abbey, the Boynton skull has been screaming again, and the martyr's footprint in its iron case in Smithills Hall has shown distinct traces of blood. The horrific tube ghost, described in 1860 by Swift, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, who was nearly frightened to death by it, has not been reported yet, but there is time before Christmas.

If King Edward VIII were to spend Christmas at Fort Belvedere instead of Sandringham, he would be the first British King in history to spend Christmas in an unhaunted house. Sandringham, the traditional residence for the Royal Family's Christmas re-union, is haunted by the celebrated Sandringham Nun; and in St. James's Palace, which is built on the site of an old lepers' hospital (as the King's Christmas cards as Prince of Wales informed one in a note on the Palace history), there are several ghosts, including the Duchess of Mazarin, Charles II's mistress, who flits through her old apartments. But “the Fort” has not yet been disturbed by ghosts, and presumably will not be for many a long year unless an overflow visitor arrives from nearby Windsor, which, with 23 recorded ghosts, is the most haunted castle on earth. Both Balmoral and Buckingham Palace have ghost stories linked to them which indicate that ghosts are not laid merely by building a new residence on the site of the ghost's old habitation.

None of the Royal ghosts appear to be offensive or ill-mannered. King Charles I and Queen Elizabeth are the two most regular apparitions at Windsor. The late Empress Frederick has left it on record that she was reading in the library during the day, and, becoming aware of somebody else in the vast chamber, looked up to see the figure of a cavalier standing by her side. His face, she said, bore a strong resemblance to pictures of the unfortunate Stuart King who lost his head. The singular thing was that this cavalier was not carrying his head under his arm, as all ghosts of Charles I are supposed to do. On the contrary, this ghost was calm and handsome and in no way frightening, and after standing quite still beside her for a few moments, he vanished.

Princess Beatrice, the King's great-aunt, once saw the spirit of Queen Elizabeth standing motionless on the terrace. On one of these occasions the Princess's black cat also apparently saw the ghost, for he took sudden alarm and jumped out of a window and broke his leg.

Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, who haunt Hampton Court at this season, are both well-behaved ghosts. Catherine merely wafts sadly and silently along the corridor down which she went to make her unsuccessful appeal to King Henry that she should be spared the fate of Anne Boleyn, who was beheaded. Anne used to wail, but now only sighs. You recall that she and the King were kneeling together in the chapel at Hampton Court when Archbishop Cranmer placed in the hand of the King a document containing evidence of her misconduct. The Queen was led away at once and locked up, but a day or two later she eluded her jailers and ran down the gallery, where the King was again at mass. Just as she reached the door of the chapel the soldiers caught her and dragged her, screaming, down the long gallery back to her prison. This happened in November, but Anne must be a little out in her dates, because it is invariably in the Christmas month now that people see her.

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END

Grim Desert Cavalcade

(Continued from page 31)

lip ever sneered more effectively than the camel's after a success of this kind.

There is a tragic side to the routine of camel training. Many lives have been lost, while there is no station along the Kalahari border that has escaped without severe casualties. At the Hofmeyr post I heard the story of a constable who found his forearm in the mouth of a vicious stud camel bull. The camel swung the man from side to side, using him as a flail, until the flesh gave way and the man, suddenly released, fell clear over the kraal wall. He had sufficient strength left to reach the mess-room and shut the door. This was fortunate, as the camel followed and would undoubtedly have killed him.

Camels, of course, must be taught to kneel. The technique in South West Africa consists of a rope made fast to one foreleg and pulled from behind at the word of command, while a man in front taps the other foreleg with a stick. Having learnt to kneel, the obstinate camel will sometimes refuse to rise. There is a true story of a constable on a long desert patrol whose camel knelt at a waterhole and would not continue the journey. In despair the constable wheedled the camel with the last of his dates, but still the long and hairy face expressed disgust and the determination to go no farther. Hunger forced the man to shoot the camel and live on the meat until help reached him.

Camels look streamlined and lean; in reality the loose skin covers masses of fat, and the men of the South West African outposts obtain tubs of pure soap from the humps of dead camels. Police rations for camels in camp consist of oat hay—28 lb. per camel a day. On the veld, however, the spiky kameeldoorn tree provides the ideal food, eked out by a diet of “twa-grass” or mimosa. Nothing is too sharp for the long teeth and hard palate. The tsamma melon that saves so many lives in the Kalahari, a football-sized melon with an unpleasant rind, is swallowed almost whole by the voracious camel. Exhaustion may kill camels; hunger and thirst seldom do. They will plod on, rumbling, gurgling, belching, complaining to the last, but nearly always bringing the patrol safely to the end of the trail. Water that horses would not touch is noisily imbibed by the camel with only the usual protests. I have seen a thirsty camel take a measured eighteen gallons of water within half an hour, enough for several days. It is a fallacy, however, to suppose that water may be obtained by the drastic method of killing and opening one's camel. A thirsty camel when operated upon reveals the same lack of fluid as the human optimist who seeks water in this way.

The police records in South West Africa show that camels have often covered fifty miles a day for five consecutive days without water. There was an Australian-bred camel in the southern Kalahari that carried the mails regularly over a distance of a hundred miles in half a day. I found it difficult to obtain accurate records of the longest camel run ever achieved within twenty-four hours in the territory; but General Gordon's famous ride of 143 miles in twenty-four hours from Korosko to Abu Hameb must have been equalled in emergencies in South West Africa. On such occasions the riders suffer as much as the camels. The motion of a camel at the gallop is so irritating that men never become used or even resigned to it. Constables in other lonely places love their freedom and yearn—while on leave at the seaside—to return to their beloved horses and desert splendour. The men of the camel patrol, however, need their rest; the jarring effect on the nerves is not easily shaken off. Sudanese warriors

(Continued on page 126)

BOOTH'S
FINEST OLD
DRY GIN

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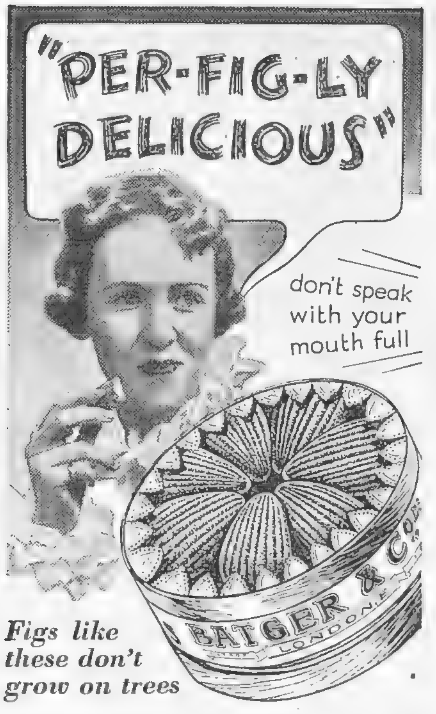

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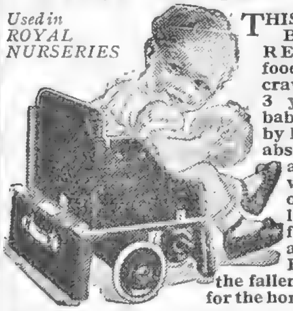

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may love their camels; white policemen never do. Constant swaying affects the strongest stomach. A weary sergeant once informed me that the camel was not called "the ship of the desert" because of its usefulness as transport. It was the heavy rolling that suggested the similarity!

Transport apart, there seems to be no new use for the camel. Some years ago the Union Government found the camels were breeding too rapidly. It was feared that the surplus would become as dangerous as the Australian "camel plague," when thousands of stray camels ranged over the "outback" farms devouring the grass. So farmers in South Africa were offered camels free, and a number along the Orange River accepted the gift. Strange indeed it was to see camels drawing (or refusing to draw) the ploughs on the river lands. In sandier soil the experiment might have succeeded, but the ground was too heavy for them and most of the gift camels were shot.

One hard-bitten old desert rover escaped this fate by wandering away from the farm at night, reaching unsettled country and heading down river to the sea. The coast is desolate, and the camel appears to have avoided observation until it reached the Olifant's River mouth, 250 miles south of the Orange. Among the simple people of these parts, the camel is merely a legend. Thus a small boy herding his father's sheep came running terrified to the homestead and announced: "The devil has come up out of the sea."

The farmer and his sons barricaded the door, armed themselves and peered through the window. As the apparition came lolloping into view over the rise, the farmer raised his rifle.

"Don't shoot," exclaimed one of the boys. "I know that thing—I have seen it in books. It is a camel."

The camel was spared and placed in the village pound at a spot called Vlermuisklip. For days it was the main centre of interest in the district, as it stood gloomily munching and returning disdainfully the stares of the wondering farmers.

In South West Africa, however, camel stories are usually grim. There was a sergeant at Rehoboth, the reserve for those Biblical half-castes who give the Government so much trouble; a sergeant whose territory covered all the Namib Desert west of Rehoboth to the sea. Now the Namib is a veritable waterless desert with dunes four hundred feet high, unlike the Kalahari, which is habitable in rainy seasons. In the Namib a man relies on the water he carries, for rain never falls.

"I had to take charge of a camel party on a trek through the Namib to the coast—diamond case," recalled the sergeant. "We had with us a coloured man who had been charged with poaching diamonds, and had turned King's evidence. My job was to find out where he had discovered the diamonds, and he was supposed to point out the spot.

"Six days it took us, over the dunes, leaving sealed drums of water at different caches every day to drink on the way back. No one had expected a journey of six days, but it was literally unknown territory. Trouble was that the dunes were treacherous—we had to pull the camels over the steep sides and then urge them up the next sandy hill. We were walking in our helmets and shirts, nothing else, instead of riding. Walking for six days. One camel died on the way, but we got through to the sea.

"Foolishly we were relying on the diamond poacher to guide us back through the dunes. He stayed with us long enough to make us careless about watching him—it seemed impossible to escape in that glaring waste of sand. But he had no intention of giving his rich diamond field away. When we woke up after the first night at the seaside, the man had disappeared.

"It was a hard struggle back to Rehoboth with the camels—another six days that I don't like to think about. I had a compass, of course, and that saw us across the dunes, but it did not lead us to the water drums. We found only one. That man had been hammering and battering at it—and had failed to open it. For a long time we heard nothing of the diamond poacher—thought he must be dead. But the other day I learnt he was alive. He walked all that way without water and survived, and the police are still looking for him. I never heard of any other man who could beat the camels at their own game, but that diamond poacher did!"

Even after a long spell of service in the sweltering hinterland, the prospect of sea air brings no joy to the policeman ordered to patrol this desert coast. It is a sinister and menacing coast, littered with wrecks, often swamped with cold fog, while the traveller must be constantly on guard against prowling beach jackals, leopards, and the occasional lion.

A shipwreck, of course, means much work for the police, though crews of castaways are usually rescued by tugs and surfboats, so great are the difficulties of an overland journey. During the Great War someone, inspired by the high value of ships, suggested that a stranded German steamer, the *Edward Bohlen*, might be salved from her sandy grave at Conception Bay. One of the police constables who accompanied the salvage experts gave me an impression of the journey down the dreaded coast from Walvis Bay.

"Eighty miles," he said. "It does not sound much, but the dunes were 'running' in the strong wind—tons of sand toppling down after us as we rode. Often we were almost buried. At high tide we had a choice of the treacherous dunes and the breakers, with nothing between. A German camel patrol vanished on this route before the war, and we thought of them as the sand went thundering into the sea.

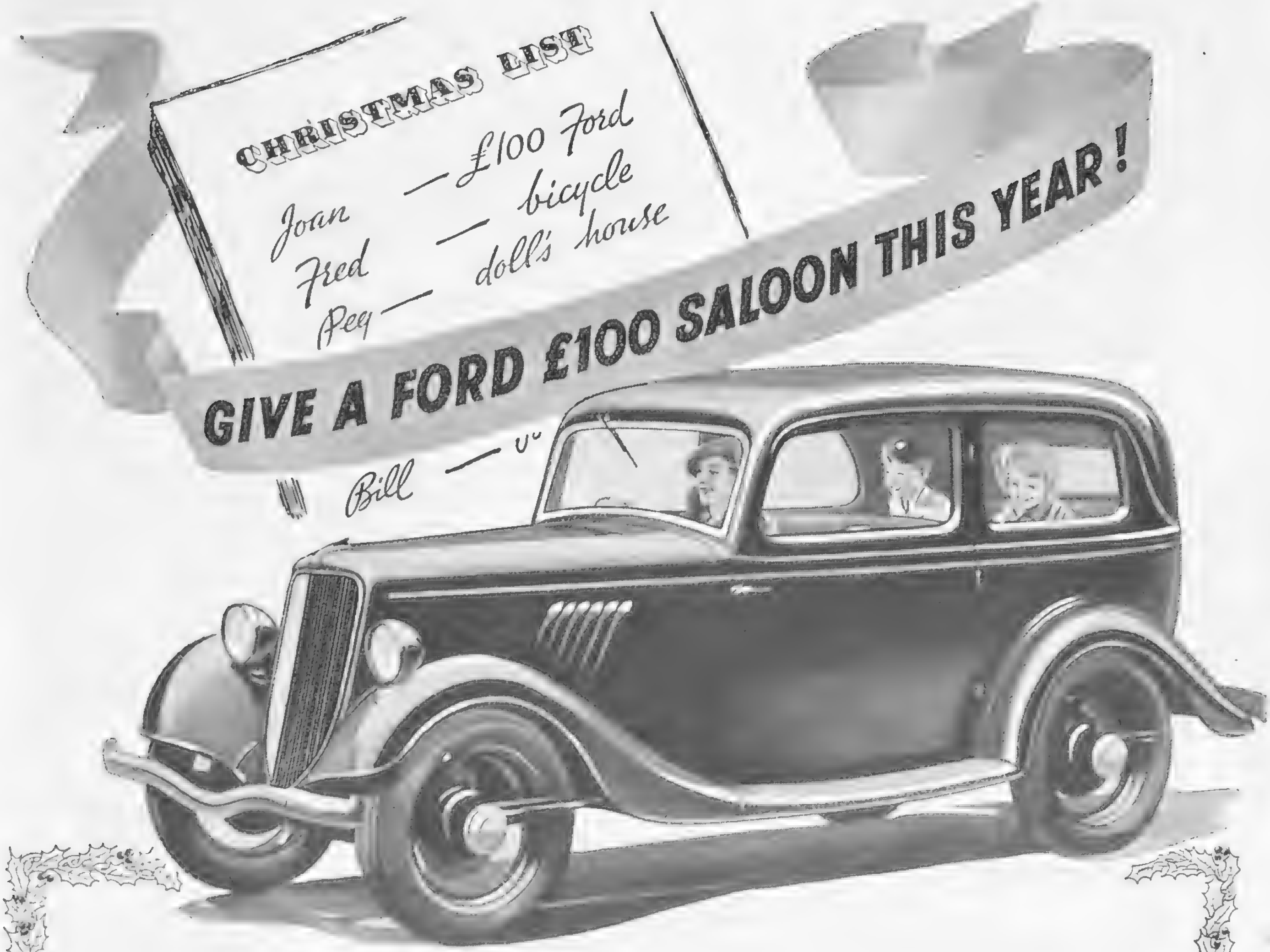
"One notorious spot called the 'Black Wall' held us up until low tide—the dunes are so high there that it would have been foolish to have risked a landslide. But we got through and found the old ship. She was in good condition, all right, with the rust blown clean off her topsides by the continual sandblast. But she was half buried in sand and lying a hundred yards from high-water mark. It would have taken an army to dig her out, and a fleet to tow her off. We rode back through the grit, the heat and the mirage with our lips and noses cracking. The *Edward Bohlen* is still lying down at Conception Bay with a pack of jackals in the hold and a colony of cormorants on deck."

Another tale of a desperate camel ride concerns two constables, Lyons and Ackerman, on patrol in the wild, lonely country along the South West Africa-Bechuanaland border. A pack of wild dogs attacked them. Both men fired. It would not have been difficult to beat off the dogs, but during the skirmish one of the camels bolted panic-stricken, and made for a thorn tree. The old trick, of course, but Lyons knew it and jumped from the saddle. He brushed against his rifle as he fell, and there was a bullet in his thigh when he reached the ground.

Constable Ackerman, firing occasional shots to keep the wild dogs off, tore up his shirt, bandaged the wound, and carried Lyons to the nearest tree. There he propped him up, put a rifle in his hands, ammunition and water beside him. It was not easy to leave the wounded man there, with the smell of blood attracting other wild creatures and the dogs still in the neighbourhood. But Ackerman had made the right decision, and he rode off for help.

The nearest place where a doctor could be found was Kuruman—120 miles from the scene of the accident. There was an outpost called Donkerbos only thirty miles away, however, and Ackerman reached it in two hours; a fast ride indeed. Fortunately, he found government officials there, part of a "foot and mouth disease" cordon with a motor-car. They had to race away in the wrong direction to find enough petrol for the long run to Kuruman; but late that night they returned to the tree where Lyons still sat, bleeding and in great pain but alive. Twenty hours after the gun accident, Lyons was carried into the

(*Continued on page* 128)



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hospital at Kuruman. An older man might not have survived the ordeal. Lyons, twenty-two, is back on patrol.

Seldom does a member of the camel corps grow so careless that he forgets to shake out his boots and helmet every morning on the veld in search of scorpions. It is a daily duty to remember, for though the scorpion's sting does not kill a healthy man, it causes more pain, and other disturbing symptoms, than some snake-bites.

Somewhere north of the Orange River two policemen hobbled their camels one night and started gathering wood for the camp fire. One man received a scorpion sting in the hand. His companion applied the usual permanganate of potash remedy, but the poison had entered a vein and could not be checked. That night the constable sank into delirium, then rose suddenly from his blankets, seized his rifle and aimed a mad blow at his companion. This resourceful fellow remembered the handcuffs and succeeded in locking them. The fit of madness passed, but the suffering policeman was too weak to ride his camel. The other man made another painful decision—necessary in view of the limited water supply—lashed the sufferer to his camel and set off slowly to the police post. No wonder these men have so little to say about the ordinary hardships of a camel patrol.

Diamonds, as I have shown, have been and are still responsible for long camel treks in South West Africa. I know the owner of a small ex-naval pinnace who planned a raid on the coast to the north of Swakopmund. Glance at the Admiralty sailing directions for this desert shore, and you will find that it is roughly, inaccurately charted, a coast which has never been thoroughly explored, almost a *terra incognita* to this day. Yet before my friend in the pinnace left Table Bay, the exact spot where he intended to land was known to the police. (One of the crew, I learnt long afterwards, had given the information and claimed the reward.)

I believe an aeroplane was sent to the desolate spot on the surf-beaten coast, but no landing ground could be discovered. So Sergeant Thomas, two white constables and two native orderlies set out on camels across two hundred miles of sun-scorched wilderness to await the raiders. There were no roads to follow, no water-holes, no shade. They were exhausted when they sighted the blue Atlantic over the glaring dunes. Luckily for them, the trek had been well-timed. The pinnace with the unsuspecting raiders arrived that afternoon, and the police in hiding watched my friend disembark a landing party.

It is not necessary in this part of the country to prove illicit possession of diamonds or even prospecting without a licence. The whole coast from the Kunene river to a point north of Swakopmund has remained *Sperrgebiet,* forbidden territory, since the German days. Soon after they stepped on shore the raiders were arrested.

Arrested only in the technical sense, however, for Sergeant Thomas knew the men could not be taken back overland. The water carried on the camels might (or might not) be sufficient for the police themselves; but prisoners and police alike would perish if all went back together. Sergeant Thomas solemnly took the names of the landing party and instructed them to sail back to Walvis Bay and report there. The police started on their weary journey and the cutter put to sea. All concerned saw death at their elbows—the police just got through with parched throats and dying camels, while the raiders nearly foundered in a gale—before they all met again before the magistrate. Fines of £40 a head settled the matter. The strange part of the affair (and many like it) is that no diamonds have ever been found at the particular spot selected for the raid. My friend the pinnace owner admitted to me afterwards that he went on the strength of a legend and for the sake of adventure. Members of the camel patrol have asked me earnestly to expose these diamond legends that lead to hardship, to adventure they do not seek, but never to riches.

One of the longest chases by the camel corps in South West Africa started when two cattle thieves, Europeans, set off across the Kaokoveld heading for Portuguese territory beyond the Kunene. They were on horseback, they had sixteen hours' start and five hundred miles to ride. The Kaokoveld is no-man's-land, and there was no possibility of signalling ahead to intercept them. Three constables set out on camels in pursuit.

At intervals the police found warm embers where the thieves had off-saddled—plain signs that gave encouragement during the tiring chase. When they reached a point a hundred and twenty miles from the frontier, however, one of the camels went lame. They felt there was still a chance of success—the horses ahead must be worn out—and they decided to walk in turns and carry on without rest.

Bushmen encountered at a water-hole indicated by signs that the thieves had passed that way fourteen hours previously. The three constables hurried on towards the border. They saw lions in the bush; they questioned wandering natives; resolutely they pressed on hour after hour. Once they heard good news—one of the horses ridden by the thieves had given out. Then their hopes faded a little with the information that the thieves had taken bushmen guides for the last difficult stretch of bush and mountain to the Kunene.

Two hours from the river the police reached a native village and learnt with delight that the exhausted thieves were asleep at a lonely mission station on the South West Africa side of the river. They pushed on, heavy with sleep, and crept up to the missionary's house.

"I'm sorry," said the bearded missionary. "Your men crossed the river an hour ago they're camping on the other side."

And there the disappointed policemen saw the fire lit by the fugitives. Attempts were made to lure the thieves back within the law of South West Africa. The thieves laughed. There is no extradition from Angola for stock-theft, and they knew it. There remained only the return, empty-handed, over five hundred miles of burning sand and monotonous bush.

In such a country the men of the camel corps do not boast that they always "get their man." International frontiers, hostile tribes that even the Germans left untaxed, bushmen who become invisible when pursued—these are the odds against them. They still talk of places inside or beyond "the police zone" in South West Africa. On the hill above Windhoek stands the "Palace of Ink," the administration building the Germans built; and there I have seen rough maps and colourless official reports of great rides on camel-back far beyond the zone of law and order. I know of no corner of Africa where men still lead more adventurous lives than the constables who swing and roll on gawky legs across the dusty plains, the men of the camel patrol, South West Africa Police.

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Death Comes to Warrior Square

(*Continued from page* 37)

fourth, nineteen fourteen, down to the very instant."

"*Really!*" said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

"Not a doubt of it."

"That's *very* interesting!"

"Oh, *do* tell me you believe!" said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred intensely.

"Deuced peculiar," said the Major. "Deuced peculiar . . ."

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore said "H'm," and for a minute or two there was silence. One of the convenient trams announced its approach with a singing of wires, clanged past the entrance of the square, and snicked and sang into the distance. The sea spoke.

"H'm," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore. "That's interesting."

"And that's not all!" the Major continued. "The Crusades, the fall of Constantinople, the Black Death, the Fire of London, the death of King Edward, the Great War, the Armistice, the general strike——"

Miss Fullalove entered, smiled vaguely, and passed to her usual place on the sofa with its back to the window, no light, and the farthest distance away from the fire. She had her novel with her thumb in it, and in order to lose herself in its intricacies was forced to hunch herself forward over it so that it was upside down and the light from the mantelpiece fell on it. She turned a page and began to sway gently back and forth to keep the circulation going in her knees.

"And all in the Vale of Tribulation?" asked Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred breathlessly.

"Marked out in inches," said the Major.

"Inches?" argued the Reverend Francis with a gleam of hope. "But surely the Egyptians——"

"Ah!" interrupted the Major. "That's where a man like you, padre, ought to know better. The Pyramids were built by the *Jews*—during the what - you - call - it. In inches."

"H'm," said the Rev. Ogilvie-Gore, thumbing his chin.

"Of course," the Major said, "we don't bother much about history and all that sort of thing in the Army. Smartness is more important than history. But as far as I can make it out this passage, or passages, goes up and down. Steps and so forth, see? Upstairs so many inches, that'd be the dawn of civilisation and all that. So many inches along the flat, so many years of nothing doing. Down a few steps, collapse of the Roman Empire. Long bit of level going, dark ages. Up a bit, Crusades. Burial chamber, such and such magnificence, Napoleon. Steep dive downwards four and a half inches, Great War. Up a step, peace. Twenty inches or so gradual descent. That's where we are now. Then the King's Chamber——"

"The King's Chamber!" intoned Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred rapturously. "And what then?"

"Yes, what then?" echoed Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

The Major gave a twitch to his moustache. "That's the end of it," he said. "What?"

There was another of these pauses. A tram passed.

"May I ask," enquired the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore in a diffident kind of voice, "if you yourself attach credence to this report?"

"You mean, do I believe it, eh?" the Major translated for his own benefit. "Hard to say. Speakin' as a civilian, as an individual, mind you, I'd say no. Never heard such a lot of tosh in all my days. Don't believe anything really. On the other hand, I've always found the *Morning Post* a very reliable paper. And the feller's got it all taped. Very talented feller. Speakin' as a soldier—I'd say take a few elementary precautions. You never know, you know."

"Precautions!" exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

"But how *thrilling!*" cried Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred. "What sort of precautions?"

"Oo—I don't know," said the Major. "Just precautions."

He stood up, stretched. If the Major had not been a plain military man with no nonsense about him, one might have suspected him of having a talent for the appropriate exit. He was forestalled, however, for the door opened and in came Mrs. Maglashan.

"This," said Mrs. Maglashan, "is the drawing-room," and the owner of "The Osborne" ushered in a stranger.

The Major abruptly patted his pockets, pulled out a box of matches, and sat down again, facing south. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred stiffened, and made a loud tinkling noise with her crochet-bag, facing north. The Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore bowed, became completely wrapped up in a pile of newspapers on a side table, as if he had mislaid a most important document among them, and then sat suddenly, facing east. Miss Fullalove gently rocked herself on the sofa, having heard nobody enter.

"Oh, I think it's *charming!*" said the stranger.

"Yes—it *is* nice, isn't it?" agreed Mrs. Maglashan.

A tram went by.

AT the end of three-quarters of an hour the stranger had been observed. The Major, under pretence of looking round for a draught, or an elusive bluebottle, thought she was a deuced fine-looking woman. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, who was nearest, decided that she couldn't be a day less than forty-eight—or, say, forty-seven—that such redness of hair couldn't possibly be natural, and that her dress was definitely West End, John Barker's at least. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore thought to himself that with a wife like that he could have been a bishop. Miss Fullalove had that moment looked up with dewy eyes at a particularly moving passage, had suddenly discovered her presence, and was staring at her like one transfixed.

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred inclined herself and cleared her throat like a lady. "Is this—" she asked, "if I may ask—your first visit to St. Leonards?"

"Rather!" said the lady.

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred. "A delightful little place," she continued patronisingly. "But, of course, so different from Chinah!"

The lady smiled. "Have you been an awful lot in—in Chinah?"

"Long enough to adore it," said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred. "Of course, my husband was Consul-General. I do love the East, don't you? It's so—so—"

"Immemorial," supplied Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, chipping in.

"*Thank* you! By the way, you *do* know—Mr. Ogilvie-Gore—I—er—I'm afraid I—er—"

"Lady Heuston."

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, the Major, and Mr. Ogilvie-Gore started. Then Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred gave a little trill. "Oh, *how* d'you do! I'm sure you'll be so *very* comfortable here."

"Might one enquire, Lady Heuston," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore in his most disarming manner, "if your sojourn amongst us is to be—naturally we all hope it is!—ah—for some little time?"

"Till the seventeenth," replied Lady Heuston.

"The seventeenth," said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, waving her fingers in the air. "Let me see. Isn't that a Wednesday?"

"Tuesday," said Lady Heuston. "Tuesday week."

"*Tuesday week!*" exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

The Major kicked suddenly with his leg.

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred put her hand to her bosom and went pale.

"Has anybody got anything against Tuesday week?" asked Lady Heuston in astonishment.

(*Continued on page* 132)

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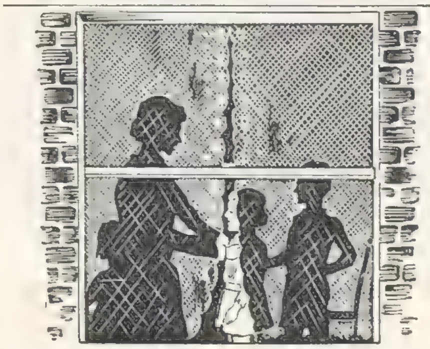

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Miss Fullalove shut her book with a bang, dropped her pince-nez so that they depended from her ear, stood up, placed the book under her arm, examined a few velvet roses for a moment or two, straightened her shoulders, and began making for the door, at the same time trying to catch Mr. Ogilvie-Gore's eye. She caught it, and bowed.

"G-good night," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

She bowed to Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, so managing it that the new arrival could consider herself included or not, as she pleased, and then approached the Major, shifting her weight on arrival from one foot to the other and back again in a swashbuckling sort of way she instinctively adopted when conversing with the military.

"I suppose," she said, "you were joking. What you said at dinner, I mean. About that—about Tuesday week?"

The Major bent to shout something in her ear, but Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred forestalled him.

"Of course he was, dear Miss Fullalove! The Majah does love his little bit of fun!"

Miss Fullalove heard. She was immensely relieved. Her face became wreathed in smiles. "Oh, I *am* glad!" she said. "Oh," she said, "I *am* glad! Dear! I was thinking of getting in provisions!"

The Major laughed, shortly, sharply.

"I don't think," roared Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, "that we need go to *those* lengths!"

"At what time would it—I mean had it—if——" Miss Fullalove asked.

"One thirty-seven!" said the Major.

"A quarter to seven. Indeed!"

"One thirty-seven," corrected the Major. "In the *morning!*"

"Really!" said Miss Fullalove; and though she continued to be wreathed in relief, there crept, somehow, beneath the expression, a look of thoughtfulness.

"Have you," suggested Miss Fullalove, "read this?" She handed him the copy of *The Poison Belt.*

"What is it?" demanded the Major. "Trashy novel?"

"You ought to, you know," said Miss Fullalove. "You might get a few tips for Tuesday week."

"What?" said the Major. "Eh? I'm not much of a hand at books, you know." He tucked it under his arm. "I'll let you know."

Miss Fullalove nodded brightly. She went out, humming a little tune.

"Some sort of a binge on?" Lady Heuston asked, in the ensuing silence.

"Well . . ." said the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore.

The Major rapped his copy of the *Morning Post.* "Only the end of the world," he explained shortly.

"What fun!" said Lady Heuston politely.

THE Major read the book and handed it back to Miss Fullalove the next morning. She stood rocking from foot to foot to await his verdict.

"These novelist fellahs," shouted the Major. "Fanciful. I mean—the earth floating into a sort of poison gas, eh?"

Miss Fullalove looked acutely disappointed.

"By George!" roared the Major. "I suppose if there was a novelist fellah staying here, we'd have him stopping up all the windows! Oxygen laid on in the coffee room!"

"You don't think——" Miss Fullalove hesitated.

"Not an earthly," said the Major. "Well —time I was catching my tram!"

From that day until the following Monday there was nothing of interest to report on "The Osborne" front. At nine o'clock every morning, punctually, Miss Fullalove emerged and went for a tram-ride to Boot's, where she changed her book. Half an hour later the Major came forth, laden with golf clubs and the *Morning Post,* and caught a tram going the other way. Religiously Mr. Ogilvie-Gore descended from among the geraniums for a little walk along the front. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred was punctilious in her attendance at the East Sussex Ladies' Constitutional Club, at the "Tea-kettle" for tea, "and afterwards" at the White Rock. Lady Heuston "lived" in the movies.

On the Monday afternoon, however, Mr. Ogilvie-Gore was in the act of returning from a little walk when he observed a large van labelled "International Stores" drawn up outside and watched the delivery of three very large packing-cases indeed, with an accompanying scuffle of grunts, heavings, jolts, "Easy-does-it-mates," and general disorder.

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore said nothing about this, but the following day Miss Fullalove, who had been going about with a queerly heightened girlishness and colour, was hastening down the steps to catch the tram whose singing already set the wires aswish, when her attention was caught by an Army and Navy Stores van. Two stalwarts descended and began to stagger up the steps with a substantial cylindrical object enclosed in canvas, whose weight was almost too much for them. She made no mention of this at the time, but Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, who was addicted to music, struck something with her foot about an hour later, and discovered the same mysterious object beneath the piano in the drawing-room, with a label round its neck addressed to: "Major Aston-Withers, The Osborne, Warrior Square. EXPLOSIVES, HANDLE WITH CAUTION."

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred kept this discovery to herself, but at about three o'clock that afternoon the Major, who had spent the best part of two hours trying to slip into the drawing-room with a large brown paper parcel and a pot of paste, but had been baulked at every attempt by the somnolent presence of Lady Heuston, was interested to discover two large brass candlesticks and sundry paraphernalia coming up the stairs.

"Mr. O'Gillerby-Gore, mate?" the man had asked.

The Major had withered the fellah. "Mate" indeed! He had made no mention of this occurrence, but Lady Heuston, who had exhausted the filmic possibilities of the locality until Thursday and was taking refuge in slumber, distinctly heard the voice of Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred in the passage without, saying: "Oh, yes, *this* is Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred. Would you bring it in heah, please?" The consequent bumps and grunts had disturbed her, and then what must that idiotic man the Major do but open the door for the fifth time of asking and poke his head round.

"It's all right, my dear chap," said Lady Heuston. "I'll go quietly."

"I have some—er—rather important business——" explained the Major, nervously.

"Well," said Lady Heuston, "I shall go and have my toenails done pink. If I must die of boredom I shall insist, at all events, on dying beautiful."

"By jove, eh?" said the Major.

But she noticed that he was not really intrigued.

AFTER dinner that evening the Major, as usual, was first away.

"Coffee in the drawing-room, Harris," ordered the Major. "And *hot!*"

"Certainly, sir," said Harris. "Will you take shape, miss?"

Miss Fullalove nodded enthusiastically. "One must keep up one's strength, Harris!" she remarked jocularly, and yet perhaps not so jocularly.

"Yes, miss," said Harris. "Shape, madam?"

So Miss Fullalove was next away. But she did not go straight to the drawing-room. Instead she visited her own room first, just peeped inside for a moment at the rows and rows of tinned peaches, post toasties, bacon, honey, and dried prunes, and then entered the drawing-room with an elaborate assumption of innocence, and took her usual place. The Major was in his usual place, quite innocently, before the fire.

Five minutes later Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred scraped her chair, narrowed her eyes smartly at Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, went up to her room, took just a

(*Continued on page* 134)

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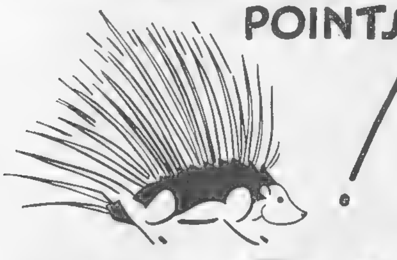

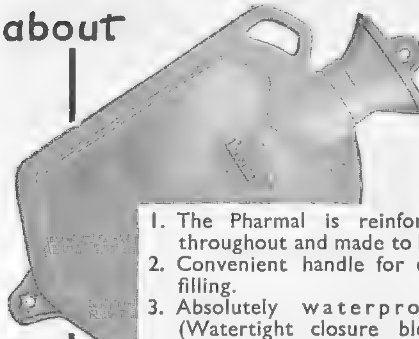

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teeny-weeny drop of Graves from one of two dozen bottles, collected her crochet, and reported all present and correct.

"*Not* going to the cinematograph, Lady Heuston?" remarked Mr. Ogilvie-Gore civilly. "Ah, well, somehow I don't feel like the White Rock myself."

"You don't look it, old top," said Lady Heuston, who was introducing a note of modernity to "The Osborne."

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore was much amused.

HALF an hour later a collection of five human beings were assembled in the drawing-room of "The Osborne."

Apart from a slight restlessness, the extra touch of pallor, perhaps, or an unusual flush, there was nothing at all out of the ordinary about their behaviour. Miss Fullalove rocked herself quietly on the sofa, bending forwards over her novel so as to catch the light. The Major sat, with his feet stretched out to the fire, reading the *Morning Post* and making little noises with his pipe, tapping it on the fender and rattling the matches. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred was busy with her crochet, sitting with her shoulders well back, in black silk. Lady Heuston was playing patience and tut-tutting to herself. The Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore was writing letters. His pen scratched remorselessly over the paper, and every so often he breathed with a kind of sigh. The gilt clock on the mantelpiece pointed, quite silently, to a quarter to ten. It was time Miss Fullalove went to bed.

But Miss Fullalove showed no intention of going to bed. She appeared to have forgotten the hour, a most unusual occurrence, and rocked herself gently on the sofa, turning a page about every ten minutes. From time to time the Major turned a lean brown wrist and glanced at his watch. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred's needles reciprocated in the silence. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore's pen continued to scratch. There was something fretful about these sounds, because the outside noises were strangely muffled. *Strangely* muffled. Even Miss Fullalove, to whom all sounds were muffled, had noticed it at once as she entered the room. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore was aware of it immediately, but said nothing. Lady Heuston, indeed, remarked, at about five-minutes past ten: "It seems very *stuffy* in here," but nobody answered her. It seemed indeed as if the outside world had suddenly taken on a quality of remoteness. The trams were audible, but to-night they seemed somehow less convenient, more other-worldly. The clock uttered a little musical note. A quarter past ten. Miss Fullalove read on. From beneath the piano there came a faintly audible hissing. The oxygen was turned on.

At eleven o'clock she still read on, but more spasmodically, removing her glasses from nose to ear and from ear to nose according as she wished to observe the printed page or the time upon the mantelpiece. Mr. Ogilvie-Gore still wrote, but he too turned from time to time to observe the hour and to regard the others above his glasses. By eleven o'clock the drawing-room at "The Osborne" was generally a darkened desert. To-night Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred crocheted with increasing industry. Lady Heuston was frankly asleep.

At five minutes past the hour Miss Fullalove shut her book, rose, tiptoed across to the fire, removed her glasses from ear to nose, and consulted the clock at close quarters.

"Dear!" she said, feeling that the eyes of the room were upon her. Then she caught Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred's eye.

"Somehow—I don't seem to feel like bed to-night," she said, and, humming a little tune, went back to the sofa.

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore wrote on.

At eleven-fifteen Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred inclined towards him. "Oh, Mr. Ogilvie-Gore," she said, "forgive me, but is it *absolutely* necessary to make that *most* unpleasant scratching?"

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore turned slowly, glanced at her over his glasses, said: "I'm afraid so," and continued.

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred jerked like a spring. "Really, Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, I *do* think that when a *lady*——"

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore spun round. "Oh, all right, all right, all right," said he. "And what about your blasted needles?"

"Hear, *hear*!" cried Lady Heuston. "Filthy clacking noise. I've been wanting to say that for the past hour. And, what's more, your back hair's coming down!"

"*As* usual," agreed the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore, turning again to his desk.

Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred gasped. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "To think that I should be so insulted. Me! Me of all people, who have had fifteen servants, who have opened *exhibitions*——"

The Major rose and cleared his throat. "Er—" said he, "I—er—I think—er—I think that we all of us know how to behave like pukka sahibs."

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore paled, caught his commanding eye, and apologised. "I beg your pardon," he said, "if I spoke hastily."

The Major sat down again.

"Anyhow," said Lady Heuston, "it is"—and went to sleep again.

A tram passed. It was the last tram . . .

At eleven-thirty Miss Fullalove snapped her book shut again, ceased swaying, removed her pince-nez from nose to ear, and began tapping with her foot on the frayed carpet. Five minutes later the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore flung down his pen and sat forward with his head in his hands. At eleven-forty Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred slowly ceased her crochet and sat very still, gazing at the rise and fall of her own bosom. At eleven forty-five, quite quietly and respectably, she fainted.

It was Miss Fullalove, from her position by the window, who noticed it. She made a sudden disturbance of "Oh dear, oh dear!" and pointed with a trembling finger. There was an instant stir. Lady Heuston awoke with a start and said: "What on earth's the woman pointing at?" Mr. Ogilvie-Gore sprang into an upright position. The Major, with a crash of his *Morning Post*, stood up in a violent manner. There was a confused chorus of "She's fainted!" and then the Major's tones, clear, compelling, incisive, drowning all else:

"I am in command here!" roared the Major.

They stood rooted.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, "I fail to see why the military——"

"Quiet, please!" said the Major.

"Surely," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, "as a priest of the Church, at a time like this——"

"Silence, sir!" said the Major.

Mr. Ogilvie-Gore submitted.

The Major stalked across the room, went down in a smartly efficient manner on all fours, crept under the piano, increased the little hissing noise considerably, and emerged, noticeably redder in the face. Then he strode back to his position of authority by the fire.

"No one, except under orders, or acting with my permission," he announced, "is to leave this room. Lady Heuston, would you be so kind as to do what you can?" He indicated the swooning figure of Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, dangling over the arm of her chair.

"O.K., big boy," said Lady Heuston. She approached the unfortunate lady and began unhooking her dress at the back.

"The windows," announced the Major, "have been stopped up. A cylinder of oxygen is beneath the piano. We must all keep our heads. Padre——"

"Y-yes, Majah?"

"You will stand by in case of spiritual need. I may ask you to conduct a short service later. Fullalove——"

"Me?" asked Miss Fullalove, who heard nothing but observed the commanding eye upon her.

"Er—" said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, "may I say something?"

"Not yet," rapped the Major. "Fullalove, you will keep a strict look-out for further faintings or unusual behaviour and report all cases immediately to me. Heuston——"

"Yes, chief?"

(*Continued on page* 136)

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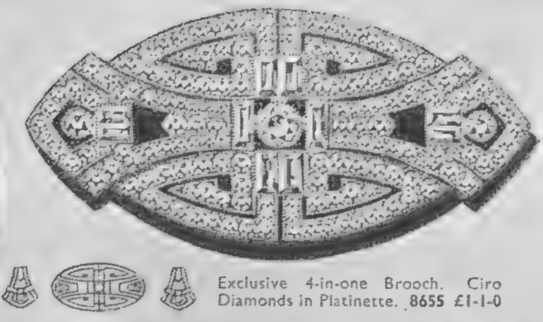

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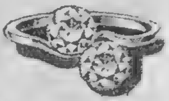

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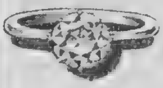

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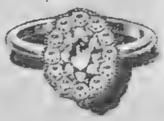

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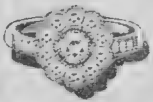

Ciro Diamonds set in Solid Gold and Platinette.
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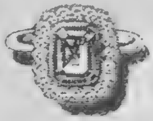

Real Garnet and Ciro Diamonds in Gold & Platinette.
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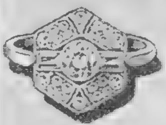

Ciro Diamonds beautifully set in Platinette.
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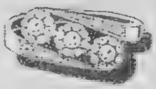
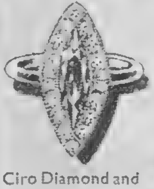
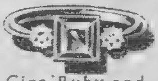


Ciro Diamonds set in Solid Gold and Platinette.
No. 5710 £1-1-0



Ciro Diamond and Sapphire Marquise. Set Solid Gold & Platinette.
No. 5330 £1-1-0



Ciro Ruby and Diamonds in Gold and Platinette.
No. 5319 £1-1-0

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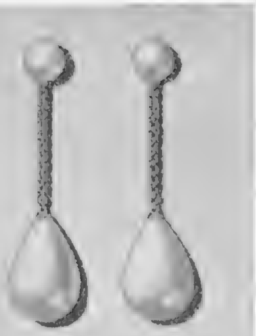
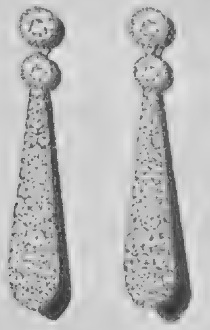


Selected Ciro Pearls. Fine Solid Gold chain and mountings. **No. 63 £1-1-0**



Closely massed Ciro Diamonds in a striking new design.
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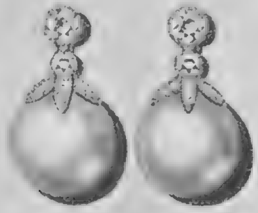

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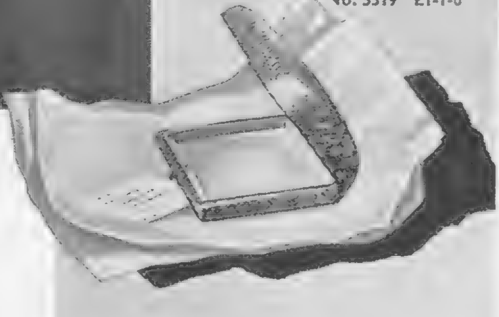

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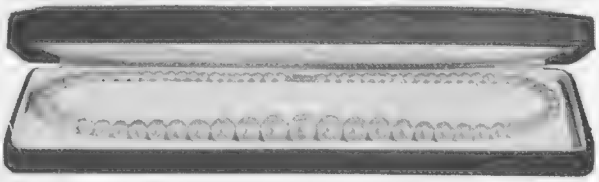

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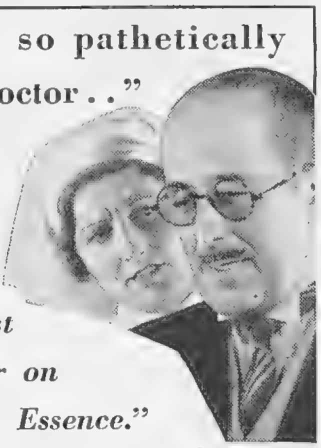

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"Er—" said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, who was beginning to look remarkably well, "may—er—may I—

"No," rapped the Major, who was beginning to look remarkably well himself. "Heuston, you will be O.C. Casualties."

"Attaboy," agreed Lady Heuston, evidently in the rudest of health.

"Now then, Gore," said the Major, almost bursting with vitality. "What's up?"

"It is," announced the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore, glowing but broken, "that all my life here I have been deceiving you, my friends. I have led you to suppose that I am a man of the—ah—the most unquenchable celibacy. Before, however, I can consent to render you the services of my office, I feel it my duty to tell you—to confess to you publicly, that of late days there have been moments, more than moments perhaps, when I have lusted after a woman——"

"What does he say?" asked Miss Fullalove.

"—who shall be nameless," said the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore, whose eyes rested, neverthelesss, incontrovertibly, on the person of Lady Heuston.

"It's the pink toe-nails that did it," said that lady.

"Monica," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, taking a step forward with both hands out.

Suddenly Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred laughed. It was disconcerting in a person who had been so lately insensible, but there she was, laughing quite gaily.

"Lusty old devil," cried Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred vivaciously.

"Monica," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore again, dropping on his knees, "if all that remains of a lifetime spent, I hope, not without honour in the service of my fellows, if a short hour or two of devotion——"

"I think you ought to marry Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred," said Lady Heuston. "You'll *ruin* your trousers."

"What do I care," cried Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, becoming suddenly petulant, "about my trousers?"

"Well, *I*," announced Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred archly, "am now about to take off *all* my clothes!"

"Spoken like a pukka sahib," declared the Major. "Has anyone heard me bark like a dog?"

"And *I*," announced Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, "will conduct a short religious service suitable to the occasion." He seated himself at the writing-table, pulled some imaginary stops from the empty air, and began a difficult voluntary on three manuals with some very pretty footwork down below. Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, who had indeed removed sundry concealments but had stuck at her "foundation garment" because she found it so difficult, went over to the player, stroked his hair, simpered, said "Dear Man!" and began to pose and posture in the suggestive classical manner once popularised by Miss Maud Allan. Miss Fullalove, suddenly observing them, uttered a loud "Tee-hee-hee!" bounded off the sofa and began an intricate sword-dance on her own, with her pince-nez leaping and whirling from her ear.

Lady Heuston, who had removed her shoes and stockings, said: "I used to be able to walk on my hands once!" and did so, approached Mr. Ogilvie-Gore and said: "Look, darling! Look at the lovely tootsie-wootsies!"

"Madam," replied Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, "would you kindly take your beastly feet off the organ?"

"Spoken," said the Major, "like a white man! Wuff, wuff, wow, wow, wow!"

"Woo!" responded Miss Fullalove in the Scotch manner. "Woo! Och Aye!"

"That," said the Major, "is the common Gurkha dog. On the other hand, the Burmese spaniel goes like this. Yap! Yap! Yap!"

"Oh, let," sang Miss Fullalove, "me like a soldier die!"

"Well, who cares about the end of the world anyhow?" shouted Mr. Ogilvie-Gore. "Who cares? Lilian, you lovely, *gorgeous* thing!" He seized Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred round the hips and began pressing hot, passionate kisses on the parts of her within reach.

"My God," said Lady Heuston riotously, "I feel ill."

"So do I," roared the Major. "Like death."

"I know, darlings!" cried Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred. "Let's all lie down!"

"Yes, let's!" yelled Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

They all did so—all, that is, except Miss Fullalove, who was still busily doing a Highland fling in her corner by the sofa, and then, suddenly observing that she executed a *pas seul,* ceased abruptly, replaced her glasses on her nose, peered at the prostrate figures, and obediently lay down beside them.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed the hour of one-thirty. The minute hand crept round. One thirty-seven came and passed. Beneath the piano a hissing quavered a little, and then ceased.

Continued on page 138)

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT recently paid a visit to the Vauxhall factory, and is here seen inspecting the New Vauxhall 25 model. With him are Mr. Leslie Walton, Chairman of the Company, and Mr. C. J. Bartlett, the Managing Director

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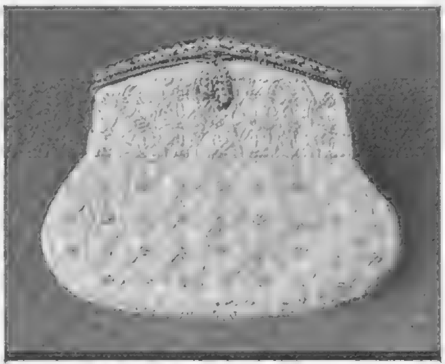
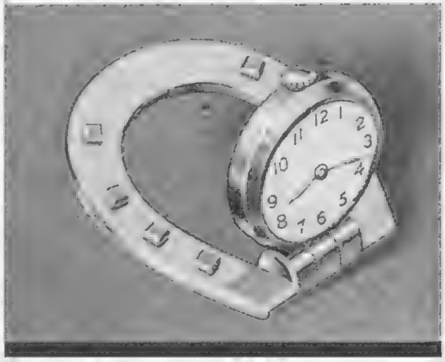
A really complete Cocktail Set is an unhackneyed present with a pleasant "atmosphere" about it; and this one, consisting of a finely-designed Regent Plate Shaker and six cut glasses on a Regent Plate Tray, costs altogether £4 5 0

A cream-coloured pochette, of course, goes with an evening frock or cloak whether it is black or white or any colour in the world. This pochette of cream silk has a beautifully designed pearl decoration; its frame is five inches long, and it costs £2 15 0



Folded, this is a slim, compact pocket watch; open, it becomes a rather unusual desk watch. It is made of the fashionable gold-mounted stainless steel; it is a faultless timekeeper with a lifetime's use in front of it, and it costs . . . £8



This very lovely sterling silver and enamel Toilet Service consists of:—

Hand Mirror	£3 3 0
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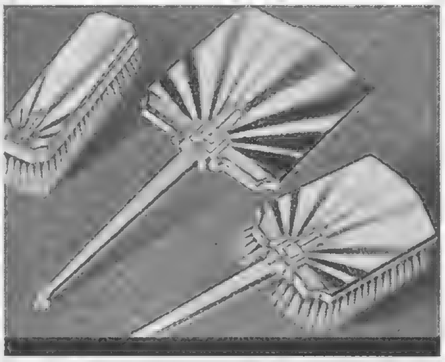
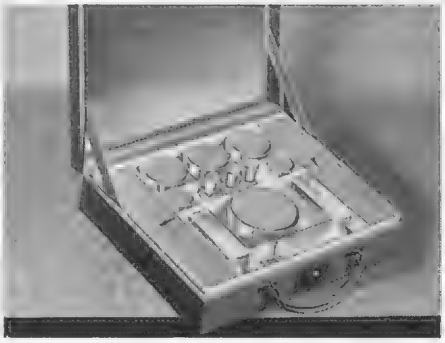


Here is a lady's particularly attractive Beauty Case of morocco with chromium-plated, erinoid-mounted fittings and a large mirror in the head. Closed, it measures 10 inches by 9. You can choose blue, jade, or white fittings, and it costs . . . £4 15 0



The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company specialise in modern silverware design—well-proportioned simplicity. This sterling Silver Tea-Service consists of:—

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Sugar Basin ...	1 10 0
Cream Jug ...	1 7 6
Complete ...	8 0 0
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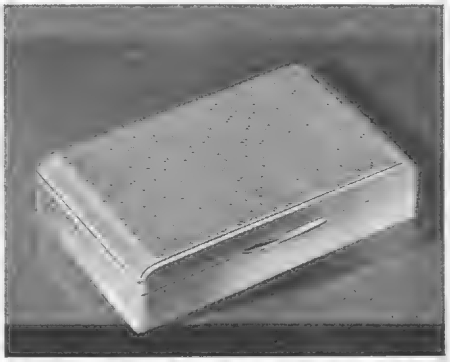
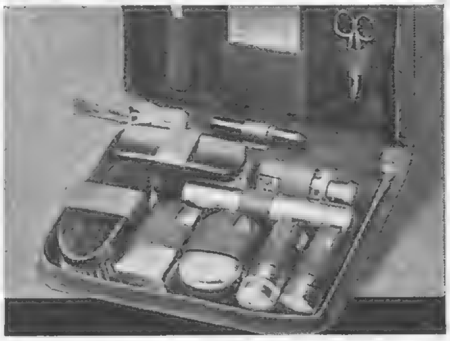
8 ins. ...	£3 10 0
10 ins. ...	5 7 6
12 ins. ...	8 0 0
14 ins. ...	12 10 0

The sterling Silver Cigarette Box you see here is a good example of the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's work—distinctive, unostentatious, beautifully made, beautifully finished—with its engine-turned lid and cedar lining.

5¼ × 3⅜ × 1⅜" ...	£2 15 0
6¾ × 4¼ × 1¾" ...	4 7 6
9 × 5½ × 2½" ...	7 12 6



Or, finally, what better present for any man than this Dressing Case of limp pigskin with zip fastener, containing figured ebony brushes and chromium-plated toilet fittings? It measures 11½ inches by 8 when closed, and costs £3 15 0



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It was the Major who woke first. In the cold grey of dawn he yawned, stretched, raised himself on his elbows, and looked about him. He closed his eyes and looked again. Beside him the recumbent figure of the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore lay like a mountain, collarless, with his knees drawn up under his stomach and his mouth open. Beyond was the remarkable spectacle of Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, dimpled, alarmingly curvilinear. A little further Lady Heuston lay, red-haired, snoring, her head resting on one of her own shoes. In the dim distance was Miss Fullalove, brightly asleep, her pince-nez focused on the ceiling.

The Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore sighed profoundly and sat up.

"Good gracious me!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred——"

"Yes?" said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred. "Does somebody want me? Oh!!"

Miss Fullalove whimpered like a little child, scrambled to her feet, adjusted her glasses, stepped over Lady Heuston, saw Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, and cried out like a wounded bird.

"Something's given me a tongue like a face flannel," said Lady Heuston. "*What on earth*——"

It was the Reverend Francis Ogilvie-Gore who saved the situation. "Good *morning*, Lady Heuston—" he said on a rising note unctuously. "Good morning, good morning, good morning—Ah, Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred! A little less like rain, perhaps?"

"H'm," said the Major. "Course ought to be in pretty decent condition."

"Yes indeed," said Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred. "There's something about the early morning light so reminiscent of Chinah, so—so—"

"So immemorial," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore.

Miss Fullalove planted herself before the Major and rocked from foot to foot in a way calculated to placate the military. "Well," she said, and held out her hand, "thank you so much for looking after us. I don't know *what* we should have done?"

"Oh—er—" replied the Major. "Not at all. I—er—perhaps we'd—er—"

"I think perhaps we had," agreed Mr. Ogilvie-Gore. He opened the door politely.

From the east a gentle suspiration arose, a whispering that grew into a swishing, that was magnified to a high scream in the dawn. It was the first tram. Only the geraniums were dead.

"If anybody," said Miss Fullalove from the doorway "would like a little bite to eat—"

"Or just a very little Graves," suggested Mrs. Halliwell-Tancred, holding her clothes before her over one arm.

"After you," said Mr. Ogilvie-Gore, gallantly waiting by the doorway.

She narrowed her eyes at him smartly and passed through.

End

Old Tales Retold

(Continued from page 53)

long subjection to the Danes had broken the spirit of the people.

William made sure of Dover, and then with all speed made his way to London. Necessity rather than enthusiasm induced the English lords and the ecclesiastical authorities to offer him the crown. He expressed a desire for the willing consent of the nation, but a few superficial formalities were quite sufficient to persuade him to accept the offer. Arrangements were made for the coronation ceremony, and Westminster Abbey was the place chosen for the function.

It was the month of December, 1066, and London was the centre of three different currents of activity. First there was the new administration, with its grandiose schemes for a new era of justice. Then the erection of new fortresses everywhere, which provided work for a great many people, but also gave away William's distrust of his new subjects. And, lastly, the approach of Christmas with all its bustle, excitement and merriment.

In England, as in many other countries, the festival of the Saturnalia introduced by the Romans had changed only in name with the advent of Christianity. The habit of exchanging presents has always been kept up, whatever the political situation. Animals and spices were the usual presents. There was no silk, no cotton and very little imported linen. Wool was practically the only material in use, and the value of the cloth was established by the embroidery on it, in which the English excelled. The Saxon pound was nearly three times the weight of our present sovereign, and there were 48 shillings to the pound. The price of a sheep was fifteen pence of our money. Strange to reflect that where, in modern times, we might give a friend a new wallet to the value of one pound, in those days we would have appeared at his door with a dozen sheep! An ox was worth six times as much as a sheep.

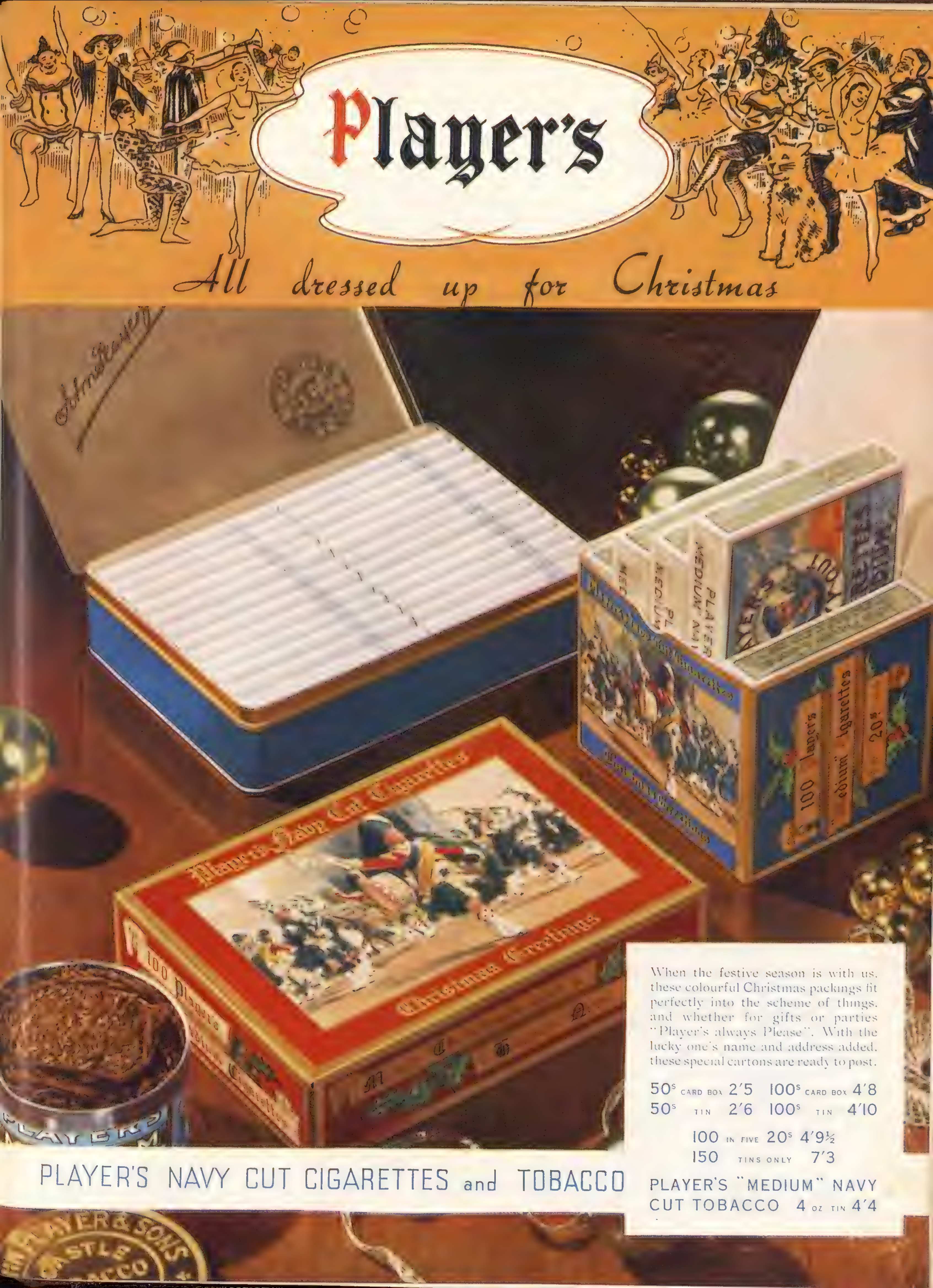
In a Westminster Abbey unknown to us, huge candles were burning day and night before the sacred effigies, and offerings were heaped at the feet of the various saints. Liturgical singing went on, unaccompanied save by the hammering of the workmen as they made preparations for the coronation.

As the time appointed for the coronation drew nearer, political differences were forgotten. The Norman soldiers, unable to speak English, smiled benignly. The English, unable to understand the Normans, did likewise. Smiles have never needed words, so fraternity became the order of the day.

Some historians say that it was on the 25th of December, others the 26th, but it is certain that one of those two days was selected for the coronation. From daybreak onwards the Abbey was surrounded by soldiers, and festive crowds occupied every inch of ground, every window and every roof overlooking the route of the procession. When at last it appeared, it was magnificent in its pageantry. Especially brilliant were the banners and armour, for which the French people were notable. When William came in sight, reining back to a dignified pace his splendid horse, the populace roared with frantic applause, which continued long after he had dismounted and disappeared within the warm darkness of the portal. A murmur of admiration passed through the temple, crowded with English and Norman nobility, as Duke William walked solemnly towards the altar. There, awaiting him, stood Archbishop Aldred of York, who in a firm voice asked the English peers if they would accept William as their king. The Bishop of Coutances asked the same question of the Normans. In both cases prolonged acclamation answered the question. Then the ritual Coronation Oath was taken, and William added on his own initiative the promise to govern both Englishmen and Normans with equal laws. Then followed the anointing, after which the royal robe was placed about his shoulders.

His eyes were fixed on the crown resting on its cushion, and through his mind passed in rapid review the succession of events leading up to this day. The long years of waiting, the treachery, the epic battle wherein so many valiant men had fallen. The very ones who had prepared the way were not there to see their leader thus consecrated in his high honour. To him it seemed that the present as well as the past was one intermingled dream, and whilst the Latin words of the ritual, indistinct and monotonous, reached his ears, he saw the crown approaching without even preceiving who held it; and when he felt the rim of it encircling his brow, everything was blotted out for a moment by a vision of Mathilda. In that great moment he had only one regret. His beloved wife was not there to see him.

In one of the naves, where the air was thick with incense and the smoke of thousands of wax candles, smiled a crudely carved effigy of the baby Jesus. Remote in His immobility from the joys and sufferings of this world, He smiled, knowing that the time would come when He, too, would wear a crown—the immortal crown of sorrows.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Diplomatic Incident

(*Continued from page 61*)

way, had overruled his scruples. When Gunnar repeated Mr. Rendberg's innuendoes to Sylvie at lunch-time she waved them aside as typical of the Second Secretary's spite.

"After all, it's not as if we'd taken the whole Lilienfeldt palace!" she exclaimed. "We're simply camping on a landing. You can tell Mr. Rendberg that we're no better off than the factory hands in Communist Russia who are quartered in the homes of *ci-devant* princes."

In vain did Gunnar try to make Sylvie see that such a comparison was both irrelevant and ungrateful. Sylvie had no intention of allowing her happiness to be troubled by anything that Mr. Rendberg could say, and when Gunnar left she wandered round the rooms with all the delight of a young bride in her new home. There seemed to be so much to do. Critically she moved a vase of tulips from a table to a mantelpiece and back again, set all the little crystals in the chandelier a-tinkle and, tuning on the radio, danced a few solo steps. She was in the act of curtseying low to an imaginary *vis-à-vis* when the door opened, admitting Baroness Rosenholm.

"I thought I'd drop in on my way to the reception at the Turkish Legation," explained this unexpected visitor anxiously looking round for a royalty. Seeing nobody, she came to the conclusion that Sylvie's curtsey was an impertinence directed at herself, and proceeded to make some very snubbing remarks about the size of the drawing-room.

"Do you intend to give many balls here?" she enquired in sub-acid tones.

"Oh, no, we live very quietly, I assure you," said Sylvie, launching into apologetic explanations. "You see, it's so convenient for Gunnar; the Chancery is just round the corner. And you have no idea how low the rent is; these old-fashioned places are far cheaper than up-to-date modern flats, where there isn't space enough to swing a cat. That is, of course, if one happens to like torturing cats."

"H'm!" said the Baroness. "But the upkeep must be tremendous. I dare say you need about ten servants."

"Oh, nothing like that number. Hans the butler and Maria the cook manage perfectly between the two of them." Seeing that she had not yet succeeded in mollifying the Baroness, Sylvie tried a different tack. "And, of course, our view is magnificent. We can see every tree-top in the Prater from here."

"From the Legation windows we can see only the barracks opposite," retorted the Baroness severely, implying that the Lindquists had no right to a magnificent view when the Minister himself had to be content with looking out on a brick wall.

Desperate, but determined to justify her choice of a home, Sylvie continued: "And another great advantage is that the famous dentist, Dr. O'Flanagan, lives on the floor above us. It's such a comfort to know that should Gunnar or I develop a raging tooth-ache all we need do is run upstairs."

"Dr. O'Flanagan? Never heard of him!" sniffed the Baroness. "I always understood that Dr. Walther was the best dentist in Vienna."

"Ah, but Dr. O'Flanagan is an American." Sylvie had been brought up to reverence transatlantic dental surgery. "And surely that is a self-respecting dentist's first duty, just as a good pedicurist owes it to himself to be Chinese."

Baroness Rosenholm took this statement as another evidence of Sylvie's reckless extravagance. "I'm afraid I was unaware that pedicurists owed themselves anything. Personally, I don't patronise them. Perhaps you suffer from corns?" she asked graciously, giving Sylvie the benefit of a mitigating circumstance. "But what you say about this Dr. O'Flanagan interests me. Is he really so good? I've been having trouble with Dr. Walther."

"Marvellous!" swore Sylvie, deriving a vindictive satisfaction from the knowledge that Dr. O'Flanagan was renowned for his sadistic treatment of patients. Only the solid build of the palace prevented the cries of his victims from disturbing the Lindquists' intimacy.

"I must remember that." The Baroness took her departure. As the door closed behind her Sylvie permitted herself the relaxation of sticking out her tongue at her late guest.

"AND we would be absolutely delighted to come."

Sylvie's voice concluding a telephone conversation drifted into the darkened entrance hall, where Gunnar stood pulling off his gloves. Irresolutely he faced the parade of tall doors confronting him. Was she speaking from the drawing-room, the library, the white-and-silver boudoir? Always careful about small expenses, Gunnar had condemned extensions as an unnecessary luxury, but the flex of the hall telephone, a modern Ariadne's thread, could usually be relied upon to lead him straight to Sylvie.

"Where are you, little darling," he called out, and the next moment his question was answered as he stumbled over a coil of wire trailing across the floor towards the boudoir. Regaining his balance, he clicked an annoyed tongue. There was nothing he resented so much as a loss of dignity.

His irritation evaporated when he discovered Sylvie curled up on the sofa in one of her effortlessly comfortable attitudes, scanning the pages of a novel through a pair of scarlet-rimmed spectacles. Creeping up behind her, he snatched these from her nose and dangled them just beyond her reach.

"How often have I told you that spectacles destroy the æsthetic harmony of the feminine face?" he demanded.

Sylvie struggled to regain her property, but he warded her off with his disengaged hand. "You shouldn't have picked yourself a short-sighted wife. Oh, Gunnar, you fiend, give them back to me!" she cried, throwing the sofa cushions at him one after the other and finally, as he remained impervious to the bombardment, the *Almanach de Gotha*.

Hans, their good-natured, outrageously fat butler, who resembled a beer-barrel on castors, ducked just in time to avoid the massive volume as he waddled in to draw the curtains.

"*Pas devant les domestiques*," murmured Gunnar. Hans grinned at this warning, which servants never fail to understand. "Don't mind me," he said genially and withdrew.

"The old witch came snooping round here this afternoon," Sylvie informed Gunnar.

"Do you mean to say that our Ministress has actually paid us the honour of calling?" exclaimed Gunnar, unable to repress a smile of gratification. "Perhaps things aren't so bad as I imagined."

Sylvie disillusioned him. "And isn't it awful," she added. "Lady Aldershot just telephoned and asked us to dinner on Thursday night. A small party. I couldn't refuse. And it's the second time we've been asked in ten days."

"Worse and worse," said Gunnar. "Baroness Rosenholm is invited to the British Embassy once a year. This is your fault, you know. You made yourself much too charming to Lord Aldershot last time we dined there. Darling, couldn't you, while being perfectly polite, somehow manage to conceal that fatal charm of yours? It'll land us in Marinoca soon."

"Marinoca? What's that?" asked Sylvie. "Sounds like a new dance to me."

"Marinoca," said Gunnar, placing his hands behind his back and delivering a little impromptu speech, "is an independent Negro Republic somewhere on the West Coast of Africa, notable chiefly for tobacco plantations and venomous mosquitoes. It used to be a penal settlement,

(*Continued on page 142*)

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and in our Service is still regarded as a convenient exile for anyone in disgrace, a gentle station in Purgatory. Mind you, I wouldn't dream of disparaging Marinoca. Tobacco-growing is a very noble occupation, and there is an undeniable beauty about Nature at her most wild and primitive. . . ."

"Do commit yourself just a little, darling," coaxed Sylvie. "You don't have to be so diplomatic with *me.* Especially as you've already made it quite clear that Marinoca is a fever-ridden jungle peopled by cannibals and convicts."

". . . but once one is sent out there one risks being forgotten and passed over for the next ten years."

"I'd rather not hear any more about that absurd place," said Sylvie by now thoroughly bewildered. "Why Marinoca, anyway? What's the connection between all this talk about exile and disgrace and my effect on the Aldershots? Granted that Baroness Rosenholm is jealous of our invitations, but being asked to parties isn't a crime!"

"My dear child, as you have just pointed out, these invitations you are careless enough to encourage give umbrage in a certain quarter. Baron Rosenholm places implicit faith in his wife's judgment, and she is poisoning his mind against us, filling him with the idea that we are a presumptuous young couple who deserve to be taught a lesson. One of these days the Foreign Office will receive a report delicately hinting at our lack of tact. No other explanation is needed. Tactlessness is the worst crime a diplomat can commit."

"Poor Gunnar," sighed Sylvie, kissing his nose. "I'd better have mumps on Thursday. Or would you recommend a chill?"

Adorable, absurd Sylvie, thought Gunnar, so feather-brained, so incapable of grasping the finer points of diplomacy.

Adorable, absurd Gunnar, thought Sylvie, so solemn, so terrified of her flippancy, when she was only too anxious to help him.

All the same, trying to avoid social successes was obviously going to prove a great strain.

SYLVIE regretfully put off Lady Aldershot. A few days later a card arrived from Baroness Rosenholm commanding the Lindquists to attend a *musicale* in honour of His Excellency Count Tauplitz, a romantic personage, who occupied an important though unofficial position in the Government and was known to be as elusive as Greta Garbo. To have secured his presence was a triumph for the Ministress.

"Now whatever you do," lectured Gunnar, "don't charm Count Tauplitz. Don't look too pretty, dress inconspicuously, and above all don't smile at him, because your smile is irresistible. It might even be a good plan to wear your spectacles. Of course it's not very likely that such a great man should pay any attention to you, but we must be prepared for all eventualities."

"What do you mean, 'not very likely'?" retorted Sylvie, taking this unfortunate remark as a challenge. "I will *not* wear my spectacles; I never do in public." He looked so miserable that she felt sorry for him. "All right, all right, don't worry. I'll behave," she promised.

Full of excellent intentions and a sense of her own virtue—to prove that she was capable of making sacrifices for Gunnar's career she had even gone to the length of putting on a last year's dress—Sylvie made a demure entrance into Sundmarkian Legation on the night of Baroness Rosenholm's *musicale.* At first the evening threatened to be dull. A strained atmosphere prevailed. The Minister stood in the doorway receiving his guests with his habitual air of being bored by the whole affair, whilst Baroness Rosenholm seemed far more preoccupied about the defections than interested in the arrivals. She kept asking Count Stebbing in an audible *sotto voce*: "Have Mr. Max Reinhardt and Toscanini arrived yet? Where is the Chancellor? I wonder what's keeping Baroness Rothschild? And I don't seem to see Mr. Kommer anywhere—do you think he's coming?" Count Stebbing's bird-like little head swivelled from side to side as if mounted on a pivot, and he quite disconcerted portly Lady Aldershot by his magnetic stares. The British Ambassadress hurried off to the cloak-room to ascertain whether there was a smut on her chin; for, owing to Count Stebbing's diminutive stature, it was at this feature that his eyes had been persistently levelled.

Presently the room filled. The bait Baroness Rosenholm had dangled in Count Tauplitz's person had succeeded in attracting all the most influential people in Vienna. And even this collection of notables was stirred to subdued excitement when a footman boomed out Count Tauplitz's name. Although his military figure endlessly performing the gesticulations of leadership was familiar from a thousand photographs and news-reels, few of the foreign diplomats had ever been privileged to lay eyes on him at a social function. It came as an unexpected surprise that there should be so little of the general and statesman about this public figure—that in fact he should look so like a Hussar out of some Lehar operetta.

Schnapps followed by a beer chaser, the Sundmarkian national drink, circulated; and as she listened to the unloosening of tongues all round her a warm sense of contentment overflowed the Baroness. The party was going well. It seemed to her that her position as a prominent hostess was at last firmly established. She felt mellow and well disposed towards the whole world and even went out of her way to press a glass on Sylvie. It was a pity that Lady Aldershot should have chosen this particular moment to bustle up to Sylvie and give her a friendly kiss on the cheek, saying, "Dear Mrs. Lindquist, we were so sorry you couldn't dine on Thursday night; we had some delightful people there. I do hope your shocking cold is better." All Baroness Rosenholm's happiness at once vanished. So Lady Aldershot had given an amusing dinner to which she, as usual, had not been asked, and Sylvie, far from appreciating the honour, made excuses and sneaked off to a cinema. She remembered that the Lindquists had sat in the row just behind herself and the Minister that night. Sylvie remembered too.

As the Baroness turned away Sylvie whispered to Gunnar, "We're getting nearer and nearer to Marinoca!"—a remark which Lady Aldershot overheard and could not make head or tail of. Mr. Rendberg, however, understood the allusion perfectly and gave the uncomfortable Gunnar a knowing wink.

A STRING quartette tuned up and the room fell silent. As the violins swayed Count Tauplitz, from his armchair next to the Minister's, cast several surreptitious glances at Sylvie, who sat with eyes lowered, obeying her promise to Gunnar, and never once looked his way. Apart from that stilted husband of hers Sylvie must certainly be by about twenty-five years the youngest guest present, he calculated, studying the appealing tilt of her neck, the loose sweep of her dark page's hair up-curling at the tips. During an interval in the music Mr. Rendberg unkindly pandered to Baroness Rosenholm's pet weakness by requesting her to sing, and Count Tauplitz nearly laughed outright when he saw Sylvie biting her lip to restrain an attack of *fou rire* as the Baroness rose and lacerated the company's ears with the famous shrieks from "Lucia di Lammermoor." When the last bow had been drawn over the last string Count Tauplitz began a slow progress in Sylvie's direction. With impeccable correctitude he talked to each guest in order of their rank for five minutes, passing on to the next in the manner of one clearing a hurdle, and this formal obstacle-race eventually brought him up to Sylvie. Clicking his heels, he bowed low and kissed her hand.

"Do you know what I was thinking of while I was listening to the music?" he asked.

(*Continued on page 144*)

The Loveliest
YOU
for YULETIDE!

What does Christmas mean to you? Just a hectic round of fun and festivities—or weeks of busy shopping and cooking, planning pleasures for other people which you are often too tired to enjoy when the great day comes along? Make up your mind that this Christmas you are going to be at your brightest and best, looking your loveliest—you can do it if you but find time to give yourself beauty for a Christmas gift.

FACES FIRST.—Let's begin with a special complexion treatment to take the tiredness out of your face, to banish those tiresome lines and wrinkles and restore your skin to pink and white loveliness. Get a jar of Mercolized Wax and apply a little to face and neck nightly, that's all. No need for elaborate massage movements, smooth on this oxygenated wax and let it work its magic while you sleep. Gently and imperceptibly it will absorb the ageing outer tissue with all its blemishes, revealing in their place a fresh, flawless complexion, radiant with youth and beauty. What better Christmas gift could you ask for?

And if you feel that your cheeks lack colour beneath artificial light, here's another hint to help you. Dust them over lightly with Colliandum. In powder or compact form, this wonderful preparation defies detection, and the colour actually deepens in a warm room or under excitement as would your natural colour.

NOW FOR HAIR BEAUTY.—Even though you cannot spare the time for a visit to the hairdresser's you can spare a few minutes for a beauty shampoo at home. And the shampoo I recommend will do all you want to make your hair beautiful. Stallax, it is called. Just mix a teaspoonful of the little golden granules to a foaming lather in half a pint of hot water and shampoo in the usual way. But with what a difference! Your hair will gleam with unsuspected beauty, for Stallax brings out its hidden loveliness, and not only does it leave your hair immaculate, but it is a waving shampoo. Natural or permanent waves can be set with ease by the veriest amateur after this beauty shampoo and even straight hair takes on a hint of curl.

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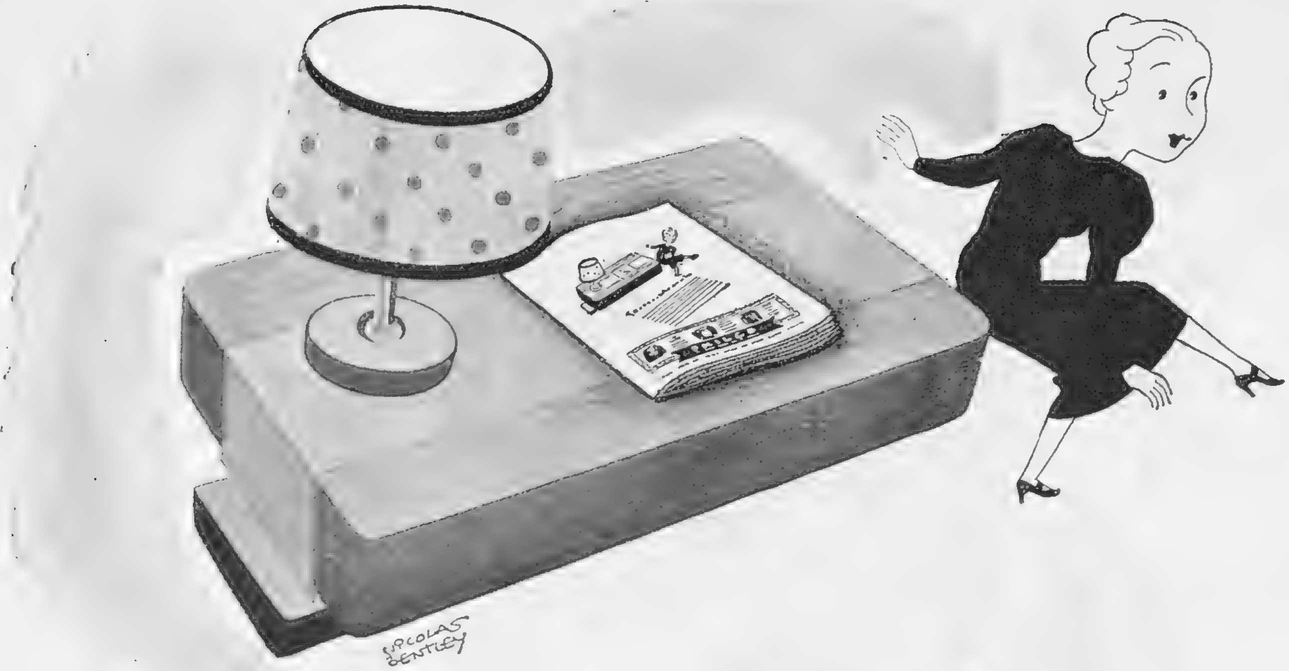

TO ------ who needs a hint

Now if you're one of those who want a Philco for Christmas, here's the way to get one. Leave this magazine open at this page. Fill in the name of the person who needs the hint, and leave it casually on the table for him, or her, to see.

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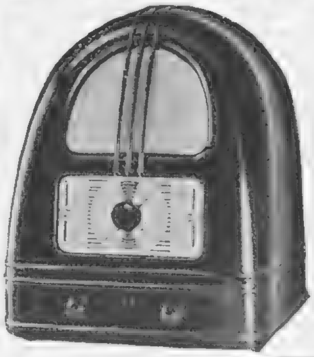

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"That it was being beautifully performed?" hazarded Sylvie.

"No. I was thinking that you remind me of the Lady in the Cluny tapestries who stands in a field of marguerites and roses with a unicorn nestling at her feet. You have the same archaic grace."

At this point it was Sylvie's obvious duty to discourage Count Tauplitz with some awkward monosyllabic reply that would rid him of all desire to prolong the conversation, but she found it impossible to be churlish in the face of so devastating a compliment. "'*La Dame à la Licorne*'? I know the tapestry well!" she exclaimed delighted and embarrassed. "Intimately almost. I worked it in wool once on a fire-screen for my grandmother."

"Shall I tell you a secret?" said Count Tauplitz. "I too am fond of tatting. It occupies my hands and leaves my mind free. You'd be astonished at the decisions I've reached with the help of a needle, the knotty problems I've woven into the seat of a chair."

"And I always thought distinguished statesmen paced up and down the room with their hands clasped to their brow on those occasions!" said Sylvie gaily.

"They probably do. I wouldn't know, being only a soldier myself," said Count Tauplitz. "But let's talk about you. Of course when I compared you to '*La Dame à la Licorne*' I had only seen you across the room. I should have added that you are as modern as Schiaparelli's designs for the coming season."

"I adore Schiaparelli's clothes, don't you?" cried Sylvie, then clapped her hand to her mouth with an involuntary gasp. What a silly remark to make to a man whose mind must be filled with such high political preoccupations. If Gunnar could have heard her!

"Oh, but fashions are far from being the triviality we are led to believe," said Count Tauplitz, reading her thought. "There is an intimate relationship between politics and women's clothes. Under a monarchy, for instance, dresses tend to become more elaborate, more feminine. . ." The better to develop his theories on this enthralling topic he drew Sylvie down on a sofa, and they had been absorbed in animated talk for some time when Sylvie grew aware that their laughter was the only sound in the room. All the others were grouped in painful silence, the silence of people who wish to depart but whom etiquette forbids to do so until the guest of honour has taken his leave. As she rose in hasty confusion Count Tauplitz said loud enough for everyone to hear:

"May I ring you up one day next week and invite myself to tea so that we can continue this delightful acquaintance?"

"You seem to have made quite a hit with His Excellency," commented Baron Rosenholm drily as Sylvie mumbled her thanks. The Baroness simply ignored the Lindquists' farewells.

Gunnar's worst fears had been exceeded.

To Sylvie's surprise Baroness Rosenholm displayed the most extraordinary friendliness to her during the following week. Every morning she would telephone Sylvie, enquire with solicitude after her health and make an engagement with her for the afternoon.

"I can't understand this new development," said Sylvie to Gunnar. "I thought we were on the black list, about to receive our marching orders for Marinoca any day; and here I've suddenly become indispensable to Baroness Rosenholm's happiness. Yesterday she took me to a charity bazaar, the day before to a lecture, the day before that to the station to greet the All-Sundmarkian Football Team. I'm so exhausted I can hardly stand up. What do you suppose the idea is?"

"It's her method of finding out which day Count Tauplitz is coming to tea."

"Then why doesn't she simply ask me? I'd gladly tell her if I knew."

"Because she's adapted herself better to

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down petticoat lane

Wide skirts and rustling petticoats to rivet attention on our feet! What vanity-loving female would dare to wear stockings less perfect than Kayser! Their slim cut, their fine, flawless silk—so clear—so revealing—makes the peep of the ankles from the petticoat a distracting delight. In the subtlest new shades, from **3/11.** Sansheen Mir-o-Kleer,* from **4/11.**

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diplomatic life than you have. Do you seriously imagine a diplomat would ever try to find anything out by asking a straight question ? "

" Anyway it's days and days since the *musicale* and we haven't heard from Count Tauplitz. I believe he's forgotten all about his terrible threat."

As if taking a cue, fat Hans came in beaming : " His Excellency Count Tauplitz is on the telephone ! " he said in a delighted voice. The Count was his hero.

" I suppose I couldn't refuse to receive him ? " suggested Sylvie hopefully.

" Refuse to receive one of the most important members of the Government we are accredited to ! My dear Sylvie, it would be an insult ! It would almost amount to a diplomatic incident ! " exclaimed Gunnar.

" And if we do receive him it will be the last straw that breaks Baroness Rosenholm's back."

" For Heaven's sake go to the telephone. You're keeping the Count waiting."

Sylvie went out and returned with a gesture of despair.

" It's for to-morrow," she said.

" Your fatal charm," sighed Gunnar.

" There's still a chance that Baroness Rosenholm may not hear of his visit since she can never ask me," mused Sylvie. " I'll leave the house early to-morrow morning and stay out all day so that she can't catch me on the telephone or find me at home. Then we must give Hans the day off because he's walking out with her maid and would be sure to tell her. We can get a butler from Meinl's."

" You forget that Meinl's supply all the extra help for the Legation receptions. Meinl's men know all the gossip in Vienna and pass it on to us for a consideration. Occasionally we get very interesting information that way."

" So that's what's meant by backstairs diplomacy. I always wondered. Well, we must go to another agency."

" Impossible," groaned Gunnar. " Meinl's is the only official one. You must remember that Vienna is full of men with grievances against Count Tauplitz. His life has been threatened again and again. If we introduced somebody we weren't absolutely sure of into this apartment the first thing we knew he might get a knife in his back. I really cannot be responsible for his death. I'd sooner go to Marinoca."

" Gunnar, if you raise any more objections I shall scream. There's only one solution left. *You* must dress up as the butler."

" *I* ? Dress up as a butler ? Sylvie, I've been very patient with you," protested the sorely-tried Gunnar, " but now I know for certain you must be out of your mind. It's the most insane idea. . . ."

Sylvie screamed.

HALF an hour before Count Tauplitz was due Sylvie and Gunnar raided Hans's room for his butler's apparel. His clothes were several sizes too large for Gunnar, but Sylvie remedied this defect by padding Gunnar out with cushions in the right places. With the sure touch of a stage make-up expert she smeared the contents of her rouge-pot into Gunnar's nose and cheeks to give his complexion a florid vinous glow, and ingeniously fitted a piece of gold leaf over one of his front teeth, causing him infinite discomfort.

" Isn't it a good thing I went out so early ?" said Sylvie as she plastered Gunnar's hair down with vaseline. " I've been walking round the Prater since nine o'clock this morning. And when I came in just now there was an urgent message Baroness Rosenholm had left before lunch saying would I ring her up at once. Luckily it's too late now." She stepped back, viewed her handiwork and found it good. As a final touch she clapped her reading spectacles on Gunnar's nose.

Since she was exceptionally short-sighted, every object within Gunnar's range of vision became a vast and shapeless blur. He had submitted docilely to all other indignities, but he rebelled at being reduced to groping helplessness.

(*Continued on page* 146)

Soucis
de Schiaparelli

★ GIFTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE ★ SOMETHING SHE WILL APPRECIATE ★ CHARMING BUT NOT COSTLY PERFUMES OF SCHIAPARELLI, SOUCIS...SALUT...SCHIAP

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I'M FED UP, ALPHONSE! THAT PARTY GROUSED THE WHOLE WAY HERE PARTLY MY FAULT I SUPPOSE — I FEEL TIRED ALL THE TIME THESE DAYS
COURAGE, MY FRIEND! YOU DO NOT LOOK O.K. MR. THOMPSON-ZE ENGLISH DOCTEUR AT ZE PENSION—HE PUT YOU ALL RIGHT—NON?
DOCTOR TOLD HIM
I DON'T FEEL UP TO MY JOB, DOCTOR— ALWAYS TIRED, EVEN WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING
SO YOU WAKE UP FEELING TIRED, EH? WELL— YOU LEAD AN ENERGETIC LIFE, AND THE TROUBLE IS — EVEN DURING SLEEP YOU USE UP MORE ENERGY THAN YOU CAN AFFORD. WE CALL IT 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' — TAKE MY ADVICE...
LONDON
SO I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A WEEK AT HOME AND TRY HORLICK'S, AS HE TOLD ME.
WELL, HERE YOU ARE, DEAR — I TASTED IT, AND IT'S SO DELICIOUS I'M GOING TO HAVE A CUP TOO
PARIS — 2 MONTHS LATER
SAY, COURIER, I THINK YOU'RE MARVELLOUS! EVEN AT THE END OF A TIRING DAY YOU CAN STILL TALK LIKE AN INFORMATION BUREAU!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH — WE HAVE TO BE PRETTY FIT ON THIS JOB.
LONDON — LATER STILL
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HORLICK'S

Diplomatic Incident

"I absolutely refuse to wear these spectacles," said Gunnar. "You might as well tie a handkerchief over my eyes at once if it's blind man's buff you want me to play."

"Good," said Sylvie. "Don't take them off and walk across the room." Gunnar advanced with slow, hesitating steps, bumping into the furniture. "Excellent," said Sylvie. "I hadn't thought of that. The one thing about you nobody could fail to recognise is your walk, and the spectacles alter it completely."

The door-bell rang and Sylvie propelled Gunnar towards the entrance hall. Count Tauplitz was slightly taken aback when he handed his hat and coat to Gunnar, who missed them by several inches and let them drop to the floor, but he passed smiling and debonair through the drawing-room doors.

"My dear Mrs. Lindquist," said Count Tauplitz, "I am so happy to visit your charming apartment at last. I wished to ring you up much sooner, but I have been terribly busy." He raised his eyes to the window and exclaimed with admiration; "Why, you must have the most wonderful view in Vienna!"

"I love that view," said Sylvie throwing open the window. As she did so her eye fell on a car parked before the door, a car she recognised as the Count's armoured grey sedan, famous throughout Vienna, and indeed throughout the whole of Austria. She realised that should any member of the Legation pass within the next hour—and several of them must, the Chancery being just round the corner—all the trouble she had taken to keep Count Tauplitz's visit a secret would be in vain.

"Count Tauplitz," she said. "It is freezing, and I am sure your chauffeur is miserable out there in the cold. May I tell him to park your car in our garage? He can wait in the kitchen."

"By all means," said Count Tauplitz, somewhat surprised, for it was a mild spring afternoon. "How thoughtful you are?"

Her conscience pricking at this undeserved praise, Sylvie pressed the bell and Gunnar stumbled in uncertainly. "Hans," she said, "tell His Excellency's chauffeur to put the car in the garage and give him some tea."

"B-b-but—" Gunnar exclaimed, then stepping back into his rôle: "Yes, madam." A moment later he reappeared. "You are wanted on the telephone, madam. An urgent call from the hospital, madam."

"Please excuse me," said Sylvie, and left the room.

"Darling," said Gunnar, "I can't have that chauffeur upstairs; I wouldn't know what to say to him. He'll find me out in a minute."

"Do as I say and don't argue," said Sylvie nervously. "I have my reasons."

She went back to Count Tauplitz, her face a study in dejection. "A very dear friend of mine," she explained mournfully. "About to have a serious operation."

"I feel for you," said Count Tauplitz. "I too have suffered agonies of suspense at those moments. Would it be of any assistance if I drove you to the hospital?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Count Tauplitz. My friend is just going under the anæsthetic." Sylvie's dejected attitude was no longer assumed. It was terrible to be telling this kind, sympathetic man so many lies.

"Then will you allow me to make myself at home?" asked the Count. Sylvie nodded, wondering what was coming next. "As I hope we are going to be very great friends, I have taken the liberty of bringing my tatting. As I was telling you the other day I always feel more at ease when I am embroidering." He opened a leather brief-case he had been carrying and produced a square of tapestry. Sylvie watched him, fascinated, as he threaded a bodkin with brightly coloured wool.

They were distracted by Gunnar's really extraordinary entrance with the tea-tray. Lifting his feet gingerly at each step as though he were treading on eggs, he managed to reach Sylvie and Count Tauplitz without tripping over anything. But when it came to putting the tea-tray down the Count noticed to his horror that Gunnar was carefully depositing it on thin air. It added to his already high opinion of Sylvie's good-heartedness that she should retain in her service a butler who was so obviously mad or drunk.

"Over here, Hans," said Sylvie, gently steering Gunnar's hands towards the table, and resumed her much-interrupted conversation with Count Tauplitz. This interested Gunnar so much that he hovered awkwardly round the tea-pot until Sylvie was forced to request him to leave the room.

Whilst Sylvie spent an enjoyable hour in Count Tauplitz's company Gunnar was left to entertain the chauffeur in the kitchen. This created an embarrassing problem for Gunnar. In spite of all his book-learnt psychology, he suffered from a constitutional inability to deal with his social inferiors, and during his years of military service he had regretfully been forced to the conclusion that he lacked the common touch. His already shattered nerve deserted him altogether when he found the chauffeur, a moon-faced man with a pronounced squint, tilted backwards on a chair, his legs on the kitchen table, relieving himself of a holster containing a brace of pistols.

"*What* do you mean by bringing those in here?" demanded Gunnar.

"Who the hell d'you think you are, taking that tone with me?" retorted the moon-faced chauffeur. "I'm the Count's bodyguard. I can see you're looking at me in a funny way, but it pays to be cross-eyed in this profession. I drive with one eye on the road and the other on the pavement and, believe me, nobody has ever got near enough the car to throw a bomb. You know this movement?"—his right arm described the gesture of a bowler pitching a ball—"I always shoot them before they have time to finish it."

"It must be quite an exciting life," said Gunnar. "Will you have some tea?"

"Tea? What do you take me for? Haven't you got anything round here you can offer a man to drink?"

GUNNAR searched his pockets and suddenly realised that he did not know where Hans kept the keys to the household stores of wine and beer. As a last resort there remained only a few bottles of Napoleon brandy, so precious that it was Gunnar's custom to lock them up himself. With the ghost of a sigh, he fetched a cobwebby bottle labelled 1812 and two enormous tulip-shaped glasses into each of which he poured a trickle of the priceless liqueur. The chauffeur looked on in disgust.

"Mean, aren't you?" he said, seizing the bottle, filling his glass to the brim and emptying it at a gulp. "I know a little coffee-house where you can get better than this any day. Raw fire, that's what brandy should be. This stuff is more like milk. Well, why are you looking so put out?" he asked truculently, noticing Gunnar's indignant expression. "Is it your boss's stuff? Is he particular about that sort of thing?"

"Extremely particular," said Gunnar, with truth.

"So's old Taup. You wouldn't think so, handling affairs of state all day and getting three hours of sleep a night, but he still finds time to measure every bottle with a centimetre, and if there's one drop missing he raises hell."

The deceptive smoothness of the Napoleon brandy was beginning to tell, and under its mellow influence the moon-faced chauffeur poured out a flood of indiscreet revelations concerning Count Tauplitz's private life that would have revolutionised every Chancery in Europe. Gunnar was forced to listen, curious and terrified. At last Sylvie's bell brought release.

In the entrance Sylvie was helping Count Tauplitz into his coat. Offering up a prayer of thanksgiving for the end of his martyrdom Gunnar held open the front door. The outer landing and staircase were plunged in pitch darkness.

(*Continued on page* 148)

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"How careless of the porter," said Sylvie to Count Tauplitz. "You might have had an accident! I'll turn the lights on at once."

But before she could reach the switches there was a crash on the staircase and the electricity blazed out to reveal Baroness Rosenholm on all fours on the landing struggling to pick up her hat and bag, which had been knocked off by her fall.

Baroness Rosenholm had not been spying on the Lindquists. As she happened to be suffering agonies from the belated appearance of a wisdom tooth, she had remembered Sylvie's advice and consulted Dr. O'Flanagan, the dentist on the floor above. After an unpleasant hour at his hands she had emerged dazed by injections and minus the tooth and missed her step in the darkness.

"Baroness Rosenholm! What a delightful surprise!" exclaimed the ever-polite Count Tauplitz. "Allow me to give you my arm." Courteously he raised the recumbent Ministress to her feet.

"I rang you up this morning," said the Baroness to Sylvie in a weak voice. "I wanted to know if I could come round and rest a while after the dentist. But you were out. Dr. O'Flanagan seems to be very brutal."

This pathetic statement was somehow more upsetting than any explosion of wrath. Now that all was lost Sylvie found herself glowing with affection for the Baroness and wishing she had been kinder to this dear middle-aged woman whose only fault was a longing to be liked. "Do please come in. I'll get you a drink, some smelling salts, a hot-water bottle and make you comfortable . . ." pleaded Sylvie, hoping that it might not be too late to make amends.

It was too late. Blinded by Sylvie's spectacles and unable to size up the situation, Gunnar stumbled out on to the landing, wondering what all the noise was about and whether Count Tauplitz had after all been the victim of an assassin.

"Mr. Lindquist!" cried the Baroness. "What are you doing in that ridiculous get-up and why have you painted your nose red?"

* * * *

They went to Marinoca.

End

The Princess

(*Continued from page 43*)

had covered the worst of it with a sheet off the bed in the next room. Only the dead man's brown shoes were visible, sticking out at the end of the sheet.

Borwick went into the bedroom. He was in there about a minute,

"HOW much will you put your name to?" he asked Coates when he came out.

He and Coates seemed to understand each other. Their eyes met for a moment in silence before the surgeon answered:

"I will certify instantaneous death, from an explosion, probably inside the mouth, caused by making contact with a switch that the deceased could have manipulated himself. It's just possible the dynamite was strung around his neck. There may have been two or three sticks of the stuff. I'm not sufficiently familiar with dynamite to judge. I don't even know it was dynamite. It may have been some other explosive."

"Someone please pull off his right shoe and sock," said Borwick.

The surgeon cut the shoe lace with a knife, then cut off the sock. Borwick glanced at the dead man's instep.

"Thanks," he said. "Can we keep this secret for the present? How many know now—ten—eleven—how about the sentry?"

"I can quarantine him," said the surgeon.

"Trust you to think of the right idea! Coates, can you make this your job? Seal the place? Admit no one? Until daylight will do."

"Yes. Emergency quarantine."

"Thanks. See you later."

The phone was on a wall in the outer passage. Borwick phoned for a car.

"Nothing for you officers," he said, "except to seal the place up. This is secret until further notice. You will please not discuss it, even with one another."

Instead of waiting for the car Borwick walked to meet it. He had nearly reached the guarded entrance of the wireless station when the oncoming car's headlights spotted him and the car came to a squealing halt. Borwick faced about suddenly then. The corner of his eye was just in time to see a human shadow vanish into the deeper shadow of the wall.

"Caught you that time," he remarked. "Are you getting fat, stupid, sleepy?"

"I'm all right."

"Then get in."

An indescribable figure obeyed. There was nothing whatever about him to arrest attention—no self-assertiveness, no gesture. One could swear one hadn't seen him; and if ten men saw him they might swear on stacks of Bibles to ten different descriptions. Fine art that, like Chaliapin's stage entrance without the overtones.

Borwick spoke to the driver: "What is wrong with your brakes?"

"Hell! This damned Jerusalem dust 'ud find its way into——"

"The Princess."

"Very good, sir."

Borwick got in. Dust leaped. Speed, darkness did the rest. The car became a mere anonymous official whirlwind.

"Talk," said Borwick.

The indescribable man on the seat beside him grinned. It was much too dark for the grin to be visible, even to Borwick. But one could feel it in the dark. It was one of those grins that have no right to be, unless its owner can live up to it. His voice had no resonance. It was as indescribable as the man who used it.

"They used a car that don't belong to her. I got the licence number. They'd brought a dog weighing about two hundred pounds, and they started a fight at the end of the street with the Auditor's dog. You know that one. He could kill a camel. He fights over half a county, raising all the hells there are. You'd have thought Jerusalem was being looted by the Chinese. Whoever wasn't in bed turned out to stop the murder. It was neat work. Barring me, no one noticed that Harding had visitors. But my God, did they kill him? I heard an explosion. It was kind of muffled, like a shot of T.N.T. in shallow water. Sixty seconds after that their car cleared out and I lay low to wait for you. Have they killed him?"

"Dynamite," said Borwick. "Did you recognise them?"

"Four on the way in. Couldn't see the fifth man. He was between two others. Couldn't spot 'em again on their way out, or they'd have seen me."

"Her Syrian servants? Sure you knew them?"

"Dead sure. Her servants my eye! They call 'emselves that. They're the gang from Damascus that hustled that Hungarian Gabor out of sight after he'd killed Moroni in the riot."

"Could you identify Gabor?"

"Depends who asks. Court evidence? Or between you and me? No, I couldn't, not if *you* ask. In the riot I saw him stab Moroni, but his back was toward me; and after that I stopped such a smack from the spoke of a broken wheel that I couldn't identify *myself* for fifteen minutes. Any news of my mate Blades in Libya?"

"No. They have him *incomunicado*."

"Will they shoot him?"

"No. We're not at war yet! Ten or twelve years on a convict island—unless we save him. Remember now, Twirp, you're to tell the police nothing."

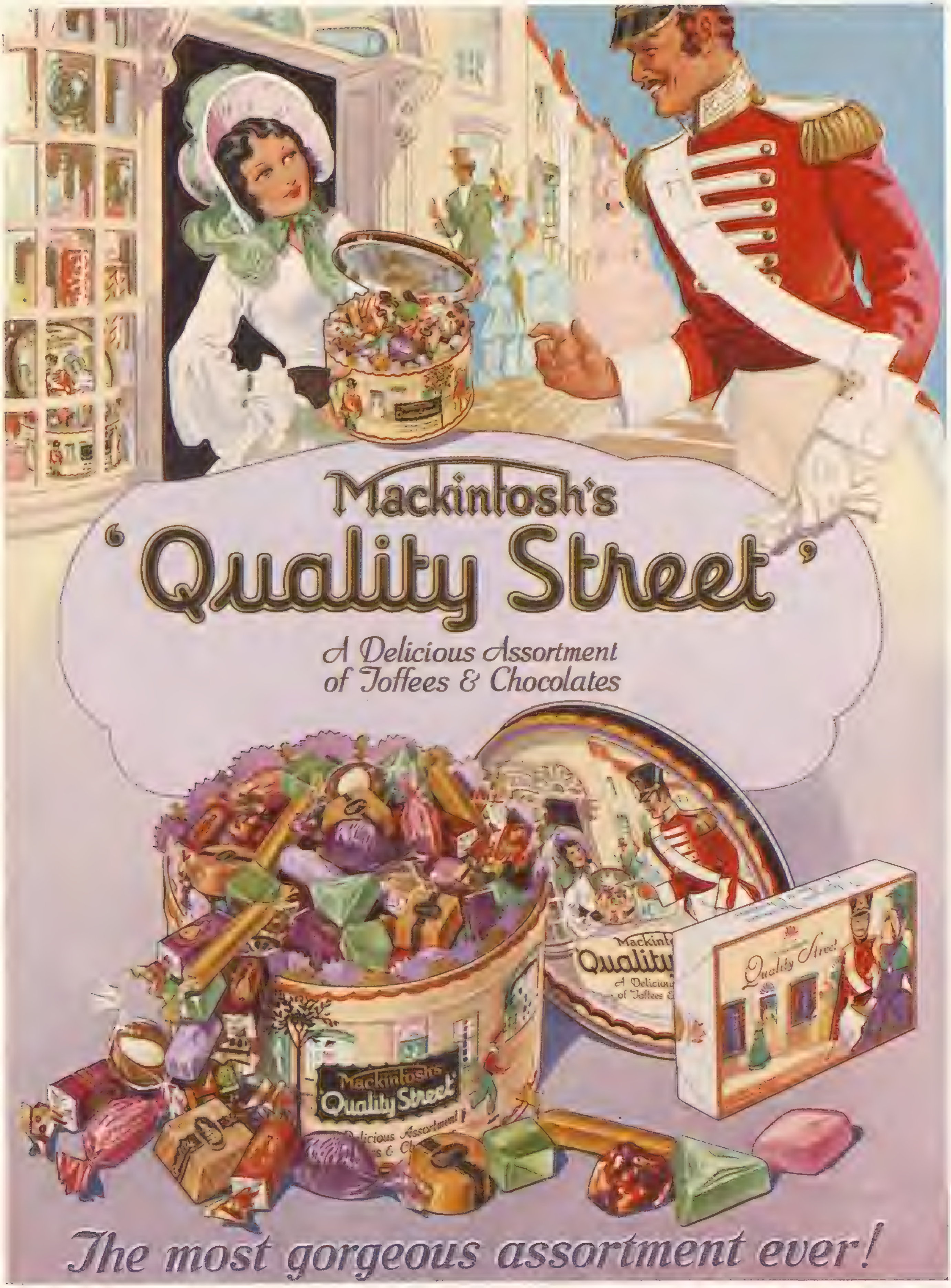
"Me!"

"Yes, you! Simply show Inspector Lewisohn that card I gave you."

"You bet."

The car drew up at an iron gate in a high limestone wall. The brakes squealed. Borwick set his teeth.

(*Continued on page 151*)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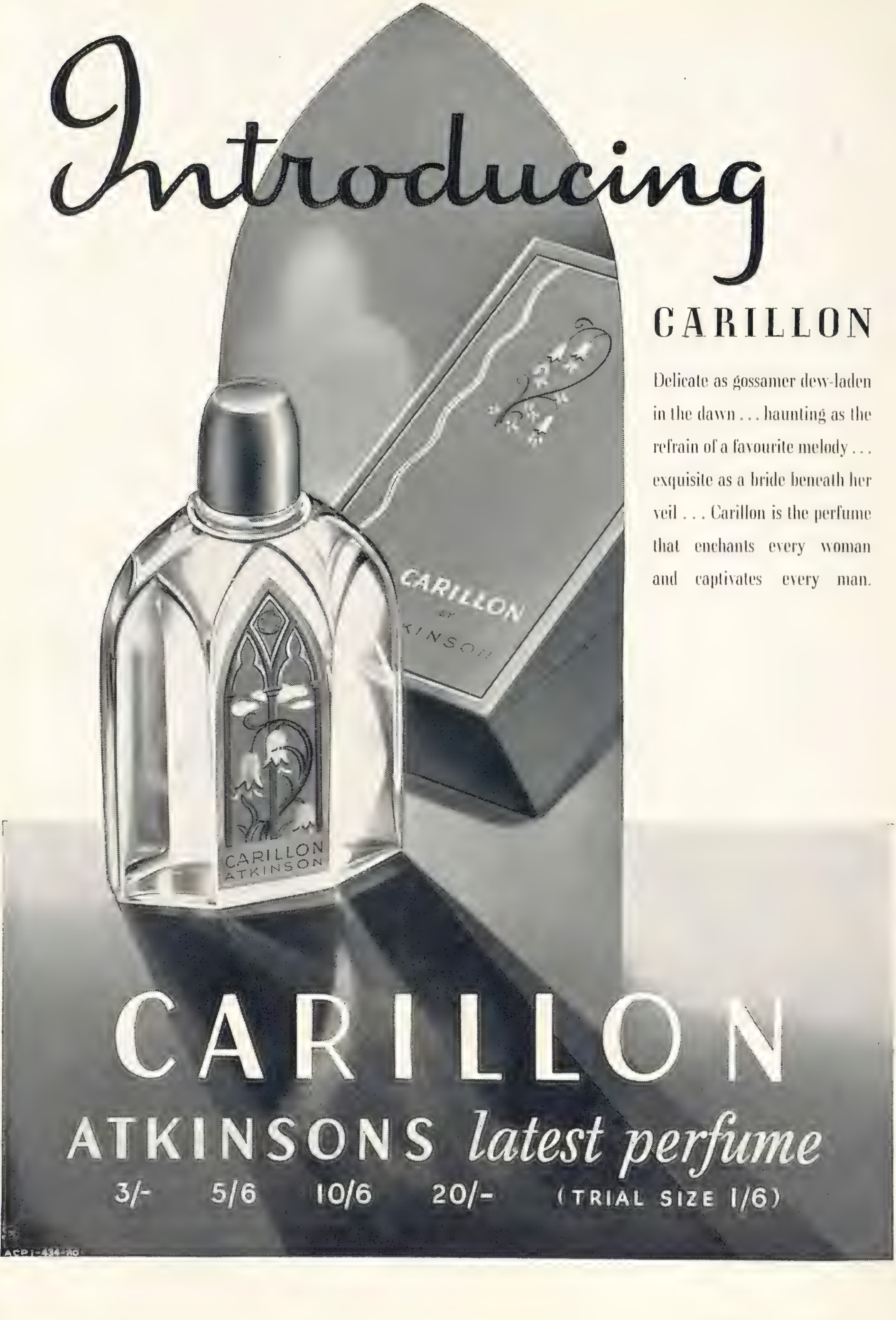
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"Damn!" he muttered. "Are we launching the *Queen Mary*?" Then: "See here, Twirp, you and Fitzsimmons do what you can to those brakes. Use lots of oil. Never mind if they don't hold. Risk your necks. Those Syrians will be jumpy. Mustn't make any noise."

"What makes you so sure," said Twirp, "that they're not in the house? You may get scragged."

"Mind your own business," Borwick answered. "Don't you get scragged. You'll find them where they cached their change of clothing. Those they had on will be bloodstained. They'll be burning the evidence. They have been here. See their marks in the dust?"

"Sure," said Twirp. "She wouldn't let 'em in here all bloody. And then there's the car to take where it belongs. But we're trusting luck."

"You obey orders," Borwick answered.

The driver had got down to ring the bell at the gate. It clanged like half a dozen camel bells.

"All right, Fitzsimmons. Do whatever Twirp tells you. And you, Twirp, remember: no changes. Stick exactly to the plan. Hand those fellows over to the police for being out after curfew without a permit."

"You bet."

"Try the ground-floor windows first."

"Okay."

The gate opened, released by a pull-wire from the house. It clanged shut behind Borwick. There was no sign or sound of a servant. No dog. The house looked opulent. There were flowered terraces and outside stairways. No lights on the ground floor. Plenty of light through the chinks of five shutters on the floor above. A flagstone path. Night-scented flowers. High steps.

The front door was opened by a kavass in gorgeous uniform. It appeared he mistook Major Borwick for someone else.

"She is not at home," he remarked in Arabic.

"Say, Major Borwick wants to see her. Here, give her my card."

The kavass showed Borwick into a small reception room. It had ordinary sash windows, shuttered on the outside. Borwick opened a window, unlocked the shutter, closed the window again without fastening it, and took no further interest in that room beyond noticing that there was no key in the door.

The kavass returned and invited Borwick upstairs. The house was wonderfully furnished. Hammered iron stair-rail. Polished olivewood doors. Rugs from Samarkand and Bokhara. There was a faint smell of incense.

Borwick was shown into a long, high-ceilinged room and kept waiting for several minutes. He appeared to have counted on that. He went straight to the phone at the desk:

"Major Borwick speaking. Lewisohn? Twirp is on the way. Yes, do whatever Twirp tells you."

He hung up and examined the room, the furniture, the photographs, particularly those of some celebrities in silver frames; there were three on a table near the grand piano, autographed. All the windows except one were curtained, but a window in the longer wall had been left open for ventilation. He tried a door that seemed to lead into a closet or another room. It was locked. He drummed on the panel with his finger-nails, as if wondering what to do next. Then he turned toward the grand piano.

She entered then, quite suddenly. She had been staring through an eyehole in the wall for the last sixty seconds, but Borwick concealed his awareness of that even better than she did. She was just a trace too obviously unembarrassed She was also too well dressed if she was not expecting visitors, or a visitor. She had not expected Borwick, that was quite clear. She looked under thirty, slightly hardened by experience, but not coarsened. Very beautiful. Not noticeably made up. A Parisian gown. One wonderful diamond at her throat, and that diamond hardly brighter than her eyes.

Those eyes were black, like a Cuban's. Just a bit too bold beneath their long, dark lashes. They seemed to boast of their familiarity with danger, their delight in it, their malice, their amusement at the rules that govern other folk's mistakes. She was a Jewess, but her country of origin might be any whose women have wonderful figures and supple movement. She called herself, in English, the Princess Ayisha of Deir ez Zor.

Her papers proved she was of Deir ez Zor. Borwick had checked them extremely carefully. In the files in the Administration Building was a biography that even she might have been hard put to it to recall in all its detail. An unknown father, a Parisian actress mother, and a deceased Bedouin husband (she was one of his three widows) made her pedigree less actually royal than she looked. Real royalty could not have looked more gracious, dignified, incapable of making a mistake.

"Major Borwick, how delightful!"

Perfect English. Just enough trace of accent to lend it music. "You are the one man in Jerusalem whom I have been longing to meet!"

"Mutual, I assure you," Borwick answered. "It's a weird hour to choose to call on you We officers are kept too busy to behave like normal human beings. You have been so hospitable to some of our junior officers that envy would have brought me here if nothing else did."

"Won't you be seated? Then there is another motive? How disappointing! I was feeling flattered." There was suspicion in her eyes, but her voice was under perfect control. "It is so late. May I offer you wine?"

"Why, yes," said Borwick.

"I have some Hermitage."

"I'd love it."

Instead of ringing for a servant, she herself brought the wine. It was all ready, on a wheeled table behind a curtain, with biscuits and a dish of *hors d'œuvres*. But she fetched the wine-glasses from a cabinet. She poured carefully and set a filled glass at each end of the table. Borwick raised his. She followed suit. They sipped and set the glasses down.

"Now," said Borwick, and he looked more than ever like Pan, with his mischievous eyes and the greying tufts of hair above pointed ears, "since I am here to try to win your confidence, Princess, suppose we exchange glasses and drink good luck to each other. That's a grand old custom."

He leaned over and made the exchange before she could prevent him. He raised the glass that had been hers and drained it.

"*Au lever de rideau!* Won't you drink too?"

A curtain seemed to close over her eyes. She smiled, but the smile, too, revealed only that it veiled her thought.

"You pardon me? My doctor has forbidden wine."

"It is damned good wine," said Borwick. He glanced at the grand piano. "You play? Sing? And what a view there must be through the window! May I see it?"

"Why, of course. But it is quite an ordinary view—Jerusalem—some rocks and olive trees—*triste*—*macabre*."

On her way to the window she slightly raised the top of the piano to release the edge of an embroidered silk cover that had caught when someone closed it. Then she pulled aside curtains and unlatched the glass door leading to the balcony. Borwick followed her through. For a minute they stood side by side in silence, framed against the lamplight behind them. Borwick pulled out a large white handkerchief. It was folded, so he shook it. A motor-horn mooed like a cow in the distance. Borwick flapped the handkerchief at a big moth and stuck it back in his pocket.

"Yes," he said, "that view is, as you call it, *triste*. Lonely, too, isn't it? Aren't you nervous with so few servants?"

"Oh, I have several," she answered. "They are Syrians, faithful. It so happens that I gave them (*Continued on page* 152)

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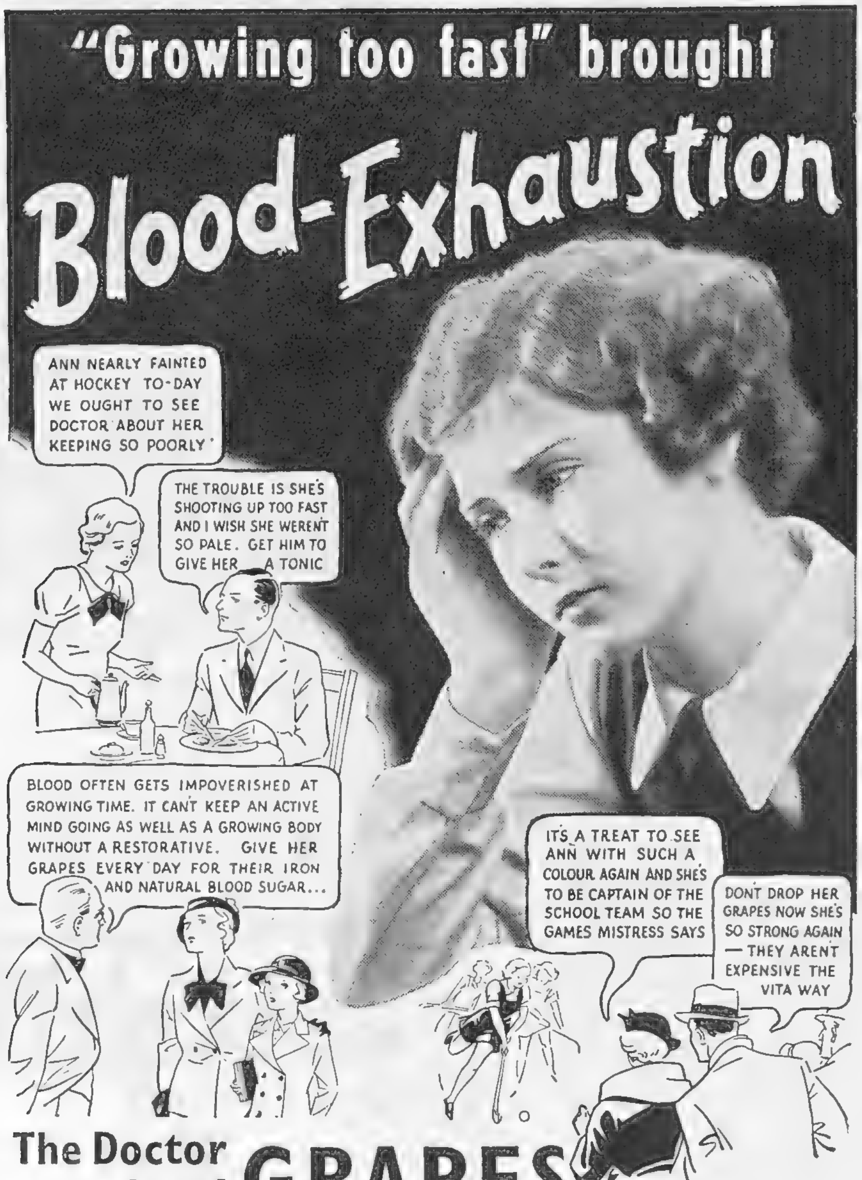
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leave to be absent to-night. There is a wedding or something. They will be back before long."

"I suppose they all have permits to be out after curfew?"

"Oh, is that necessary?"

Borwick faced her and laughed: "Even you would need a permit to be out after curfew. However, let's go in. I want to talk to you about young Harding."

"Lieutenant Harding?"

"Yes. Shall I close the window? Shall I draw the curtain? Why, do you suppose, did Harding shoot himself?"

"What are you saying? He is dead? Charley Harding is dead? But Major Borwick, this is—dreadful!"

"Yes," he said, "that beautiful, blue-eyed boy. You knew him well, I believe."

"I——"

Borwick prompted her: "You were expecting him? A little *tête-à-tête*? A jug of wine—singing beside him at the grand piano—and a book of what, I wonder? Shall we sit down?"

She almost collapsed in her chair. For a moment she covered her face with her hands—very beautiful hands. Expensive rings. Then, suddenly:

"Major Borwick, but why should he have killed himself?"

"I don't know."

"That so beautiful young man, so gay, so laughter-loving. He appeared so innocent to me. A night or two ago he stood here at my piano singing songs of Schubert, and while I played the accompaniment I was thinking that such a one as he could have no sorrows."

"Had you turned him down?" asked Borwick.

"No! I have never had an angry word with him. You shock me!"

"Well," said Borwick, "I wasn't shocked when you tried to drug me just now. I admired your presence of mind. What was it? *Cannabis indica? Marijuana?* Something to intoxicate, make amorous, disperse the inhibitions and deprive of judgment? Princess, you don't flatter yourself! You could charm anyone without the aid of the pharmacopœia! Charley Harding's blue eyes would have needed no——"

She stood up. "Major Borwick, if you came here to insult me, you have already succeeded. Please go."

"I? Insult you? I invite your confidence," he answered, watching her eyes. Before she could attempt to do it, he picked up her wine-glass and dumped its contents into a flower vase. "Let's forget the biscuits. They're too much trouble. Now, sit down again and tell me why you had prepared to drug young Harding."

"It is false!"

"Yes, yes, of course it is. We have destroyed the evidence. Could Charley Harding possibly have killed himself to avoid keeping a promise made under the duress of delightful passion?"

"Oh! It pleases you to mock me!"

"Never! I admire your genius that graces and enhances charm. Did Harding, tempted by the lure of music, wine and lovely woman, promise to exchange a document that she had not yet seen, but that Harding had copied, for one that she had already copied, but that Harding had not seen?"

"I don't understand you, Major Borwick."

"Didn't somebody wish Harding to believe that the exchange would serve his purpose? By exchanging our original for your original, then he would have his copy of one, and the original of the other—wasn't that the double-barbed temptation? Perfectly natural passion that has maddened such numbers of promising men. Equally natural ambition to decipher an otherwise almost impossible coded document."

"I know nothing of any document."

"Didn't you send him a dummy document, with forged seals, to be substituted for the one in our strong-room?"

"Do you propose to try to prove such nonsense?"

"How can I? Can poor young Harding tell me? I am asking *you*. And did it suddenly occur to you that Harding *might* think better of it? That it might be better to possess the information but destroy the evidence? You saw me just now destroy some evidence. A mere life is as easy to spill as drugged wine. Was Harding suicided? Did the men who killed him find the document you needed? Who thought of the dog-fight?"

She had grown so pale beneath her make-up that the make-up showed.

"What dog-fight? You accuse me now of murder?"

"Accuse you, Princess? I am wondering why you have kept concealed in your house for several days a person named Gabor, who had murdered a man named Moroni. Gabor looted from Moroni one half of the document that has privileged me to pay you this delightful visit. Is Gabor here now?"

She began to look dangerous. Fear had aroused the pantheress. The pantheress was weighing desperate chances.

"No," she answered. "It is true he was here. But I sent him away, when I discovered he is a criminal—a murderer—a thief—a——"

"The police?" suggested Borwick. He raised one eyebrow.

"The police might have misunderstood."

"True. That was very discreet. The police are fond of hanging people, aren't they?"

A motor horn mooed in the road beyond the garden wall. The Princess noticed it and looked relieved, but Borwick appeared not to notice it. She had beautiful legs. Her line from hip to ankle was a melody of symmetry, and he was watching that. If she had sprung at him, he would have been forewarned.

"Now," he said pleasantly, "may I have that package?"

"What package?"

"To begin with, the one that your Syrians found in Harding's desk."

There were footsteps on the stairs. She made up her mind suddenly. She stood up.

"I have no idea what document you mean. My servants——"

"Out after curfew without permits, Princess! They are in the lock-up, or on the way there."

"Oh! So that is it? Then you have——"

There came a knock on the door. Borwick raised his voice:

"That you, Twirp? Come in."

Twirp came in like a well-trained butler.

"All set," he remarked. "No accidents yet, but the brakes are lousy." He closed the door behind him and stood looking like a wooden image in a quite unmilitary dusty blue serge suit.

"You must excuse him," said Borwick. "Twirp has no manners. Since he left the Army he has adopted what he tells me is the proletarian attitude. If he ever calls me comrade I will kill him. That would be a pity, because as a rule Twirp is very discreet."

"How did he get in here?" she demanded.

"Through a window. Your kavass might have turned him away from the door. But we were speaking of a document. Where is it?"

Twirp grinned. Borwick scowled at him. The Princess hesitated, looking from one to the other. Then she shrugged her shoulders, smiled and went to the same cabinet from which she had taken the doctored wine-glass. She produced a package, wrapped in black cloth and heavily sealed. She handed it to Borwick with an air of almost triumph.

"There! Prove what you can by that!"

Borwick, after one glance at it, tossed it to Twirp.

"Your dummy package back again! You recognised it? So do I. It's one of the cleverest imitations I've ever seen. It fooled those Syrians. That's comprehensible. Very experienced robbers, but not literary experts. However, someone must have fooled you also, rather badly, Princess. Did you really believe that Harding *could* have exchanged that dummy

(Continued on page 154)

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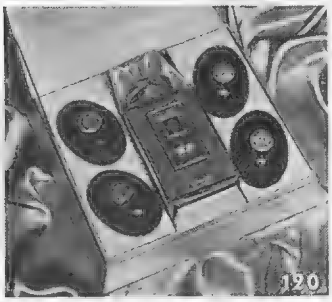

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for a secret document in our strong-room, even if he had been willing to do it? Didn't you slightly underrate our vigilance and Harding's honesty?"

"Of what do you accuse me?" she retorted. "Of possessing my own document? How do you know it was ever out of my possession?"

"Princess, I don't even know it was you who forged those seals," he answered. "Probably you didn't. I don't care who did. I am here to cultivate your confidence—to bury my suspicions in profoundest admiration of your beauty and, if I may say so, of your daring."

"Daring, am I? Very well. You don't dare to arrest me?"

"Let us exchange confidences, Princess. Gabor the Hungarian killed a man named Moroni. Knifed him in a riot. A premeditated and adroitly executed murder. In Moroni's satchel there were two halves of a secret code, of which one is in our, shall I call it 'Lost and Found' department. Gabor got away with the other. Where is it?"

"How should I know?"

"Shall we ask Twirp to look for it?"

"What right have you to search my house for what doesn't belong to you?"

"No more right, Princess, than you had to conceal Gabor! Where did you keep Gabor hidden?"

"In the cellar."

"Now, now, now! Twirp has examined the cellar. Your kavass is in there at the moment, out of mischief. Twirp's eyelids are incomparably less divine than yours, but they are deuced useful. They can flag-wag information. Haven't you noticed them twitching? Twirp has the key of the cellar."

"I will phone my consul! I will not be outraged any further! If you wish a scandal, you shall have one!"

"Would you like to be arrested on suspicion of having arranged the murder of Lieutenant Harding? That would be very scandalous."

"And false!"

"Open that closet door, Twirp!"

"No! You shall not! That is my personal closet. This is infamous!"

"But if you won't give me your confidence? Go ahead, Twirp—force it open!"

"You shall not!" She went and stood with her back to the grand piano, her hands behind her, daring them. "There is the door. I defy you!"

"Ah!" said Borwick. "Hah-hah! Quick, Twirp! Jump on the piano!"

Twirp jumped. The piano-top barely missed crushing her finger-tips.

"What did you propose to do with it?" asked Borwick. "Toss it through the window?"

Twirp grinned. "Down below that window in the long wall there's a damned deep well," he said cheerfully.

"Good girl!" said Borwick. "That was thoughtful. I admire that. If you had aimed straight, we could have dragged the well, of course. But the bottoms of some of these wells are all broken, aren't they? By the time we fished it out the paper might be pulp and the ink would have run. That was very good last-ditch tactics. And now open the door."

"I will not! I defy you! Is there no law in this country? Have you a warrant?"

"Don't you think it probable, Princess, that if I had intended to arrest you, you and the prison matron would already have made each other's acquaintance?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Are you looking for Gabor?"

"I know who is beyond that door. I know where Gabor is," said Borwick.

Twirp suppressed an exclamation. He was pop-eyed.

The Princess stared hard.

"Yes," he said. "If you had hurt him—but he and I have exchanged signals."

"You are lying."

Borwick smiled. He drummed on the back of a chair with his finger-nails.

"Come along. Open the door, Princess. Let's let him out."

She glanced at a bureau over by the window.

"I will get you the key. You may open the door yourself and take the consequences."

"Twirp will get it for you."

She had already taken three steps towards the bureau, but Twirp was too quick. He was there first. And before she could turn again Borwick had raised the top of the piano. He snatched out a package wrapped in black cloth—examined it—kissed it—chuckled.

"Yes," he said. "You know, Princess, it's remarkable how habit governs people when they're in a hurry. Women always hide things in pianos. You were ready to bolt, weren't you? Wanted it where you could put your fingers on it at a moment's notice?"

"Here's the key," said Twirp. "And here's what else was in the drawer." He displayed a repeating pistol.

"Surely you wouldn't have been so foolish as to shoot me?" Borwick asked her.

"Prison!" She shuddered. "I cannot endure that."

"But why shoot yourself? Poor dead Harding might forgive you. Give her the key, Twirp. Go in there, Princess, and let loose Harding's ghost. Let us hear what the ghost says. Twirp, stand by that open window. She might try to jump out. We don't want any unpleasantness of that sort."

Twirp gave her the key. She snatched it from him. She tried to throw it through the window, but Twirp caught it.

"Very well, Twirp. Give me the key. If I must do it, I will. But——"

He waited. Their eyes met. Hers were half hysterical. His were amused.

"Suppose," said Borwick, "I should not have to report that I had actually found——"

She interrupted: "Then what?"

"Princess, you would be an awful nuisance in the prison and it is not a nice cage for a naughty angel. I have what I came for. You have entertained me hugely. I will take care that the officer who must watch you for the next few days shall be a gentleman of social experience. A certain consul shall be told to-morrow that if a man named Blades, at the moment in Libya, should wire me that he has turned up in Egypt unharmed, there will be no objection to your leaving Palestine. Our officers will miss you, but I rather believe it will happen. Who wants a scandal?"

She took the key—went and opened the door—went in, half closing it behind her. Twirp grinned.

"Trust you! And it's a bargain. Joe Blades is worth ten of her!"

Borwick went to the phone.

"Number One Line. Give me the Acting High Commissioner. Quick! That you, sir? Not in bed yet? Well, we have both portions of that document. It's all ours! What's that? Steady! There are things no High Commissioner should ask! I'll tell you privately. Oh, by the way, sir, will you ring up the Chief of Police—he might not relish it coming from me—and tell him that what remains of Gabor the Hungarian is on the floor, under a sheet, in Harding's quarters. Oh, yes, Harding's all right. He's here with me. Do you want to rag Barton? Ask him whether he remembers when the Auditor's dog bit Harding's instep."

He hung up, just as Harding entered with his arm around the Princess; he was laughing at her.

"Are you all right, Harding?"

"Yes, sir. Those swine stuck a gag in my teeth. Give me a drink, someone."

"Wine!" said Borwick, grinning at the Princess. "Here, use this glass and don't touch the biscuits!"

Harding drank.

"What would you have done with him?" asked Borwick. "Drugged him? Left him in the closet?"

She didn't answer Borwick. She looked at Harding.

"Baby-face," she said, "if I had guessed—if I had even half guessed what a diplomat you are, I would have——"

Harding laughed. He kissed her.

"Haven't you enjoyed it? I did! Come on now, lose gamely. No ill feelings!"

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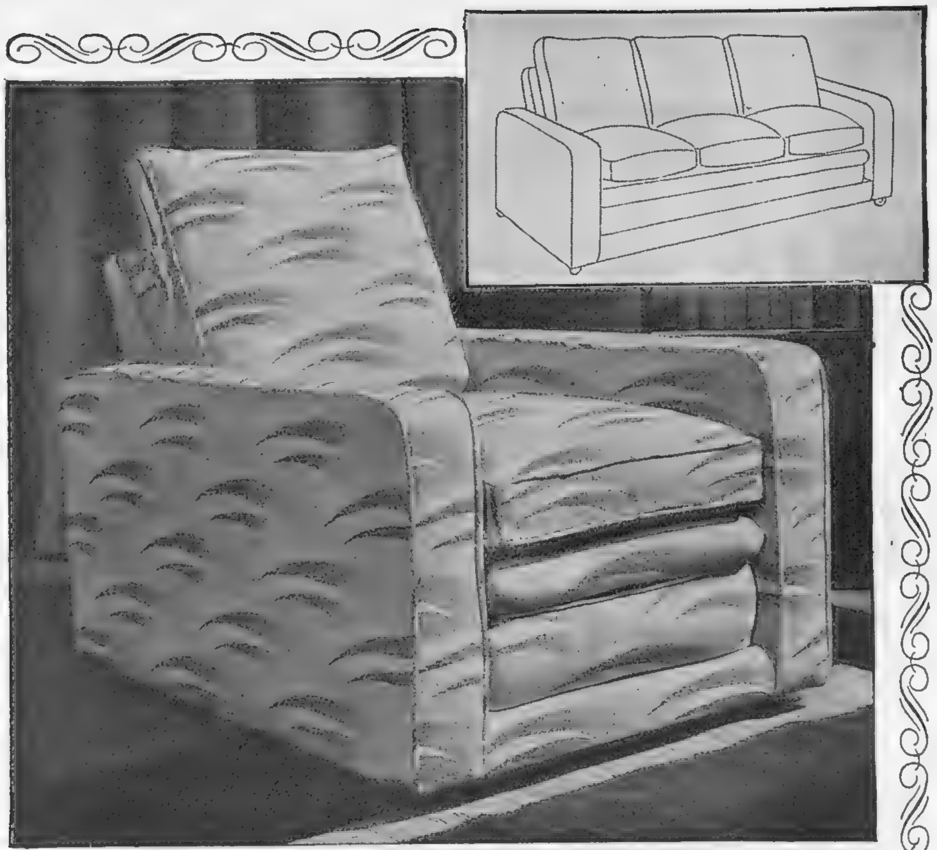

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Christmas a Hundred Years Ago

(*Continued from page 29*)

drawing the dressing-gown closely around her. She looks such a slip of a girl, so tiny, with large brown eyes and a *retroussé* nose. Pushing open the door which is already ajar, she throws herself impulsively on her mother's bed. The Lady-in-Waiting would say: "Princess Victoria is paying her respects to the Duchess of Kent." But there was no formality between mother and daughter that morning.

Victoria presented her gift. "It's only an extra one," she said.

"It is very finely drawn," said her mother, concealing delight in careful appraisal, "and the likeness is exact, except that, dearest, your hair isn't as poor as that."

Victoria's hair hung down her shoulders, whereas the head she had drawn was almost cropped. It was a delicate portrait of a lovely profile.

"Think of the line, mother," she demurred. "The head is far more taking this way than when it is overburdened with hair. Although I do look as though I were recovering from a head-shave after scarlet-fever," she added, scrutinising the picture.

Her mother laughed.

Little Victoria's remark was typical of the common sense she was to show later as Queen. However autocratic she became she was never afraid to face facts.

Having seen her we will hie back to the heart of London, noting on the way that Hyde Park is unkempt but more or less railinged. Long streams of houses are linking up formerly isolated villages like Kensington and Hammersmith with the main capital. Only at Knightsbridge is there a trace of the once intervening country. Here, behind the tumbled red gables of the White Hart Inn, is a desolate track of marshland reaching to Vincent Square, Westminster, thence along the water's edge to King's Square, Chelsea, covering the districts which one day are to be known as Eaton Square and Belgravia. Snipe and water-fowl are shot here.

A long line of firewood carts coming up from this marshland has completely blocked the main road for the West Country mails. In vain the coaches blare and bugle behind them, there must be at least two score timber carts struggling against the slippery ruts to gain the sides of the road. At last the Red Rover from Southampton caracoles through a narrow opening up the hill to St. Georges, the guard blows a mighty bugle "Good Morning!" in front of the Hospital. Such patients as can wave from behind the window; their calls cannot be heard. But the spirit of Christmas swings into full chorus down Piccadilly, as the horns of the coaches from Southampton, Bath and Exeter are answered by shouts and snatches of song from every horse-hand in the mews beside the great houses.

Little boys coming down Piccadilly add to the din with high-pitched cheers. They are carrying wooden skates, on their way to see whether the Serpentine will bear them.

A little crowd gathers in front of the railings of No. 1, London—the Hyde Park Mansion the nation has given the Duke of Wellington—wondering who has festooned them with verses and mistletoe. Alas! it is reported that the Iron Duke, that once triumphant campaigner, has laid fruitless siege to every fair head in town.

Not far off a phæton waits to take Sir Robert Peel to the country. That young ex-Prime Minister has already founded the Police Force and repealed the Death Penalty on a Hundred Crimes. His manner is frigid because he is shy, consequently unpopular, but his courage and integrity have never been questioned. Aloof, high-hatted, and dandified, he is also inordinately intense and far-seeing, a man worth marking in any age.

So we arrive at a house in Berkeley Square, where the household is gathered in the morning-room, from the scullery-maid and six women servants to the cook, from boot-boy and seven men-servants to the butler, with the Master, his wife and children. They are at Family Prayers.

Father—the Master—is reading at the high desk which holds the Family Bible. His blue cut-away tail-coat frames a firm figure, his hair is classically waved; a flower-sprigged magenta waistcoat is given dignity by heavy seals from his watch-chains, a ruby glows in his neckband, he is elegant, he is impressive. Yet Mamma would like to rap him soundly with her fan.

Her eyes have tried for a long while to catch his from the other end of the circle, to signal: "The children can scarcely contain themselves. They have not yet seen their presents. The servants sit and purr because they have had their Christmas Boxes. Please cut prayers a little short, Thomas; not indecorously, but . . ."

But, of course, she wouldn't. So she can only squeeze little Peter's hand hard under the folds of her lilac silk shirt, and make protesting movements with her cerise fichu. Then she falls to thinking how handsome Letitia—the auburn-haired eldest girl—is looking in her sea-green taffetas, with the sloping shoulders and fringed epaulettes above the elbow.

Catherine, the second girl, is on her father's right, in a leg-o'-mutton-sleeved tartan, which looks severe but arresting. Mother begged her to have it trimmed with lace, but she begged not to have it so. So Susan, the little girl, has had all the extra lengths of lace ruched into her wide pantalettes and is really rather overcrowded. Moreover, the lace frills are falling down below the right ribbon at her ankle, over her feet like spats. Will any cousin coming to-day make fun of her, mother wonders, and is not aware of the final Amen till Peter has shot forward to the drawing-room doors, flung them open, and precipitated himself on to the Noah's Ark that has been laid out for him. Oh, that wonderful Noah's Ark with the 180 pairs of different animals, insects and birds! The lady-birds were but a size smaller than the elephants.

Little Susan had a doll's house, complete down to the pestle and mortar bowl in the kitchen, larger than herself.

A jewelled gold thimble and scissors went to one of the girls, and Letitia was in ecstasies over her ermine cape and halo bonnet. The latter was labelled 1837, but might as accurately have been labelled 1936. But hark to the parents' delight over the gifts from their children. "Put the shell basket and group of waxed flowers on the mantelpiece," cried mother. "Where are their glass shades? Oh, my clever girls, I shall be the envy of London! Letitia has caught the laburnum and tiger-lilies to the life, Catherine's shell-basket is like crystallised lace, so definite, so frail. I am indeed proud."

Susan had worked a sampler. Not a child in that day would have dreamed of offering anything except their own handiwork. Mother had known of this sampler for months, but she affected the right surprise. Cross-stitched in pastel shades, the verse, which was Susan's own, ran:

> "Sweet it is to see a child
> Tender, merciful and mild,
> Ever ready to perform
> Acts of kindness to a worm."

But gift-raptures were interrupted by the bells of Westminster Abbey ringing out for Divine Service at 10 a.m. Mother and the two eldest girls could be excused from attending; they had been to a crêche and midnight service, and had much to do seeing to details of the Family Re-union Dinner. But Peter, Susan and Father set off in a brougham.

Oh, the rush against time it was to get to the Abbey. Dog-carts, wagonettes, lumbering post-chaises, high-sprung phaetons, low-sprung phaetons, gigs and flys . . . every kind of vehicle seemed to be going to Westminster Abbey. Even ultra-smart high cabriolets—driven by eligible bachelors and single disturbing belles, like Harriet Wilson—with a postillion on the box behind them, were going to church.

Most people dismounted in the Square, for they could not (*Continued on page* 158)

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get near the doors of the Abbey. After the gentry had passed, in filed the poor, till the great church was thronged to overflowing.

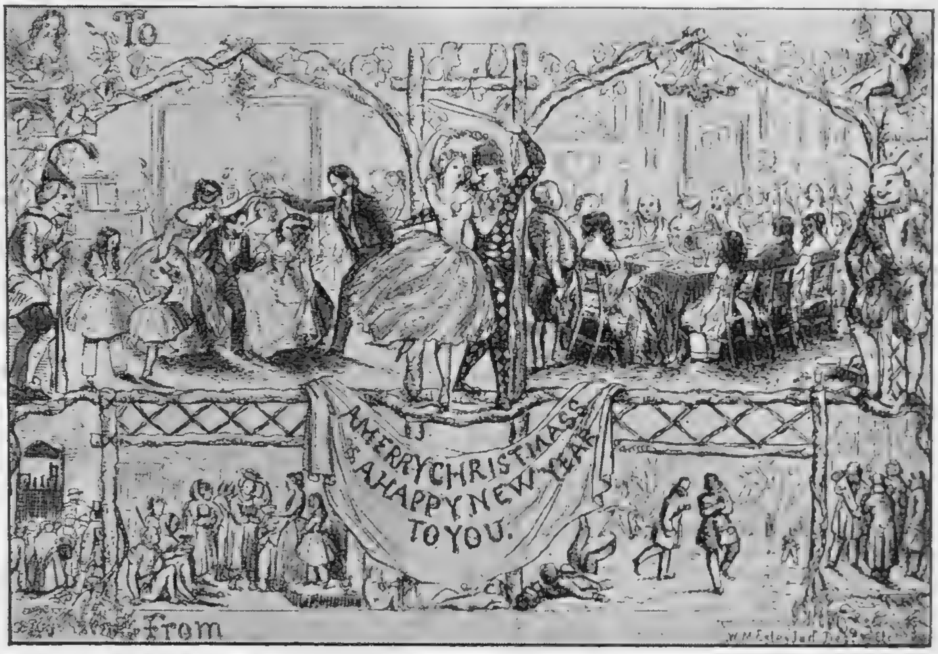
THE Square outside was packed with carriages, radiating in rows from a vast pile in the middle, neatly cloaked by tarpaulin. This pile was rubbish—to be sifted—from the demolition of the remaining walls of the Houses of Parliament.

These Houses had been burnt down two years before, when little had been left standing but Westminster Hall.

Plans were in preparation for the new Houses, and these comprised a clock tower at the eastern end. A clock which would one day be known as Big Ben. At the moment the Thames flowed over the site and a proper view of it could only be obtained from Westminster Bridge—which meant paying a toll. London was cut up by gates and tolls, and only a very rich man could afford to go through.

Still, any man could stand by the toll-gate and look down the river to St. Paul's, where the great bells were now pealing for matins at 10.30 a.m. and the same message was being echoed by half a hundred steeples on either bank.

Unconcerned sailing ships, like great birds, blew up between them, before an ever-freshening east wind on the incoming tide. Many of these ships tacked down to private wharves, moored, and straightway began to unload. Unloading would go on till twelve. But all these private wharves and houses, including Whitehall Palace, would be swept away, if a plan to build a wide riverside drive between Whitehall and Blackfriars materialised.


To
A MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU.
From

***A Christmas Card of* 1836**
(Reproduced from the original in the collection at the British Museum)

That day was far ahead yet, and meanwhile this strange warren of debtors' prisons, warehouses, Inns of Court, private residences and palaces, would straggle down to the water's edge.

Yet even a more picturesque part of London lay in the slums behind Westminster Abbey.

Here was a roof-land inhabited by thieves, above a fantastic jumble of old houses raised, higgledy-piggledy, on the ruins of other houses; although some relics survived intact from the fourteenth century. Light was blocked out from the narrow alleys between by overhanging storeys, consequently these could serve as little more than drains, and the inhabitants of this area communicated with each other and the outer world *via the roofs.*

In cases where the wood and plaster upper storeys of houses had lurched forward, the weather-boards of opposite houses *intertwined,* so that an undivided line of penthouse tiles and gables was almost continuous.

Once up there a criminal could hide for months.

Dickens was writing a story about the place. A story begun several times and abandoned when the slums were pulled down in the '50's. He would come and sit in a tavern on the outskirts of the maze and watch the lean roof-man-rats slink in, or ascend and descend. Talk about a maquis in Corsica, this was the maquis of London.

Dickens was not at that tavern to-day. He was nowhere among the poor that day. He was with gay Browning, nervous Thackeray, clever boy Benjamin Disraeli, French romanticist Alexandre Dumas and the Comte d'Orsay, in Macready's chambers, listening to that great actor reading Bulwer Lytton's new play—"Richelieu."

Dickens was not even allowed to speak. No one was allowed to speak. They had all been given pencils and paper and asked to write down their impressions, but not to utter till Macready had finished reading the play. And they were obedient because each of them was a would-be playwright, and Lytton was a successful playwright and Macready was the greatest actor of the day.

These men must have been the very last to arrive at their family or friend's Christmas dinners. For church services had ceased long before Macready had finished reading; temples had allowed their worshippers to melt into the landscape and celebrate, but not Macready.

Finally Browning escaped to join his father, Dickens to call on the painter, Sir David Wilkie, and Macready himself to find his children at Elstree round a Christmas tree.

But we were going to the Christmas tree at Berkeley Square to dance and sing carols with Susan and Peter. To sit at grandmamma's knee and hear tell of winters that were winters when she was young, when the Thames was frozen over and a fair was held on the ice. Ah, who can tell what we might have heard among 34 cousins, 17 uncles and 13 aunts, as well as a double set of grandparents, one from either side of the family.

THE grown-ups staved off their hunger with snacks from chafing-dishes, "sausages and mash," mince pies, while they helped wait on the children's dinner as the staff had to have their meal. Then, at five o'clock, everyone over the

(*Continued on page* 161)

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By

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age of twelve assembled for the great feast of the year; dinner from which ladies did not rise till 10 o'clock.

Laughter was tremulous and suppressed as they went downstairs, under the hush of expectation. Father led the way with his mother and mother-in-law on either arm. Mother followed between the two fathers. And when these two fountain-heads had taken their places facing each other across the centre of the table, in poured the rest. They entered a room where the ceiling had been so thickly hung with evergreens as to resemble a grove and the crimson-liveried footmen along the wall looked like berries.

The great table shone like a multi-coloured jewel. It seemed slightly bent by the weight of heavy silver candlesticks which shimmered in the soft radiance of countless candles and threw back the lights of sapphire and ruby glass, crackers, rainbow comfits and flowers.

It was a sight.

Very soon the "Ahs" of admiration gave way to "Ohs" of satisfaction at the marvellous dishes; and these were stifled in turn by the mouthfuls of melting taste from the thin slices of beef cut off barons of beef (one whole side of the animal) or brawn from the boar's head which had sent the butler who was carrying it in, quite knock-kneed. There were jellies that trembled to the skies, sucking pigs, twelve turkeys . . . but the delights of food soon vanished in the wider joys of merry-making, in sheer unconscious laughter and jesting.

And this scene was taking place in almost every home. If and where feasting was on a humbler scale, the spirit was the same. It had to be the same wherever people were keeping Christmas, and so it cast the same enchantment over basements and otherwise shabby one-roomed homes, as it did over drawing-rooms.

Why, at Shoreditch, where a dinner was being given to the poor with steak-and-kidney pudding as the only dish, a fishwife was heard to remark: "I don't believe I have a care in the world." And the crossing-sweeper next to her, who had just swept half his plateful into a clean rag to take home to his children, replied: "If you had, Mrs. Martin, this is the day of postponement." The lustre on their faces was as great as any content-shine to be found on faces in Berkeley Square. Because the source of their happiness lay deeper than food: it sprang from the sense of mutual trust, goodwill and peace that prevailed over Christmas.

"God bless Christmas," they said in 1836. And "God bless Christmas," we echo over and over again.

END

Broadway Beauty

(*Continued from page 67*)

he placed in her hand. It was her first. She liked it. Suddenly she put it aside. She remembered her father's constant drunkenness. Her thoughts were in a whirl. John Standish was totally different from what she had pictured him. He wasn't old. Not young, but youngish. At least not more than forty. A big spare man, hard-mouthed, keen-eyed, of disconcerting aggressiveness, conscienceless but attractive.

"Really?" It was a tantalising laugh. A more dangerous challenge than Mona realised.

The table, loaded with epicurean viands and vintaged wines, was flanked on both sides with men beyond middle age. Fat men and lean men, each with a wolfish glint in his eyes as they rested on the girl beside him. Mona shuddered. She hated old men, but if a girl wants to play the game she can't have everything.

No more beautiful group of girls ever assembled under one ceiling. That was John Standish's boast. Girls in imported gowns, with precious stones scintillating on fingers, wrists and breasts. Gloria Rose in scarlet dripping rhinestones, Marybelle Golden in a black imported frock, Dorinda Davenport in a green creation, Lili Dawn in cloth of gold, Phœbe in cerise, and Mona in shimmering white. At the right of each was placed a gem-encrusted gold vanity case, a tiny gold safety razor and a stack of twenty-dollar gold pieces, like chips in a poker game, as a recompense for her share of the evening's entertainment.

"Is it true," John Standish asked, his voice harsh but compelling, "what Phœbe said of you?"

"Yes." Mona looked him in the eyes. "I'm straight—if that's what you mean."

The next afternoon Mona heard from him again. A huge cluster of American beauty roses that filled the Brennan abode with their fragrance. To the stems was tied a note:

"To-night after the show."

That was all. There was no permission asked, no question of a previous engagement or her preference. It was virtually a royal command. Characteristic of him. He consulted only his own desires.

Mrs. Brennan was delighted. She had read about John Standish in the papers. His last Wall Street coup had been a sensation. His name was printed in headlines for days.

"Maybe he'll marry you." She was breathless before the dazzling vista such a possibility opened for Mona and the rest of them.

"Don't be silly," Mona answered. "Maybe he's married already. Most of the men who seek girls like me usually are."

"Mona!" Mrs. Brennan was shocked.

"What difference does it make?" Mona had learned her lesson well from Phœbe Allen and the other girls, and her debts must be settled somehow. "If he wants to be amused, let him pay for it. Don't worry about me, mam. I can take care of myself."

But John Standish was not married. There had been women in his life—many of them. Some of them had been able to hold him for a while. None of them had meant enough to take his freedom from him. He looked upon marriage as a yoke that hampered a man, a prison that chained him. He would have none of it.

Night after night found him at the stage door. Night after night he and Mona dined and danced in popular cafés and night clubs. Broadway watched his devotion to her. It saw the limousine placed at her service. It noted the costly jewels and expensive clothes. It made its own interpretation, but Broadway was wrong. John Standish had not as much as kissed Mona Brennan.

"If you think I'm going in for any off-colour affair," Mona had frankly said in the beginning, after his suggestion of supper in his penthouse apartment, "you're out of luck. I'd like to go places and see things. If you want to take me, I'll go. Otherwise——"

"Don't you like me," he asked, "just a little?"

"Yes," Mona told him, "very much, or I wouldn't be with you now; but you see, it may sound silly, but I expect to love someone some day very much, and I'm keeping myself for him. Anything else would be cheap and wrong."

"What makes you think you won't love me? You might, you know." John Standish was accustomed to have his way with women. Many had loved him. Many more would. Probably Mona among them. If she didn't—well, it wouldn't matter. He intended to have her anyway.

"I don't think so." Earnestness deepened the adolescent lightness of her voice. "Of course no one can be sure, but I always think of love as coming at first sight. I've always felt I'd know him the minute I met him."

"If that's your idea, little girl, you stick to it." A mere diplomatic assent. He really did not take her seriously. Most of them talked that way in the beginning. He was confident of her eventual capitulation. His first step would be to accustom her to the luxuries money can buy. "But at least let me do things for you," he added. "The fact that I'm making life easier for you will be its own reward."

Mona was of the flesh. There was nothing mental to hold a man. She had no conversation other than a few wisecracks and stereotyped line of talk . . .

(*Continued on page* 162)

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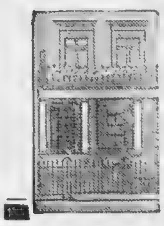
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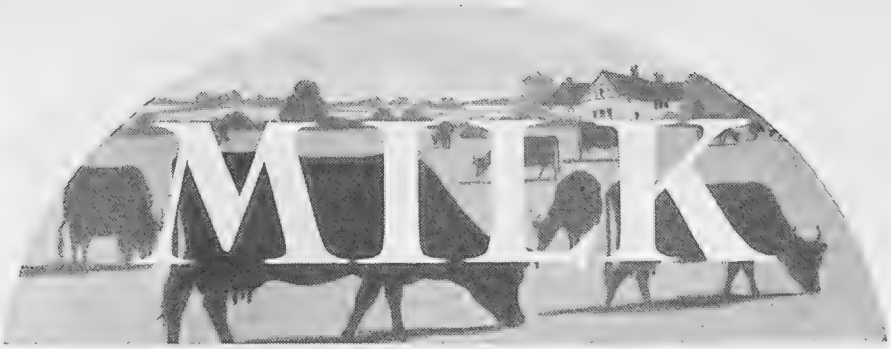

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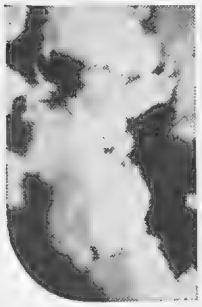

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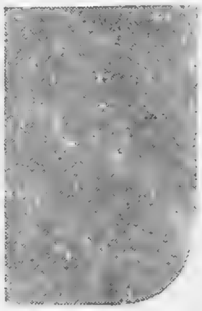

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she had picked up in the dressing-room. They would sit silent for hours at a time. There was nothing for them to say. Still John Standish wanted her. Her indifference added fuel to the flame. Her innocence failed to deter him. Instead it greatly enhanced her desirability. He knew after he had had her a week he'd be so bored with her he'd long to strangle her, but he wanted that week. He was too wary to rush her. He knew how to wait.

"Don't weaken," Phœbe Allen said to Mona; "if you play your cards you'll land him at the altar."

"But I don't love him," Mona protested.

"Oh, hell! listen to that." Phœbe threw up both hands. "As if love is anything but a pipe dream. Don't you realise, kid, you'd live like the Queen of Sheba the rest of your days?"

"You're right, I guess," Mona sighed wearily. She was tired. Late hours combined with her work were taking toll on her. She was none too robust at best. She grew from a delicate childhood to a scarcely less delicate girlhood. "Maybe I'll learn to love him."

"Maybe," Phœbe answered with a shrug.

John Standish brought up the subject a few evenings later. He realised he had underestimated her. He saw her now as she was. A simple child of nature with undeveloped possibilities of a fine maturity. He had seen her innate sincerity. He knew her unselfishness. He was aware of her constant generosity to her family.

"We can't go on like this for ever," he said. He had found her a disturbing element. Thoughts of her intruded between him and his work, and it must be stopped.

"Of course not," Mona said faintly. She had foreseen this crisis, but was loath to meet it.

"I want you, Mona," he told her. "You know that, and here's the proposition. I'll marry you if you insist upon marriage, but frankly, my dear girl, you'll be so much better off if you don't. You might not have my name, but I'd be so much better to you. I'm the kind of a man who would hate a woman who would chain him down. On the other hand, I'll be good to you. I'll make you independent for life. It's not a bribe, but facts."

Mona shook her head. He knew then she would only come to him on her own terms.

"Very well," resignation in his manner. Much as he hated the idea, if that was the price she put upon herself he'd pay it. "We'll be married at once if you say the word."

"I'll think about it." Mona placed her hand on his arm. She was really fond of him. He had been kind to her and generous to her family. Perhaps she might find happiness with him. Anyway it would be the sensible thing to do, but somehow she could not reach a definite conclusion, "Give me a week."

That was Sunday. On Wednesday she met Gregory Waters.

"Angel," he whispered, enraptured by the exquisite beauty that was hers, "where have you been all my life?"

They looked straight into each other's eyes. In that instant she knew she loved him. She didn't know who he was or where he came from, but it didn't matter. She loved him.

"Waiting for you," she whispered.

It was at an artist's studio party. Phœbe had taken her. That evening John Standish was giving one of his business dinners. He no longer included Mona among his guests. He wanted to keep her to himself.

"Might as well go along," Phœbe had said, "you've nothing else to do," and Mona, now accustomed to amusement after the theatre and restless from the lack of it, had agreed. That night changed the course of her destiny.

"You wouldn't fool me?" Gregory Waters asked.

"Not for anything," she answered. "Never."

Voices in high-pitched exhilaration sounded a discordant note in the harmony between them. The people around them became intruders in their new-found idyll. Somehow they drifted into the night. They wanted to be alone together. They rode for miles. There was silence between them. The mutual joy of finding each other stilled the words on their lips.

Far out in the country he stopped his car. The moonlight beat upon their heads. At their feet flowed the Hudson, a river turned silver by the night's witchery.

"Who are you?" she asked, breathless from the wonder of it.

"I'm a good fellow to keep away from," something within him urged him to say. It was the first decent impulse he had felt for many a day. "I might as well tell you the truth about myself and get it over with. I've been married three times. I'm married now."

"Where is she?"—Mona was white to the lips, pain a searing band around her heart—"Your wife, I mean." The term came reluctantly.

"We're not living together. Not for several months." He turned to her suddenly. The words came rapidly and vehemently. "I had no right to bring you here. I've played with a lot of women, fast and loose, I guess, but somehow I can't play with you. You've got me, and I'm going to treat you white even if it kills me. I'm going to take you home now and we'll call it a day."

He was thirty-five, dark, swarthy, a past master of sex and a natural winner with women. She was eighteen, engulfed in the excitement of her first real emotion. She allowed herself to be swept away by the headlong rush of its torrent.

Her hand went out towards him. He took it in both of his own.

"Are you going back to her?" she asked.

"No," he told her. "I couldn't now ever."

"Then"—Mona nestled close beside him—"that makes it different, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does." His words were crushed on the soft warmth of her lips.

The next day Mona did something that caused Broadway to pronounce her goofy. It certainly increased John Standish's respect for her. She sent his presents back to him. The diamonds and emeralds and rubies in rings, bracelets and pins and the furs, satins and silks.

"I've found him," she wrote, "so I can't marry you."

John Standish experienced a sense of loss. He had cared for her more than he had realised, but it hadn't gone deep enough to cause him any poignant sorrow. The joke was on him. She had been the one girl he couldn't make when he had been so certain he could, and here she had fallen for a punk piano player. He shrugged his shoulders. The future was long. The piano player might lose his job and go bust, and then—who could tell? One thing sure, her market value would be lower. Never again would he offer her marriage.

Gregory Waters was the piano player of the Hot Time Quartette, then on the crest of the wave of success. Good entertainers were those boys, the star attraction of the Club de Venice.

Every night after the theatre Mona Brennan met him there. She would sit at a small table in a remote corner, a high-ball before her, until his night's work was over. He'd join her between numbers for a drink and a chat. In the early morning hours he drove her home.

There had been no serious love-making between them. A few kisses and endearing terms, that was all. He marvelled at his own restraint. They knew they loved each other and were for the time content.

There came a night when Mona did not appear. The first time since he met her. He called up her home, but she wasn't there. He was worried, nervous and upset. "Probably given me the air," he told himself, but inwardly he didn't really believe that. Something must have happened to her. What could have become of her? he asked himself over and over again.

When he reached his apartment he found out. Mona was there. At first he doubted the evidence of his

(*Continued on page 164*

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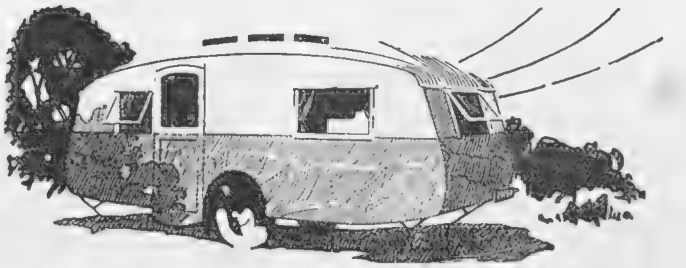

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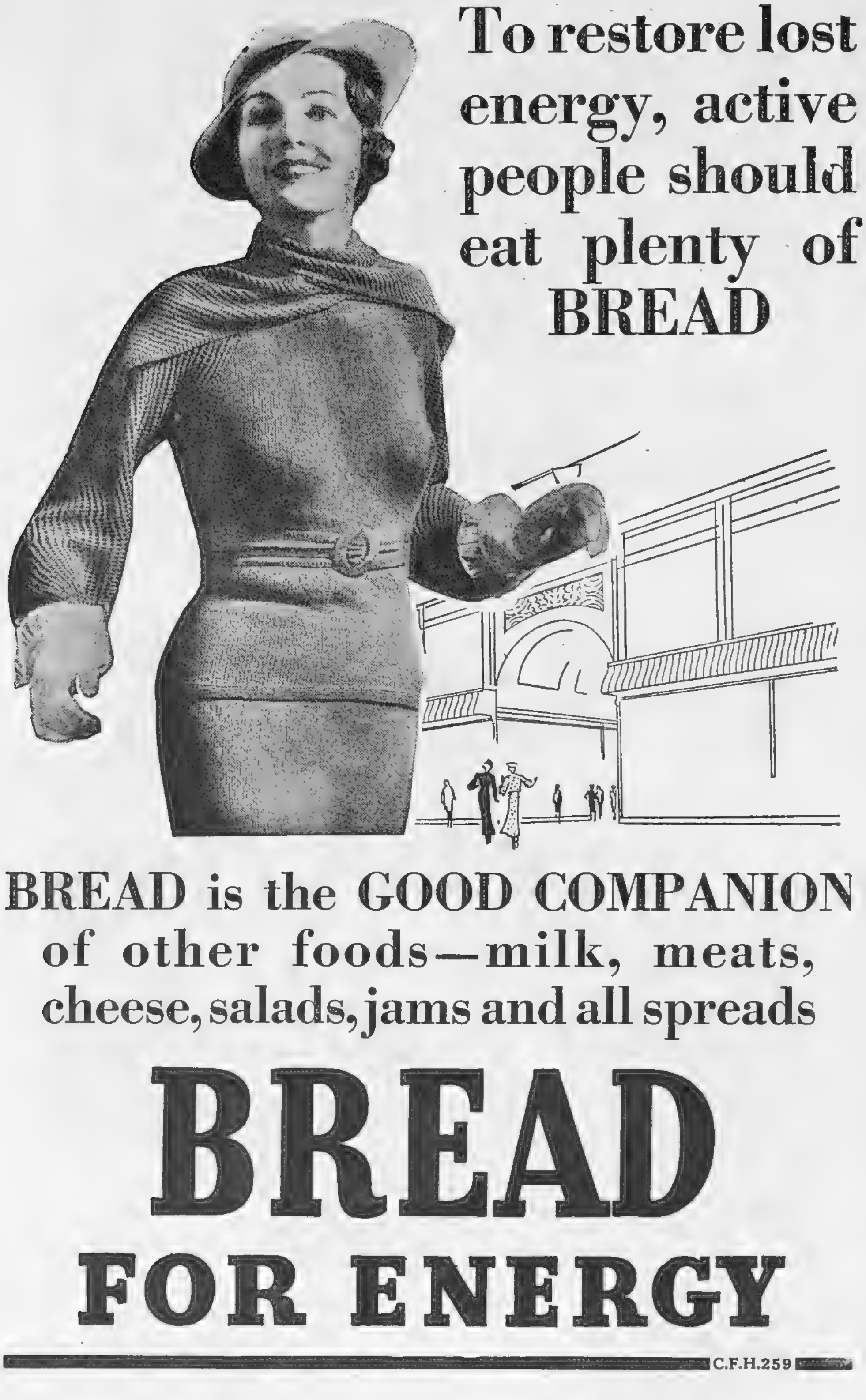

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eyes. She was wearing pale green satin pyjamas, her bare feet thrust in gilt mules, her hair a shower of curls about her shoulders. Never had she looked more beautiful. The table was set for two. Coffee was boiling in the percolator, bacon sizzling on the electric grill. An enticing picture of domesticity.

" I've come to stay," she told him. " My place is with you."

" But you can't do that, Mona." He backed away from her. " I won't let you. You must go. I've heard what Broadway calls you: 'The Virgin Queen.' It's true, isn't it ? "

" Yes," she said, " it is, but you might as well let me stay, because if you don't I'll go somewhere else, and then I'll come back to you."

Mona had worked in an atmosphere where chastity was at a discount. Virtue was laughed at as a liability because it never got a girl anywhere. John Standish's dishonourable intentions had not offended her. Her refusal of him was not due to any moral sense, but because of a lack of response. She had thought of marrying him as a way of feathering her nest, but she knew now that she never could have gone through with it. She did not love him and she did love Gregory, and such love as theirs must be consummated.

It made no difference to her that Gregory's eyes were big and round and bold with lines of dissipation at the sides of them. It made no difference to her that his promises were as evanescent as the falling snow. It made no difference that his full-lipped mouth bore sensuality's mark. It called her endearing names. His kisses, ardent and thrilling, swung her into an Elysium of tinsel, but none the less intoxicating to Mona.

There was nothing furtive about her love for him. He was her man. Neither clerk nor clergy nor ceremony could in her mind further sanctify their union.

They lived openly together. All Broadway knew. Some called her a fool to throw herself away on a mere ivory tickler at a few hundred a week when she could have married a millionaire. Others pronounced it a romance divine.

Mrs. Brennan wept bitter tears. She was torn with conflicting emotions. Grief for Mona's lost virtue, regret for her wasted opportunity with what it would have meant to the rest of them, and the fear of misery for Mona, all swamped by a great self-pity as an outraged mother whose child had gone wrong.

She was somewhat mollified by Gregory's assurance. " Mona and I will be married as soon as my wife will divorce me. The sooner the better. I don't love her anyway—never did. She's ten years older than I am. Why I married her I don't know, except that I was lonesome and I thought she'd be a good pal."

Gregory Waters was dealing in half-truths. He was a congenital gigolo. When he had money he spent it freely, when he didn't he allowed some woman to provide it for him. He had never loved Selma Waters, but he had married her because he was out of a job and broke and she offered him a haven. As the hostess and part owner of a successful night club her percentage of the receipts netted a snug weekly income. She had money besides, a large lump sum of alimony from a previous husband, and she was generous to those she loved.

" What can I do ? " sighed Mrs. Brennan to Phœbe Allen when they met in Gregory's apartment. " Mona's my own child. She loves Gregory. I can't disown her because she insists upon living here with him, can I ? Just must make the best of it, I suppose."

Mrs. Brennan was a frequent caller there. She even took the children to see their sister.

" She knows which side her bread is buttered on," Phœbe Allen sneered to Lili Dawn. " Those two simps almost give her the shirts off their backs. Gregory's spending his money like a drunken sailor and Mona hardly keeps enough for herself to get by on."

The girls at the theatre had fallen into the habit of dropping into Gregory's apartment at all hours. There was always a crowd there, including the other members of the Hot Time Quartette and men about town with time and money to squander. It was fun, Gregory's music and songs and cocktails and stories and laughter and good fellowship. Phœbe Allen was a frequent visitor. Secretly she was impressed by a romance that counted the world well lost for love, because she was too calculating to have one like it of her own. Then, too, she was really fond of Mona.

"Look here, kid," she said to her one day. "You'd better watch your step. You look like the devil. Better get some rest. First thing, you know, you'll lose your job, and then what?"

"Gregory'll look out for me." Mona cuddled down among the cushions of the davenport.

"Suppose he walks out on you." Phœbe could be brutally practical.

"Not a chance," laughed Mona.

"Don't be too sure." Phœbe talked rapidly. The closing of the automatic elevator in the hall warned of Gregory's return from his lawyer's office. "He's put the rollers under three of them and God knows how many more."

"Oh, shut up!" Mona reached for the glass on the table beside her. "I know where I stand. He's crazy about me."

"Sure he is," Phœbe reassured her, "everyone knows that."

Just then Gregory entered, a huge package under his arm. He dropped it to the floor.

"Hello, honey. Hello, Phœbe." His voice was thick. Both girls looked up. Mona's eyes were adoring, Phœbe's appraising. "Talk about rotten breaks. I had one this afternoon. A K.O."

His footsteps wavered. His eyes were glassy. His face flushed.

"Oh, what's wrong?" Mona helped him into a chair and placed a cushion behind him.

"It's that she-devil," his words an incoherent mutter. "She's suing me for a legal separation and demanding a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week allowance."

"But the divorce?" Mona exclaimed.

"She said she'd see us both in hell first." He slumped sideways.

Phœbe looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Her eyes swept to Mona's anxious face.

"That's too bad, but maybe she'll change her mind," she said, "and take a tip from me. You better slow up on the drinks, both of you."

"Aw, forget it, killjoy." Gregory's fingers fumbled with the glasses on a tray. "Another little drink won't do us any harm."

"No." Mona placed a restraining hand on his arm. Phœbe's warning had awakened memories of her father's habitual drunkenness. Fear clutched her. Maybe she had inherited it. She and Gregory had been drinking a lot by themselves and with their company. "We mustn't. Neither of us."

"All right, honey"—Gregory's arm went around her—"if you say so." He reached for the package on the floor. "Look, baby, a little present for you."

He was always bringing her something. His gift that day was a curious array. Handkerchiefs of chiffon and lace, a bottle of Toujour Moi perfume—he liked the name—a pale green silk teddy and a black chiffon nightgown.

He really loved her in his fashion. Secretly he was amazed at himself. There was nothing he would not give her if he could. But he didn't love her enough to give up liquor or the riotous existence that was wrecking her health and her beauty.

Yet Mona was happy. She wept over his lapses from sobriety, but eventually condoned them and occasionally joined him in them. She realised his deviations from the truth, but closed her eyes to them. Occasionally they quarrelled, but the reconciliations were sweet. He was a mixture of satyr and saint, of brutality and tenderness. She had long since learned that she aroused whatever was good in him, which wasn't any too much.

"Gregory." Her voice sounded forced. There was a breathlessness about it that alarmed him. "I'm going to have a baby."

Mona had known for some days. She had been afraid to tell him. She didn't know how he would take it. She need not have worried. He was (*Continued on page* 166)

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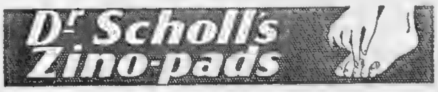

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elated. He loved kids, he had frequently told people, and always wanted one of his own.

"Honey, it's great!" His arms went round her in protective tenderness. "And don't you worry. Everything's going to be all right. That baby is going to have a name. I'll see Selma and make her give me a divorce."

Again Selma refused to divorce him.

"I'll see you both in hell first," she reiterated.

Gregory did not tell Mona about his wife's refusal. He stilled her doubts with evasions. "She said she'll think about it," he reported.

Mona was far from well. The evening's performance had been too much for her. She had fainted between acts in the dressing room. "Possibly I'd better stop work until afterwards," she thought. "I'll tell Gregory about it. I'm sure he'll agree."

When she reached the apartment she found she didn't dare stop work. They would need the money she earned. Gregory had had a bad break. The Hot Time Quartette had severed connection with the Club de Venice. The management's request to take a cut in salary due to poor business had resulted in a walk-out.

Financial difficulties came to Gregory. As usual he had spent his earnings as fast as he made them. There was no reserve fund to tide him over until further employment. The support of the two households was on Mona's shoulders.

"John Standish is giving a party to-night after the theatre," Phœbe Allen said casually during a late afternoon visit in Gregory's apartment. Doubtless there was method in her remark, for she never said anything aimlessly. Her keen eyes had long since taken in the shabbiness of Mona's apparel, the petty economies Mona practised. "And I'm up against it. I'm hostess and I'm one girl short."

A calculating look came into Gregory's eyes. He studied Mona, lying listlessly on the couch. "Why don't you go, honey? It'll do you good to get out for a change. It'll brighten you up, and goodness knows you need it."

"All right, dear," she said, a drawn expression on her face, "I'll go if you're sure you won't mind."

"Of course not." He kissed her lightly. "I know I can trust you. I'm not jealous, not in the least."

JOHN STANDISH'S welcome of Mona was outwardly no more than the cordiality he would show any other girl among his guests. Inwardly he was jubilant. Mona had come back to him of her own volition. Evidently life for her was not a bed of roses. She was thinner, but lovelier than ever.

The party was a duplicate of all preceding parties. The same girls, the same type of elderly men. She left as soon as she could decently make her excuses.

"You'll come again, won't you, dear?" John Standish said to her. He was too adroit to argue against her early departure. "And don't forget your souvenirs."

Mona hesitated. She didn't want to take them. She looked down at the gold cigarette case, the necklace of gold beads and the gold pieces beside her plate. It was then she noticed the pile of gold pieces had been increased to twice its original height. Her hand reached out for them. Necessity is the devil's own prod. Too well John Standish knew the lure of money.

"Sure," she answered. "I'll come as often as you invite me."

"You're home early." Gregory, dishevelled, unshaven, was far from the dashing Lothario of public appearance. On a table within easy reach the inevitable bottle, half empty from his solitary depredations upon it. "How come?"

"It was horrible." The words came with a burst of tears that washed marble white furrows in the rouge on her cheeks. It gave her a grotesque streaked look. "But what else can I do?"

"You've said it, honey." Gregory was suddenly all tenderness. He helped her remove her coat and placed it on a hanger.

"I'm sure it's going to be a boy"

JILL:
"Darling: I simply don't know how to wait. Won't he—I'm sure it's going to be a boy—look simply sweet in his little bed! And here are all his other things. Look, everything—even a tin of Cow & Gate all ready in case I can't feed him myself."

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"Of course I know you'd rather be with me, but if you can freeze on to some easy money, why not? That's good logic, isn't it, and good business?"

At last the Hot Time Quartette was given a six weeks' booking in Middle West vaudeville houses at a big cut in price, and considered itself lucky.

"Honey," Gregory said to her, "you better go to your mother's while I'm away. I can't afford to keep the apartment."

They parted amid tears and kisses and vows of fealty. Mona lived in a daze. Days in bed, too spent for efforts, nights at the theatre lived through somehow by force of will power based on necessity; twice at John Standish's parties, and then his invitations stopped.

In less than three weeks Gregory was back and out of the Hot Time Quartette. "Drunk and disorderly seven nights of the week," was the way Walt Waltman, the Quartette's manager, explained Gregory's dismissal.

Gregory, as well as Mona, became a permanent fixture in the Brennan domain. It was Mrs. Brennan who urged Gregory to further steps to regain his freedom. But Gregory, aware of Selma's tenacity of purpose, knew no power on earth could persuade her to free him.

He was sorry about Mona, but it couldn't be helped. She'd have to go through with it. Far too late for anything else, but it would soon be over. A good kid, but it was her own fault. Hadn't she thrust herself on him? Even at that he'd have married her if he could, but it wasn't his fault that Selma wouldn't free him. He was above all sorry for himself.

"How that woman must love me!" Gregory patted himself on the back.

A grand idea flashed through his mind. "Why not?" he said to himself, "A guy's got to look out for himself."

He went to the dingy back room he shared with Mona. Mrs. Brennan had rented out the best ones to boarders. A dump! A hell of a way for a gentleman to live! He felt stifled. He was sick of the whole mess.

Gosh, but his clothes were seedy! He picked out the best suit of the lot! He had bought it before the Quartette let him out, but the tailor was still dunning him for the money. Not a dollar in his pocket. Nothing but trouble and Mona no longer able to work. There was no sense in sticking to a sinking ship. A fellow wouldn't get any thanks for it anyway. He knew what he was going to do. He'd be a sap if he didn't.

"Might as well live easy," he told himself. "A fellow's a long time dead."

Selma'd take him back and be damn glad to get him, he assured himself.

She was at home when he got there—a big woman with a scarlet mouth and peroxided hair.

"Hello, kid," he said, his round, bold eyes smiling into hers, "how's tricks?"

"So you're back." She tried to speak coldly, but her heart was fluttering in her throat. Gregory was a weakness with her. "How do you know I want you?"

"But you do, don't you?" His arms were around her. "You're going to let me stay, aren't you?"

"You've said it"—Selma knew what she wanted and she always took it without question—"if you'll be good."

"I swear it," he said solemnly. He meant it at the time.

She turned to him suddenly. "I'm sailing for London next Monday." She was surprised at her sudden decision, but she wouldn't feel safe about Mona Brennan until the width of the ocean was between them. "Want to go along?"

"Just try me," Gregory Waters answered.

ON Monday Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Waters were the occupants of a cabin de luxe on the *Berengaria*. As the boat sailed down the bay, sirens whistling, band playing, flags flying, Mona Brennan lay white and cold in death, the head of her stillborn babe pillowed on her breast.

John Standish paid the funeral expenses.

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Books

(*Continued from page* 33)

supermen who control the destinies of mankind. This book, entitled *Our Lords and Masters* (Hale, 15s.), will be none the less popular here for being slightly anti-British, slightly pro-German in tone. (Still, a belief that the Great War was the result merely of "a series of false moves and blunders at Berlin matched by a series of astute and practical counter-moves at Paris, London and Petrograd" is possibly less easy to hold in Europe than 3,000 miles away.) Our author, who may well have been inspired by the astonishing success of *Inside Europe*, resembles Mr. Gunther in this also, that readers will be apt to find him convincing on all countries save their own. His belief that the Foreign Office is imbued with the ideas of Kipling may give pleasurable surprise to the publishers of *Kim*, but inevitably suggests that it is some little while since he visited our island fastness. His book, interesting as it is, especially about the nations of whom we know least, would have gained by severe pruning. "The Unofficial Observer" started with a good notion, but he has allowed himself to be drawn into explaining and solving all the earth's problems. The result is occasionally ludicrous.

On such a page as this, at such a season of the year, no excuse is needed for making allusion, however brief, to as many books as possible, as varied as possible. In *Marc Antony* (Routledge, 15s.) Mr. Jack Lindsay has written a vigorous biography which further attempts to provide "a simple and coherent explanation of the causes of the growth and decay of the Roman Empire." The style, staccato and occasionally slangy, does not really make for easy reading, but the matter is better than its presentation. There are numerous reproductions of busts and coins.

SOME forty short accounts of marine disasters in the days of wooden sailing ships constitute Miss C. Fox Smith's *Adventures and Perils* (Joseph, 7s. 6d.), "being extracts from the 100-years-old *Mariner's Chronicle* and other sources descriptive of Shipwrecks and Adventures at Sea." The attraction of such stories, though not easy to define, is felt by almost everyone, and their appeal is greatly increased by the simple vigour of the contemporary narratives. Mr. Frederick J. Lyons has also drawn upon contemporary sources in compiling his picturesque and diverting life of *Jonathan Wild, Prince of Robbers* (Joseph, 15s.). During the reign of George I this notorious rascal made himself king of the underworld of London, and his business even had branches on the Continent. He terrorised his own subordinates, and at the same time secured immunity for himself, by supplying the police with information against troublesome colleagues; and, in fact, he was as perfect a ruffian as any biographer could wish for. He has not been overlooked; but in the list of biographers, from Henry Fielding onwards, Mr. Lyons takes an honourable place.

UNDER the title of *Sylvia of Sarawak* (Hutchinson, 18s.) H.H. the Ranee of Sarawak, "wife of the only white Rajah in the world," offers her autobiography. This gossipy volume, full of names familiar to readers of Society papers, will appeal to women rather than to men. Beginning with herself as a little girl attending dancing classes at Windsor Castle in the time of Queen Victoria, and ending with herself as mother-in-law to Mr. Harry Roy, the authoress gives many varied pictures of a life unusually rich in contrasts.

No Longer Poles Apart (Longmans, 15s.) is the fruit of Mr. Henry Baerlein's latest holiday abroad—in Poland, one realises, as the point of the title gradually dawns. There is only one reason for reading Mr. Baerlein's vague, discursive, personal volumes, but it is a good one—they are entirely delightful. To say that nobody does this sort of thing better is less true than to say that nobody does this sort of thing at all. Mr. Baerlein's books are his own. And this is one of the best of them. It won't get you anywhere; it isn't even a practical guide to Poland, and it gives a view of the Poles which may or may not be reliable. But for readers whose first requirement is that a book should be companionable and witty, here is what they want. Their need, so often disappointed, is met for a few evenings; for a few months, if they don't know Mr. Baerlein's other books.

EVERYONE interested in photography and attracted by beauty and artistic effort should possess the *Photography Year Book*, 1936–37 (The Cosmopolitan Press, Ltd., 21s.).

Those whose friends or relatives take an especial interest in camera craft will find the Year Book a particularly welcome gift for Christmas. It comprises 464 pages (12 in. by 9½ in) and includes more than 1,000 pictures contributed by over 550 contributors, including world-famous photographers from most countries.

Professionals will find the book valuable as a guide to the trend of camera art and amateurs will discover in it a host of ideas for lighting, composition and technique.

A SECOND edition of *The Art and Craft of Hairdressing* (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., 60s. net) has just been published. This new edition is edited by J. Bari-Woollss, assisted by leading specialists. It is profusely illustrated with 15 colour plates and nearly 450 illustrations in the text, and is a standard and complete guide to the technique of modern hairdressing, manicure, massage and beauty culture.

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THOSE who have not yet got a copy of the *Spry Cookery Book* should lose no time in sending for one, for it is full of excellent recipes, and gives much information about the many purposes which Spry, the new all-vegetable "ready-creamed" fat will serve.

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(See announcement on page 128)

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The Modern Woman Joins the Force

(*Continued from page 23*)

After lunch "Miss Jones" remembers that Selection Board. Round a table sit four or five officers, men and women; there is a table for the victim facing the rest. Another went first, distinctly ornamental: court slippers, popcorn coiffure, arch surprise engendered by plucked eyebrows. "How would she feel about searching a very dirty and drunken woman?"—She wouldn't mind. "Has she ever worn a uniform? Can she swim, cycle, row?"—Yes, she can, and her favourite occupation is hiking. "Why does she want to be a policewoman?"—She thinks it would be a change. "Has she ever done anything which has brought her into contact with girls or women in serious difficulties?"—No, she hasn't. "What has she done to fit herself to become a woman constable?"—Read detective thrillers!

She retires. Next—"Miss Jones." She doesn't know if she is doing well or badly. She remembers to call the chairman "Sir," but he doesn't seem to care; she remembers feeling awkward without a hat. It is lucky, though, that she put in her spare time last winter at the club for unemployed lads; that really *did* teach her something. And she has worked at first aid, and she *is* keen to have a profession which will take every ounce she can put into it.

The last woman is out of the Boardroom, and seven, including "Miss Jones," are called back together. Are they to be told they have failed? They stand in a row before the Board, and the chairman's voice comes to them like that of an angel guarding the gates of Paradise. "You are accepted, subject to satisfactory references and, in the case of those who are not exempt, to the result of the educational examination."

They file out—a school-teacher, a nurse, a poultry-farmer, a clerk, a shop-assistant, an upholstress and a guider. "Miss Jones" hardly knows if she is glad or sorry!

WOMAN Police Candidate "Jones" spent ten weeks "on the class" at Peel House. Here, sharing a desk with another woman, she learnt many things, including the art of *leaning* to attention—the seat wouldn't admit of standing upright unless both occupants rose together—when the Sergeant Instructor asked her a question. She learnt that one of the deadly sins was to erase a word in her police pocket-book; she was initiated into the art of self-defence and come-along holds. Gradually it dawned upon her that the only way to be dead sure of the correct action in every emergency was to learn the whole of the Instruction Book by heart before she left the School, and she toiled night and day to achieve the task. She also discovered, with considerable respect, what an amazing amount of information can be imparted by an instructor who has put into practice everything he talks about.

There had been a day, before she joined Peel House, when Woman Candidate "Jones" viewed a Police career as a means of working constructively for the improvement of social conditions from the angle of the street, and of developing the protective muscles in the arm of the law for the benefit of the young and wayward. In the School, however, the jungle of the law had closed around her—she could no longer see the wood for the trees—could not see beyond offences under the Police Acts, larcenies from shops, subsidences of roadways, breaches of the Traffic Acts, how to get horses out of areas of houses when (or if) they fell in, and what to do with gas escapes from lock-up shops on Saturday nights. These problems rose up at her, reeled before her mind's eye, roused her in the small hours for a peep at the Instruction book, defeated her in "recapit" on Saturdays—and then gradually fell into their places in her memory.

Later, Woman Candidate "Jones," beguiling the tedium engendered by much pinning of blue serge, has a vision of Woman *Constable* "Jones" handling her first murder case, cool, alert, with the Instruction Book all clearly in her head and a magnifying lens in her fingers. "I have preserved all finger-prints," she is saying to an agitated Detective Inspector who flings himself from his car. "You will find——"

"You will find," says the Woman Inspector, who is supervising the fitting, unexpectingly twisting her thoughts, "that there is nothing more difficult or more important, when you first go on duty, *than to wear your helmet well forward on your nose.*"

Days pass and next, vivid in her memory, is actually "joining the Force." In fact, it took her about a week to do it—passing examinations at Peel House, hearing results, hearing the posting-list, attending at "C.O." (she has learnt already not to call it "the Yard") for attestation as a constable, being addressed by an Assistant Commissioner on the responsibilities of a constable in general, being addressed again by the Superintendent of Women Police on the responsibilities of a woman constable in particular, and, lastly, attending at Clothing Stores for issue of uniform.

It would have been easier, she thinks, if the issue of uniform had preceded the ceremonies at Commissioner's Office. One doesn't feel one's best on such occasions clad in plain clothes and hatless; but she appreciates the precision which requires that uniform shall not be donned until the office of constable is hers. She has declared that she will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King in the Office of Constable, and she hopes she will be able to carry it out. That clause, "to the best of my power," holds consolation.

The Woman Superintendent had laid stress upon simple things which, she would find, loomed large in a Probationer's life—the importance of clean collars daily donned—of brushing your coat collar—of thick underclothes in winter—of showing respect to senior officers—of using your imagination to discover, and your common sense to avoid, the things likely to give rise to gossip in a large organisation of both sexes. Something she had also said of the ideals of Police work—of how much the higher ranks of administration depend upon the accurate observation and faithful records of the least of their officers—of that standard of absolute integrity which must be at once her pride and her inspiration.

And now, Woman Probationary Constable "Jones" is on the beat. At that auspicious moment the angle of her helmet overshadows the cardinal virtues. It will *not* assume the correct angle over her nose; and her boots are wrinkling over her ankles and they hurt confoundedly! The woman sergeant beside her glances at them. "Laced too loose—that's all! Tighten them at refreshment time—give your hat a tip forward and keep step. Steady now—remember we're on the beat."

On the beat at last—two dark, unhurried figures amid a stream of visitors and of habitués, pouring along the pavements from unknown sources to unknown destinations, catching buses, hailing taxis, driving cars, going on foot. In the eddies, match-sellers, paper-sellers, shopmen at their doors, men and women loitering on corners, meeting, talking, parting, going into places of refreshment or amusement—pin-table saloons, cigarette machines, fruit barrows, Belisha beacons, men police—and now, women police!

The woman sergeant is speaking. "We'll stand back in this doorway and I'll point you out some of the frequenters. You must get to know your beat so well that you can spot the newcomers and watch the old hands. That's the first thing."

Standing beside her, W.P.C. "Jones" listens to a low-voiced commentary on men and women around her. These two are here every afternoon—that one comes out in the evening about six—that one has good information sometimes, but you can't trust her—that house on the corner—("The Strand, Sir? Take a No. 11 bus over there!")—that man has a betting pitch round the corner, but business is over for to-day. "Back aching?" "Just a bit,

(*Continued on page 172*)

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Sergeant." "It will the first few days—haven't learnt to hold yourself upright without being rigid; but by the time you get back to the Station it will be refreshment-time. I shall be in later."

"Jones" patrols down the main street to the corner, hoping, low be it spoken, that nobody will ask her the way to anywhere. She *knows* the way—at least, to obvious places—and she spent the whole of her week-end studying the stopping-places and objects of interest on the beat which the public might want to visit; but when people ask her very suddenly for anything she finds a tendency to gape in blank despair.

And then, as she rounds the corner, she walks slap into her first case. The man at the fried-fish shop is calling to her, "Here, officer—'alf a mo!"

W.P.C. "Jones" stiffens like a setter. She has recognised the opening gambit with which she has already become familiar in the School. A shopman hails a passing officer, whilst clutching in one hand the arm of a reluctant stranger, and in the other a tin of soup, or an attaché case, or an umbrella or the ring-of-his-wife. "Officer," he says breathlessly, "while I was engaged at the back of the shop this man came in, snatched this tin of soup (or attaché case, umbrella, or ring-of-my-wife), and as he was running out with it I caught him." Gripping the struggling prisoner with one hand and the tin of soup (or . . ., etc.) with the other, the officer, by means of a few well-chosen questions, elicits any other relevant facts and, turning to the prisoner, says firmly, "You have heard what this man says. I am going to arrest you for stealing this tin of soup (or . . ., etc.) and take you to the police station."

Cool, alert, W.P.C. "Jones" steps across the street to the entrance of the fried-fish shop, where the prisoner is evidently concealed from view within. To "Jones's" surprise, her knees feel steady, her voice strong; she is ready to uphold the dignity of the Force.

The Modern Woman Joins the Force

"What is it, my man? What's the trouble?"

"The trouble is, officer, my clock's stopped, and I thought maybe you wouldn't mind just telling me the time!"

Life, Constable "Jones" is to find, is so often like that. *But not always . . .*

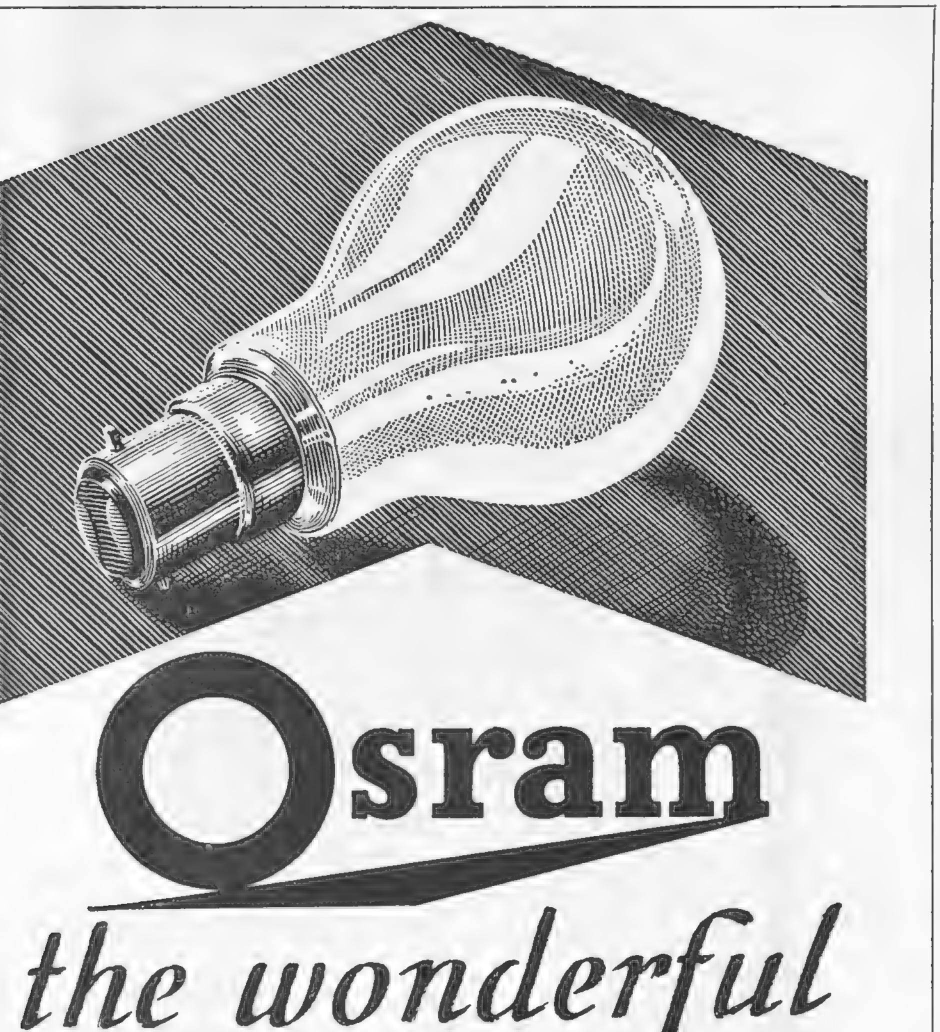
THINGS are grim often, she thinks to herself, some weeks later. For "Jones" has been "lent" to the Park. It is uncommonly pleasant to find herself patrolling amongst trees and grass after the hot July pavements. Pleasant, too, to see children playing under the eye of their nurses among gay flower-beds, family parties seated on the grass, servant-girls on their afternoon out scudding joyously down the middle path—all these happy, normal sights and sounds are particularly welcome after last week. *But last week.* Eight-hour tours of duty in the long ward of a London hospital, screened around beside the bed of a dying girl. The slender form propped up on the white pillows, the labouring breast rising and falling at first so fast and painfully, later on so slowly and faintly, and at last—not at all. The married sister, in noisy grief not unmixed with self-reproach, "She was always one to gad out, was Milly—came to live with us when her dad died, and we got her a nice daily place, but she wouldn't settle. Got a lift on a lorry down to London, and we never heard no more till the policeman came to bring us the news yesterday. And now the doctor says there ain't no hope!"

Milly listens dispassionately. Acute pneumonia has her in its grip. Everything to cure her has been available except the will to live. "I got a job in a café—it was all right for the first few months; only I was so lonely—I hadn't any real friends in London. Then I clicked with a fellar in the park—you know how it is—and afterwards I couldn't face it. They won't tell her as how I'd a baby coming, will they? I thought if I was found in the river they'd never get to know. No, I don't want to try again, not even if you'll be a friend to me—there's too many things against a girl on her own when she's got a kid to keep."

And now "Jones" is on duty in the very place where Milly had gone down before in adversity. She has now four months' service behind her—months not spent in vain. The daily happenings of the beat are familiar to her—directions, accidents, obstructions, cautions for soliciting, arrests for begging, evidence in court. The hasty summons from the station officer—"Miss Jones? Ah, you're in—that's all right! There's an escort wanted from Newcastle—larceny—can you get into plain clothes in time to catch the 1.40 train at King's Cross? You'll have to stay the night, and there may be a little property to bring back. Your first long escort, isn't it? Feel you can tackle it? That's right."

Then at Newcastle. "Well, I thought they'd have sent a man—this is better, Miss—I shan't give you any trouble." And the long journey sitting opposite the prisoner, always watchful, and somewhat surprised at last to find King's Cross drawing near and no escape attempted. Her charge leans forward confidentially. "Lor, Miss, they always get you, and it goes against you in the court, so what's the use?" "Jones" remembers thinking she must acquire a more mask-like expression.

That four months had been something in the nature of an anodyne. Looking back, "Jones" realises that she has ceased to ask herself what policewomen are for. She has lost herself in the minutiæ of her profession. As a phase, good; one learns that way—one gets the atmosphere. But the days in hospital seem to have put a period to her initiation, to have recalled to her, in terms of piteous flesh, the aim which brought her into the Force, an aim beyond mere routine yet, as she now understands, achievable only through it—to make the world a safer place for heedless youth. (*Continued on page 174*)



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GWR

The Park in August is a tough proposition. Someone on early turn to pick up stray girls; half a dozen women concentrated, when the sun is at its hottest, round the water; watching small girls and boys in and out at the bathing place, stopping adventurous youngsters set on paddling in dangerous spots, binding up cuts, settling disputes, shepherding lost infants to the station. Plain, practical work, obvious enough—necessary enough—and, when the weather is hot, exhausting enough, bringing its own reward when "no casualties" could be reported at the end of it.

The refreshment hour is well earned. Three or four women eating in the office which the policewomen can call their own—big plates of meat and vegetables from the men's kitchen, and welcome cups of tea brewed on their own gas-ring. A brief rest, minus tunics and—if truth be told—minus collars as well. Often, long before the hour is up, the reserve constable knocks at the door with "Anyone in, please? Woman prisoner to be searched." The prisoner will be waiting in the charge-room, either quietly on a bench in the corner or talking drunkenly, as the case may be. Perhaps an old woman from a common lodging-house; perhaps a young girl still in her teens—perhaps brazen, perhaps timid. If she is a newcomer, the station officer will ask, "D'you know her?" and the policewoman will probably reply: "Yes, I've seen her about the last three weeks—calls herself Smith (or Jones or Robinson)—says she comes from Manchester—says she's twenty-two, but I doubt it. In with a bad lot, too."

The experienced policewomen, so "Jones" observes, never rest till they get the truth about the girl, who has probably a name quite other than Smith or Robinson, with a history of several situations found and lost, of sojourns in various shelters for girls, and of no address but a common lodging-house, and no possessions but what she has on her. The summing up, after such a history, is likely to be—"She's just drifting—better ask for a remand so as to find the cause,

and then perhaps the Court'll be able to do something to pull her up."

Our policewoman must remain with the prisoner whilst the others go out on late patrol. "Jones" thinks that if mistresses would go out once on late patrol in the Park they would understand their responsibilities a little better. Hundreds of lads and girls along the middle path—voices from the North, from the West, from the Eastern Counties; youngsters walking, laughing, meeting, greeting. "What beats me," says Woman Constable "Wace," who knows the Park like the palm of her hand—"what beats me is why they don't have enough mixed clubs for these youngsters—somewhere where they can get together and dance and have a good time, and know they'll find a friend to help them in difficulties. These kids are all right till something happens—most of them; and even then they may be all right if they've got the sense to take the right sort of help. But when they're on their beam-ends away from home it's asking for trouble. Which reminds me, we've got to see if that little fair girl is about again; we'll take a look round the other side for her."

The little fair girl is presently discovered, talking with two men who show no inclination to move off. "It's now or never with *her*," says "Wace," and then to the girl: "I want to talk to you." The girl steps aside, reluctantly; the men wait in the shadows. "D'you know these men?" "No—only to speak to." "Well, I do; they're no good to you. You're out of work, aren't you? I've seen you about these last three days—you were asleep on the grass yesterday morning, and you ran off when you saw me. There's no need to do that. I want to keep you out of trouble, not to get you into it. Tell me about it and let's see what we can do."

As she speaks she has drawn the girl away from the waiting men. Her manner is firm but friendly. Gradually she draws a story from the girl, checking her every now and then. "Now, that isn't so—I saw you with Hetty Green on Thursday evening talking to a man in a car."

She sees everything, this policewoman; better do as she says, and let the matron at the shelter get her a place in service again. So "Jones" takes her out of the Park to a neighbouring shelter for girls, where the matron gives her a friendly welcome. For to-night, supper, bath and bed. For to-morrow—well, the tale she will tell the matron to-morrow will be longer, *and probably quite different.*

"Jones," reporting in at the station half an hour later, finds "Wace" in the office, poring over missing lists and photographs. "Here, Jones—what d'you make of this? Five foot two, hair fair and straight, eyes grey, green coat and pink silk blouse, and gap between upper front teeth. Did you notice it? That's her all right. And age 16."

"What! You don't mean to say she's that girl you've been looking for—not the one who ran away from the Midlands a fortnight ago?"

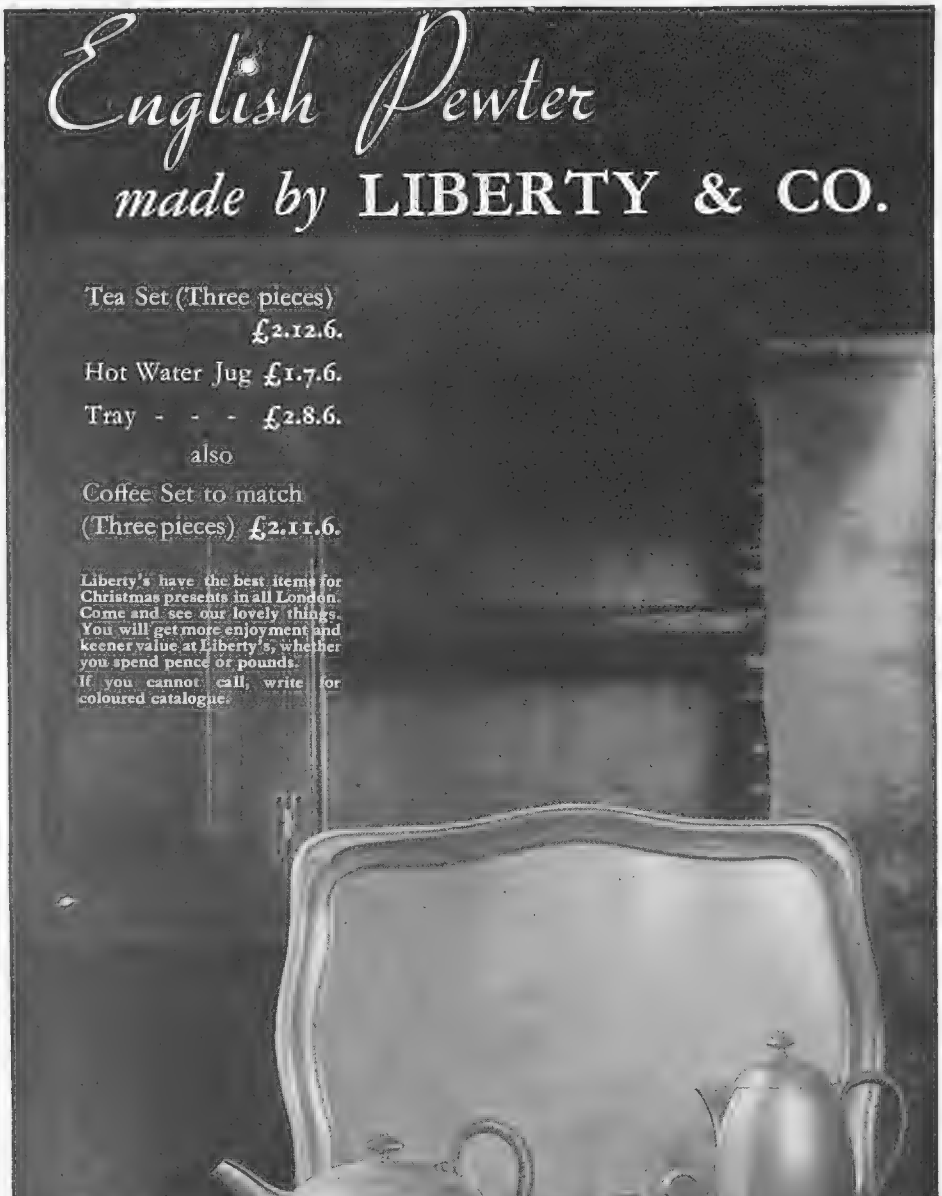
"Not a doubt of it; it's the first time I've got near enough to have a good look at her. Put me off to-night by saying she came from Wales; but you can't mistake the gap in the teeth—*and* the pink silk blouse, though it's dirty enough! *Thought* she wasn't eighteen either!"

"Might have taken her to the Remand Home if we'd known her age, mightn't we?"

"No matter—she's all right for the night, and till we know the home circumstances we can't be sure that it's a case for a Juvenile Court. I'll tell the station officer, and 'phone the matron not to let her get away in the morning, and I'll change my duty round to early turn and go round and get a true tale from her. Then her parents can be notified, and we shall see how things pan out."

"What about our girl?" demands "Jones" when she comes on duty the next afternoon.

(*Continued on page* 176)



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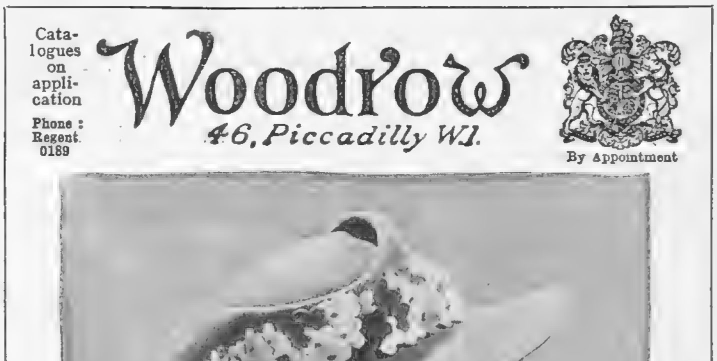

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The Modern Woman Joins the Force

"Gone home with her mother. It was the one, all right. Seems to have a good home—and the mother's going to ask the Probation Officer down there to help to get her a daily place."

"D'you think she'll stay there?"

"May do—may not! She seemed glad to go home. Anyhow, you've got to try leading youngsters before you take to forcing them."

"Easier if you needn't, sometimes." "Jones" is thinking of Millie, cold now under the summer sky.

"Easier for us—yes, but not so good for them. Some of them don't seem able to learn till they've touched bottom. Anyhow, now for the daily grind again . . . . . ."

END

Christmas Charities

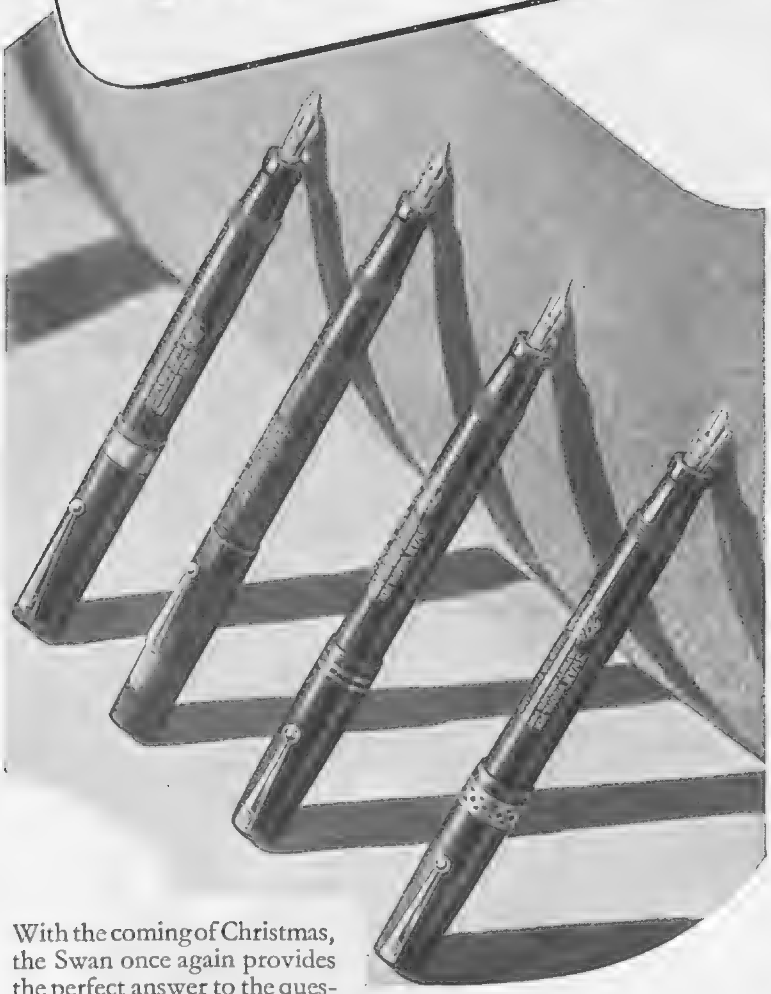
PREBENDARY CARLILE, who reaches his ninetieth birthday on January 14th, is still the active head of the *Church Army*, which he founded in 1882. Age has not damped his enthusiasm; if anything, he grows keener on his work. Some weeks ago he was to be found with his chief lieutenants, making plans for the Church Army's great Christmas "push" against poverty and distress. The Prebendary hopes to arrange for a wider distribution of Christmas Dinner parcels than ever this year, as well as for the giving away of large quantities of coal and Yule logs. He seeks the kindly co-operation of men and women of good will—your co-operation, in fact. The sending of a Christmas parcel to a poor family will make a difference—just that difference between a happy Christmas and one that is a mockery of the spirit of this greatest of all festivals. Your gift of £5 will provide a parcel each for ten poor families. Donations will be welcomed by Prebendary Carlile at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

FOUNDED in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as a centre for research and information on cancer, *The Imperial Cancer Research Fund* is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund, and of other great centres of research, has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure and, moreover, the present laboratories have become too small for the scope of the work. Administrative costs over a long period of years have consumed only 10 per cent. of the total annual expenditure, but the need for expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal to the public for their generous help. Donations, subscriptions and legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8–11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or paid direct to the Westminster Bank Ltd., Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W.1, A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

EIGHT thousand children in need of food—such is the Barnardo family—the small destitutes gathered from the highways and the byways, the alleys and the slums. In the 70 years just passed, more than 118,000 destitute little children have knocked with trembling fingers upon the Ever-open Doors of *Dr. Barnardo's Homes* and have looked for help in their distress. And since the Charter of the Homes is "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission," none has ever been turned away. There is neither Waiting List nor Voting System. Destitution of the child is the qualification for immediate help and sanctuary.

Donations should be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," 18–26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

There's no gift more personal than a Swan



With the coming of Christmas, the Swan once again provides the perfect answer to the question of the hour "What shall I give?" Either the new Visofil (which has large ink capacity and shows when to refill) or the Leverless (unsurpassed for sheer ease and speed in filling) will convey your greetings in a sincere, subtle and distinctive way which cannot be equalled by gifts of a less personal character.

Made entirely in Great Britain by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1. Also at 133-135 Oxford Street, W.1; 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1 and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

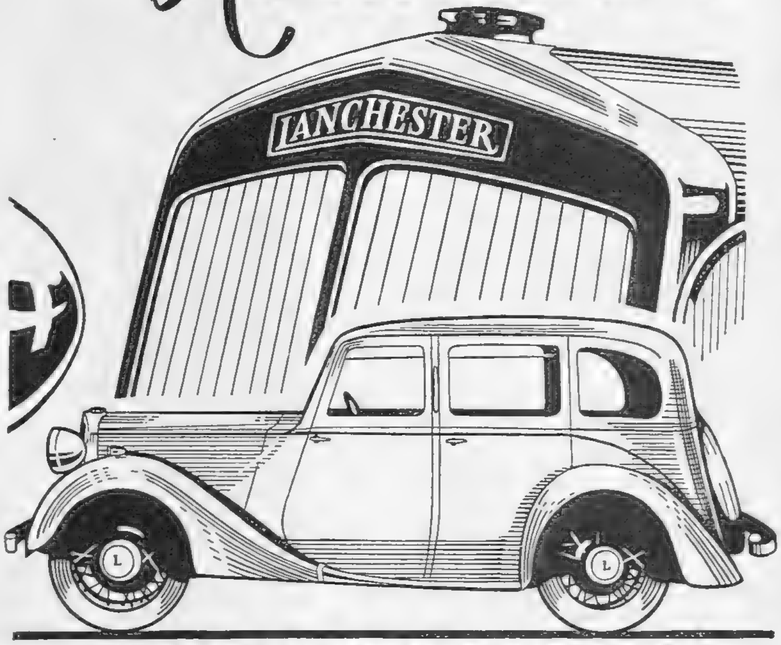
The VISOFIL or LEVERLESS

Swan Pens

In many styles and prices. The Visofil Swan, with mount and clip of rolled gold, 25/-. Ladies' Size, without clip, 21/-. The Leverless Swan from 17/6. Other Swans from 10/6. Gift Sets (pen and Fyne-Poynt Pencil) from 18/6. Available in black or colours with nibs to suit all hands. Of all Stationers and Jewellers.

SEE THE NEW

'14' Roadrider



AT THE CAR MART LTD.

The new 'Roadrider' model was built for better road-holding and greater comfort; it amply justifies the faith of its designers. Improvements to coachwork and radiator have added to its appearance — "Daimler-built" stamps the workmanship throughout, and, of course, it is fitted with Fluid Flywheel Transmission. A car really worth considering.

LANCHESTER
'14'
ROADRIDERS

SALOON MODEL 401	£325
SALOON MODEL 402	£330
SPORTS SALOON MODEL 403	£340
COUPE MODEL 404	£330

LANCHESTER
'18'

SALOON	£595
SPORTS SALOON	£595

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EALING, W.5.
Ealing 3821

832 FINCHLEY RD.,
TEMPLE FORTUNE,
N.W.11.
Speedwell 7841

Gift Horses and White Elephants

"IT'S the thought that counts," chirrups the careless Christmas shopper, and forgets that this depends entirely upon the aptness of the thought.

If we send a bull-pup to Aunt Emily, who breeds Siamese cats, the thought isn't a clever one. The pup's pedigree won't count much in its favour, either with Aunt Emily—or the cats.

But if the thought *is* a good one the gift can be as inexpensive as makes no matter—and isn't *that* a cheerful thought for the owners of little purses and long shopping lists!

Perhaps men suffer more than women from the utter imbecility of many of the presents they receive.

Notoriously conventionally minded in matters of dress, the poor souls annually suffer batches of unspeakable woollies and little what-nots. Sartorially, even their cleverest women friends are all too apt to let them down.

WOMEN BUYING PRESENTS FOR MEN

UNLESS your necktie taste is impeccable (proved over a number of years!) get a man to help you make your Christmas tie selection.

Pullovers and cardigans are nearly as tricky—but you can let yourself go a bit when buying dressing-gowns or pyjamas. Lots of quite mild men enjoy really violent colour schemes for bed and bathroom wear.

Beware of those traps for the unwary—the cute little boxes of "Tie and handkerchief to match." Nice men abominate them.

For the fastidious, don't buy even the sheerest handkerchiefs already marked with an initial. He'll be sure to have special ideas on the monogram subject—or wear his handkerchiefs plain.

Don't buy gadgets for men—no matter how tricky. And don't buy fancy braces, quaint cuff-links, strange cigars or safety razors.

Lotions and shaving-creams and similar unguents are only acceptable if they're the ones he uses.

No innovations for the sterner sex!

MEN BUYING PRESENTS FOR WOMEN

YES, stockings are a good idea, but get a little indoor information about size and shade and favourite brand. These little facts ascertained—you can let yourself go!

Perfumes and beauty caskets and such give great delight to feminine hearts, but here again inside information helps. One woman's perfume is so easily another woman's poison.

Presents of jewellery—real or decorative—call for rare selective ability, but are well worth your money for the pleasure they can give.

Even the selection of chocolates calls for almost ambassadorial tact. Does she like plain or milk? Apart from these fundamentals, there are all the various makes to be considered—and the æsthetic appeal of their Christmas trappings.

Does she like books? There's a chance for you—but only if you know what *kind* of books she likes!

Does she like music? The same questions apply. If you know the answers you've

(Continued on page 180)

RETURNING *from a Christmas shopping expedition.*

WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
SPECIAL CIGARETTES
in Presentation Oak Boxes

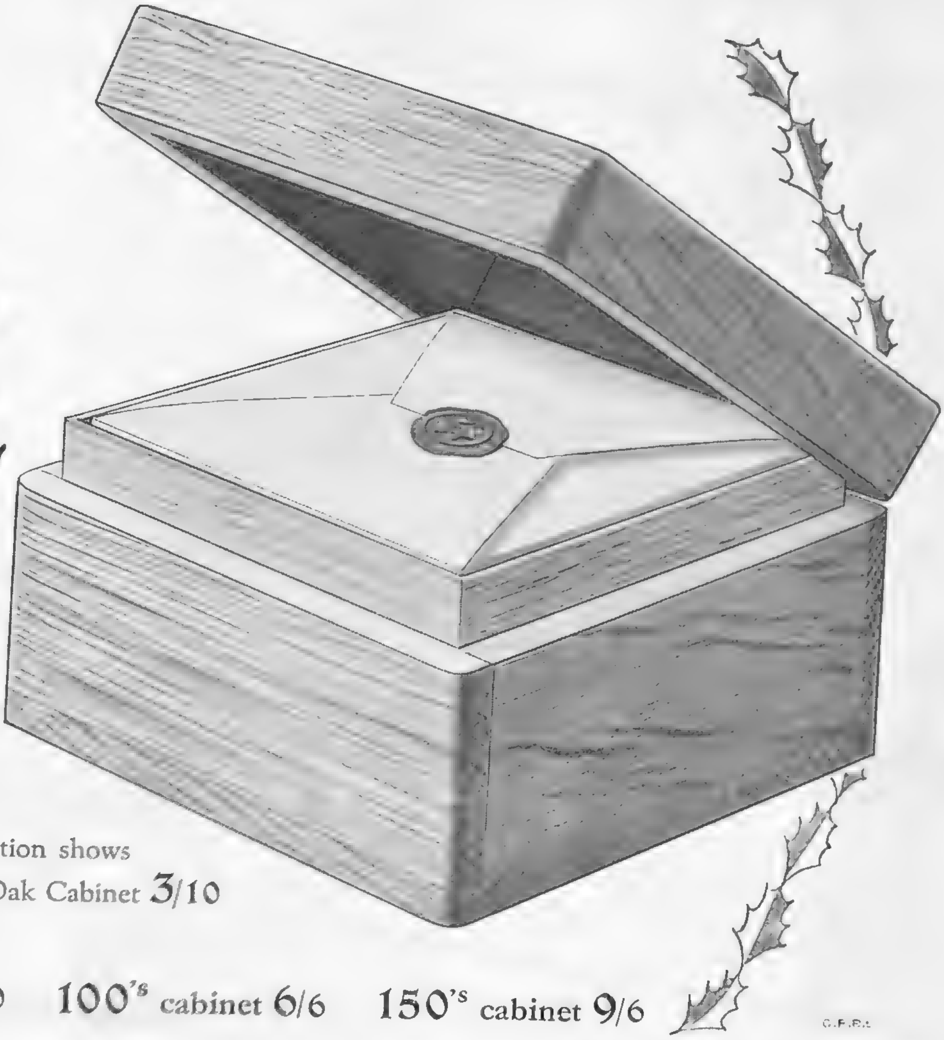
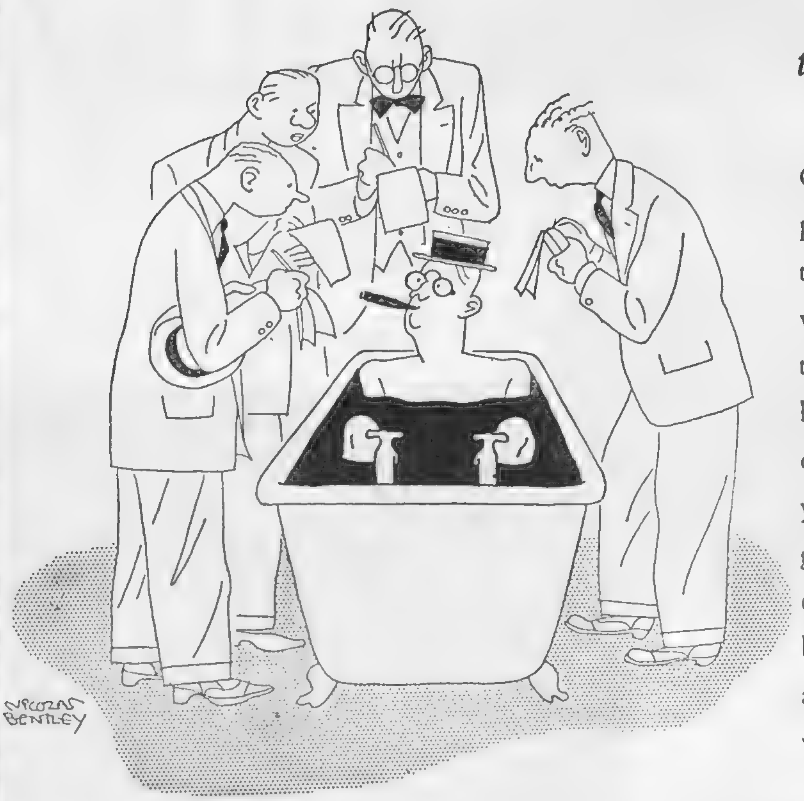


Illustration shows
50's Oak Cabinet 3/10

50's cabinet 3/10 100's cabinet 6/6 150's cabinet 9/6

"Sure! I think your dames are swell . . . . but what I really want to see is your M.G. cars"



One thing does peeve us. That is the casual way people say "Oh, racing . . . !" And dismiss it as though to come in first at Brooklands were like winning a sweepstake or doing the three-card trick. Actually M.G.'s record of successes in big races, road trials, competitions, means a deuce of a lot in the design of the M.G. car you buy today. Without M.G.'s racing background, the M.G. Two Litre wouldn't be half the car it is. The new Midget Series 'T' wouldn't be half as good either. (And this applies to any other new M.G. models we may even now be contemplating.)

MG

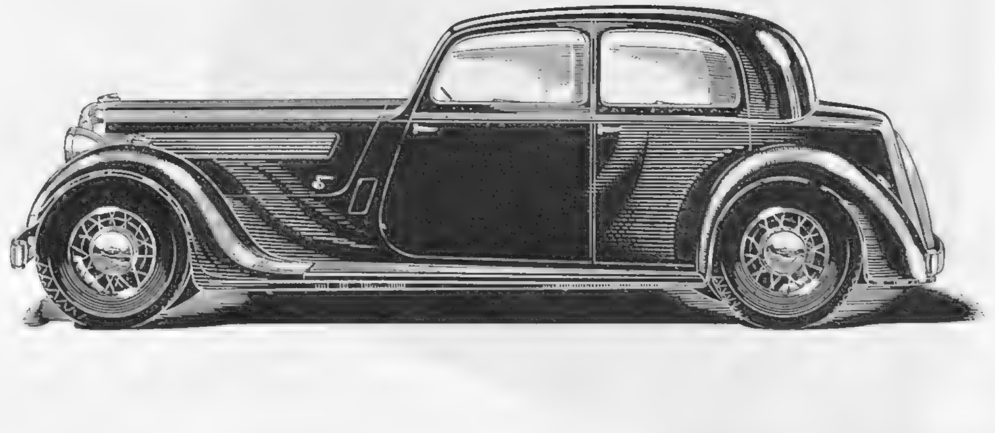
'Safety Fast'

Two-Litre, from £385 ● 1½-Litre, from £280 ● Midget, from £222 ● The M.G. Car Company Ltd., Abingdon-on-Thames, Berkshire

G1

ROVER

Characterised by that attention to detail which distinguishes the Quality Car.



London Showrooms: Henly's Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD, COVENTRY.

CVS—200

more than a fair chance of making her happy—for Christmas *and* New **Year !**

MEN AND WOMEN BUYING PRESENTS FOR THOSE GETTING-ON-IN-YEARS

COMFORT is the great thing to remember here. Older Aunts and Uncles and Grandparents usually like things to keep or make them warm.

Cardigans, bed-jackets, bed-socks, slippers and fleecy-lined gloves are all good bets. But be wary !

Many of the new school of Not-so-young-as-we-were-but-who-cares ? wouldn't give a " thank you " for any of those things. They keep warm by rapid movement from one night-club to another—or by playing bridge for hair-frizzling stakes.

Smart beauty compacts and rare perfumes, or expensive cigarettes and ditto lighters, are the only kind of offerings to please these supercilious seniors.

So, you see, even the comfort note has to be struck with tact.

For the gentlemen, comfort and good cheer still holds good. Whiskies and wines often go down very well indeed !

Gourmets are not so bad as they sound, and can be rendered ecstatic by a small strange cheese or a pot of rose-petal jam. But do study the particular type of gluttony which you are catering for.

Tact all the time, in fact.

Gift Horses and White Elephants

Bed-socks to the wrong Aunt—body-belts to the wrong Uncle—and where are we ?

Exactly where we were before—minus our great or little expectations.

MEN AND WOMEN BUYING PRESENTS FOR CHILDREN

THIS is very sticky ground. Remember that children are rabidly age-conscious. The present that would delight an eight-year-old might estrange a ten-year-old for ever ! *Useful presents* are of course tabu for children of all ages. They just hate you for them.

Either select presents for children with almost superhuman care—or solve the problem simply and beautifully with Postal Orders.

Children adore money.

Finally, remember that presentation of the present is also important.

Please don't spoil the parcel for a ha'porth of tissue paper, or a bit of fancy string !

EITHER select presents for children with almost superhuman care—or solve the problem simply and beautifully with Postal Orders

cyclax

At Cyclax they say, "A lovely skin has nothing to hide and nothing to fear. It is lovely in the early morning, without make-up." And you will find that the make-up of women who use Cyclax is not a camouflage, just a delicate stressing of certain lovely things.

Special Lotion 5/6, 10/6 Skin Food 4/-, 7/6 Complexion Milk 4/-, 7/6 Day Lotion 4/6, 8/6 Cleansing Lotion 4/-, 7/6 Braceine 4/-, 7/6 Cyclax Soap 3/6, 6/6

58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1
7 EAST 53rd STREET, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MINTY BOOKCASES

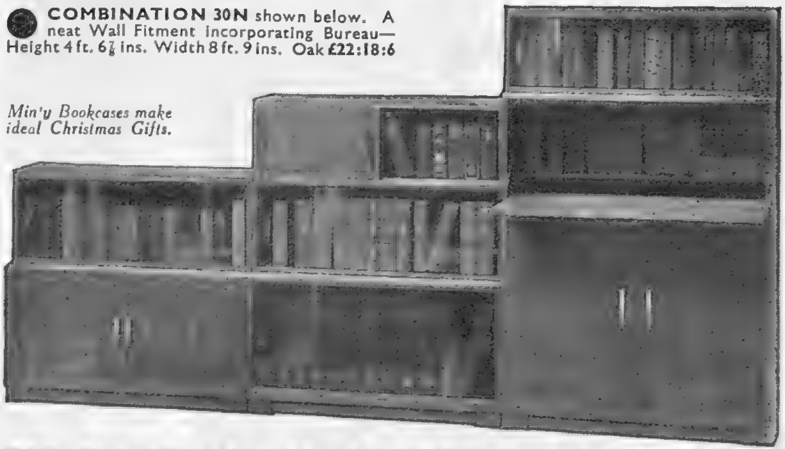
Neo-Craft Styles

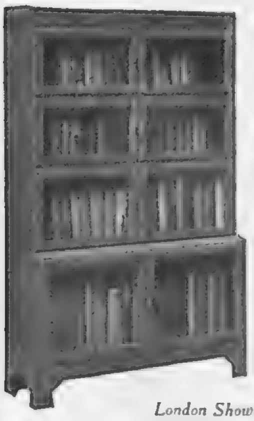
The Neo-Craft Minty Bookcases, as shown right, are designed purely on modern but not extreme lines. Any numbers of sections can be purchased and added to as your library increases, and the variety of different combinations possible is unlimited.

The plate-glass doors slide freely in chromium-plated runners. Finger pulls are recessed in the glass, which enable the doors to open to the fullest extent.

● **COMBINATION 30N** shown below. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau—Height 4 ft. 6⅞ ins. Width 8 ft. 9 ins. Oak **£22:18:6**

Minty Bookcases make ideal Christmas Gifts.





OTHER STYLES IN MINTY BOOKCASES

● Minty Bookcase shown left. COMBINATION 3M Stack, comprising two 9-in., one 11-in., and one 14-in. Sections and Base. Oak £7 : 19 : 0

In tune with present-day furnishing, these Bookcases, designed on simple, satisfying lines, will still please you twenty years hence—still keep your books clean, ready, orderly.

MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period styles, at moderate prices.

Minty Ltd

(Dept. 86), 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

London Showrooms: **123 Victoria St., London, S.W.1** *Manchester Showrooms:* **5 Exchange St., St. Ann's Square, Manchester**

Just ten months old...

He's getting quite a big chap now, and his little white teeth are beginning to come through. He spends some time every day chewing Allenburys Rusks and thinks life's great fun. His mother loves to see him eating them because *she* knows that they're crisp enough to exercise his little teeth and gums, yet soften quite quickly so that he can't make his mouth sore. *And* they supply him with Vitamin D— the one that's responsible for making bones and teeth strong and sturdy.

Your baby would like Allenburys Rusks too. Why not get him some from your chemist or write for a sample—they're good for all babies from about five or six months upwards and are made by the makers of the famous Allenburys Foods for infants.

Allenburys Rusks

Allenburys Rusks. Trial carton 6d. In Tins 1/3 (34 rusks), 2/3 (68 rusks), 4/6 (150 rusks).

FOR FREE SAMPLE post coupon to Allen & Hanburys Ltd., (Dept A), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

Mrs..

Address..

F3/7/12.

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All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to:
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Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

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Address.......................................
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by
VOLTAIRE
& VANDYCK

Window or porthole in every room. First Class only

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TO LISBON, CASABLANCA, MADEIRA
"VANDYCK" from Southampton, DEC. 23
13 days, fare £30

WINTER SAILINGS TO MADEIRA

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS
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COMMENCING DECEMBER 23, 1936
Allowing stop over privilege in Madeira.
Return steamer accommodation reserved.

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CHIVERS & SONS LTD The Orchard Factory HISTON CAMBRIDGE ENGLAND
CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING
CHIVERS
MILKET
ORANGE
MILKET
MILKET
CHIVERS
FRUIT COCKTAIL
CHIVERS GOLD MEDAL Table Jelly
T.71

You'll be glad
YOU BOUGHT
CHIVERS

—when your guests express their appreciation of your wise selection—when grateful letters arrive from friends or relatives abroad—*you'll be glad you bought* CHIVERS.

In addition to the products illustrated below, Chivers can a wide range of English Fruits and Vegetables, all conforming to Chivers high standard of quality.

MADE IN THE COUNTRY AT THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

For a **CHRISTMAS GIFT**

GIVE

CAVALCADE
THE BRITISH NEWS-MAGAZINE

A gift to last six months for **12s. 6d.**; to last all the year for **25s.**

Please send special gift card and **CAVALCADE**
for............................months to :

M..

....

....

I enclose *cheque* / *postal order* *for*.............................

Signed ....

Address..

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82/36
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For rich **SOUPS**

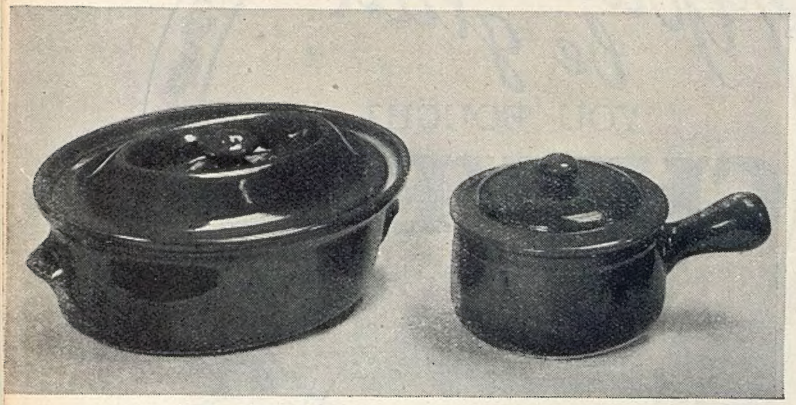
Always use one or two Oxo Cubes. Oxo provides the meat-basis of soups in the handiest and most economical form—saves time and trouble.

Oxo soups assure the enjoyment of the meal, aid digestion and promote nutrition from other dishes.

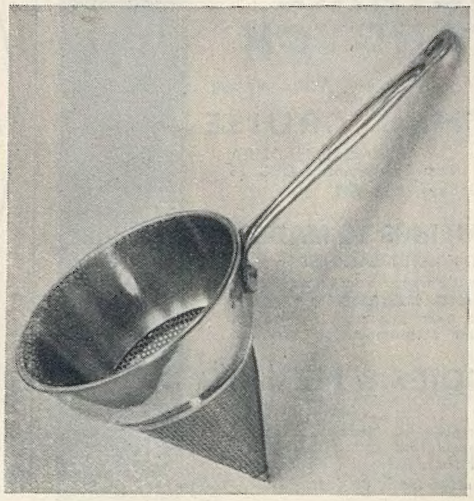
OXO

USED IN MILLIONS OF HOMES

ESSENTIAL TO GOOD COOKING

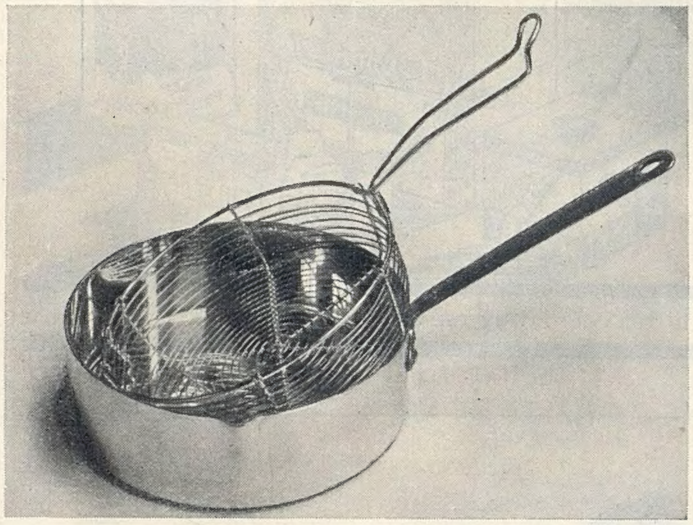


Two "Hot Spot" casseroles serve many purposes. In the large one a whole bird can be braised. Price 3/6 and 2/6

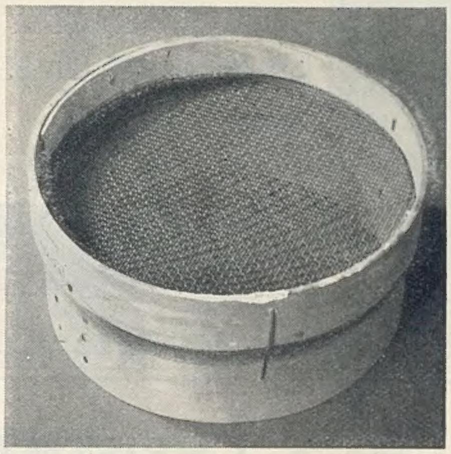


A cone-shaped strainer with a small mesh for straining sauces and gravy. Price 3/3

Addresses from which these articles can be obtained on application, with stamped addressed postcard for reply, to Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

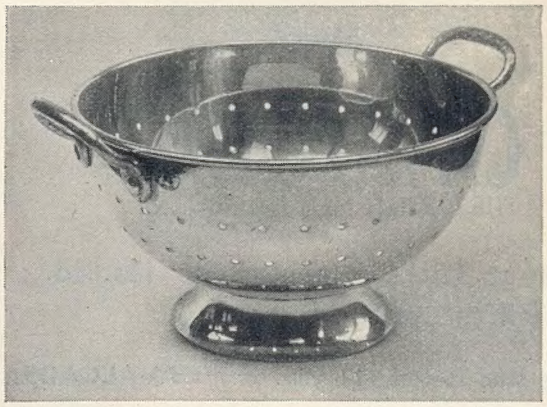


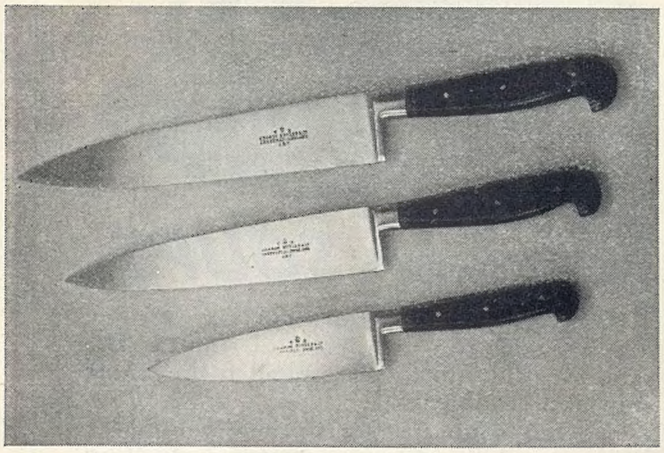
A deep fat frying saucepan and frying basket, indispensable in large families. Price 5/11



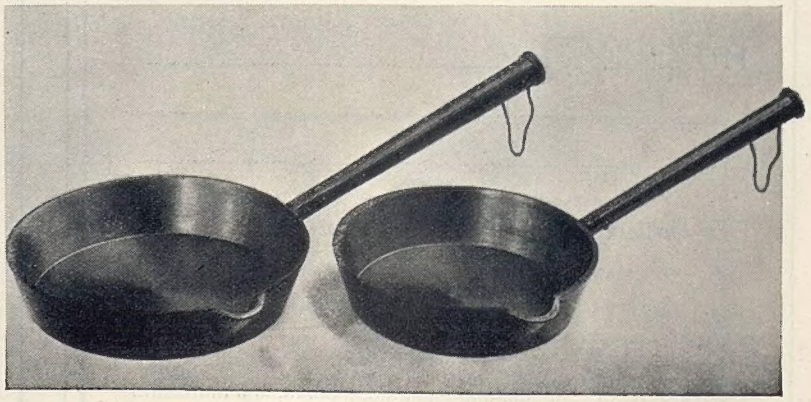
A Staybrite Handiest cook's sieve, made with stainless steel weaving, and absolutely rustless to the last tack. 5/9

(Right) A useful colander Aluminium is chosen in preference to enamel because it does not chip. Price 4/11.



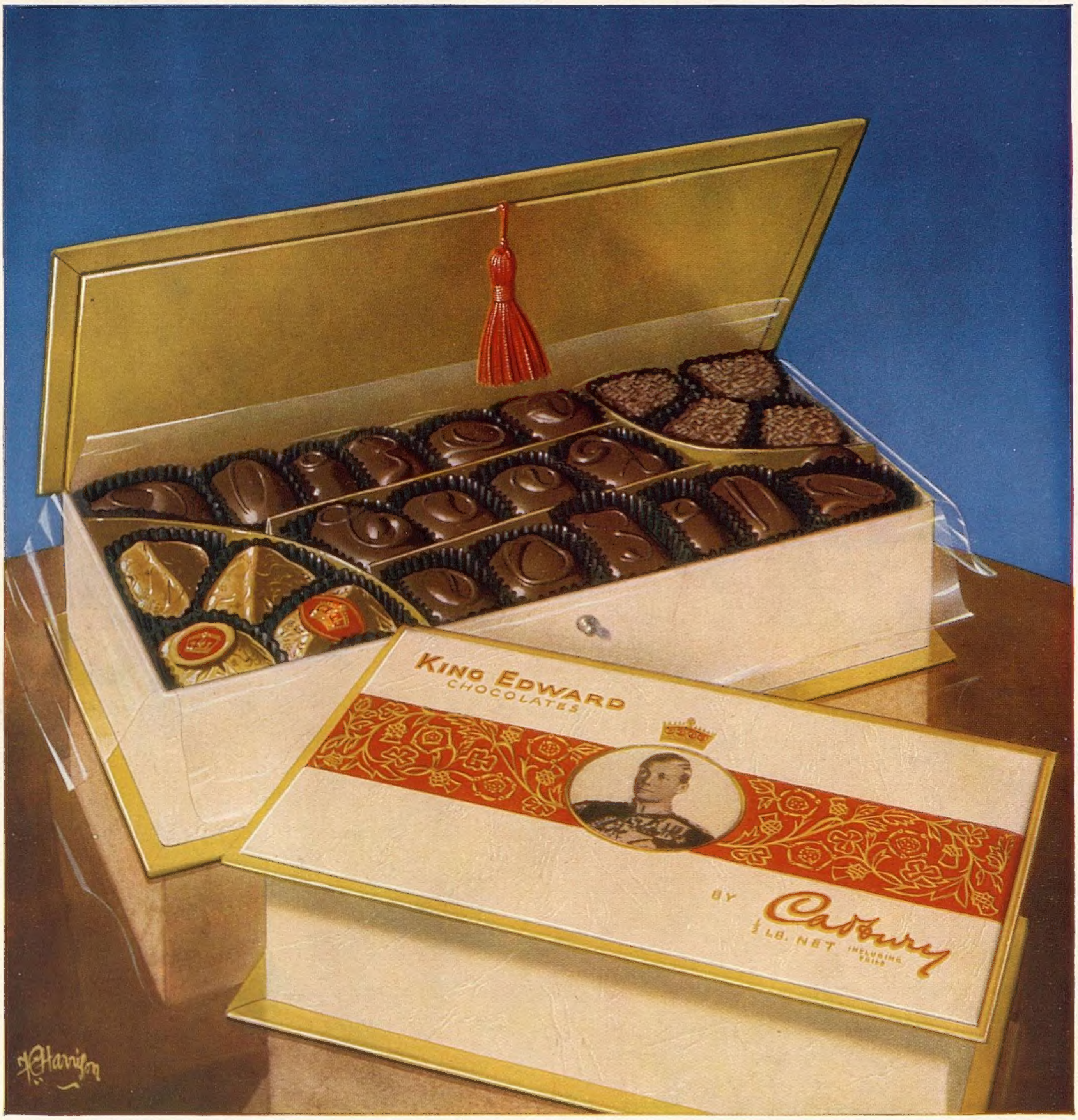


Three sharp-pointed, black-handled chef's knives, small, medium and large. Price 3/6, 4/3 and 5/3



Two cast-iron frying-pans, one to be kept exclusively for omelettes, the other for ordinary frying purposes. Price 3/6 and 3/11

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.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Christmas Pudding.

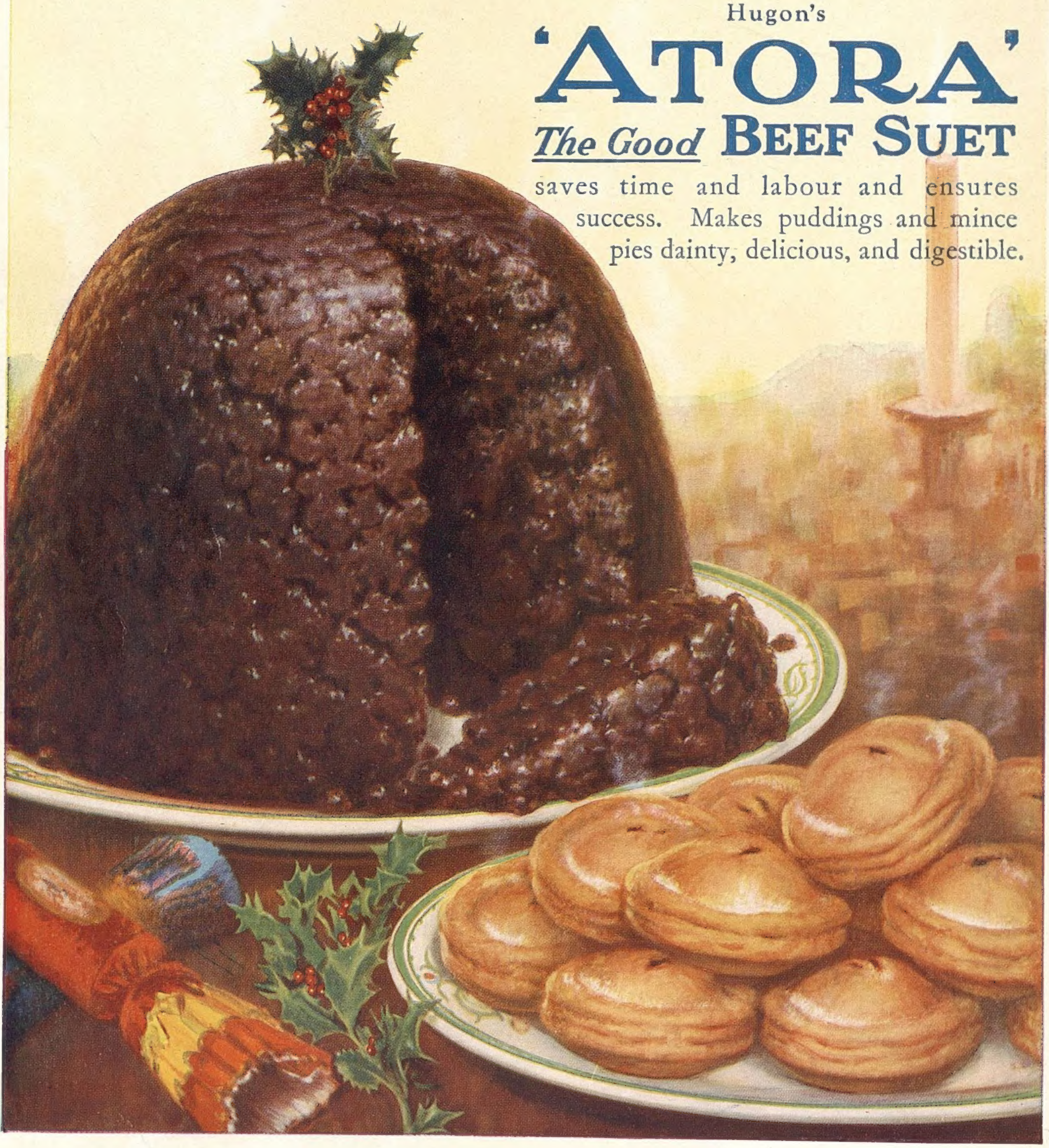
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Self-raising Flour, *or* $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder. 1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Peel. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Sugar. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoon Salt. Milk — sufficient to make right consistency. $\frac{1}{4}$ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper, and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Citron Peel. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped).



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